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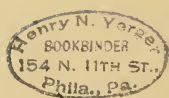


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INTRODUCTORY.



NO more than a new-born babe does this journal apologize for its birth. It is here and claims its right to be. It was born within the wedlock of race-love and the desire of its perpetuation. It has come with a mind to stay. It believes that it has an open field, in which to grow, explore and disport itself.

Like all infants, it cries for help and support. It wants to be fondly embraced and cordially welcomed. It seeks all who would lovingly press it to their heart and promises to prove a benefit and a blessing to such. It hopes to grow into general favor and make itself widely known and useful.

It not only is, but it exists for a special purpose. It feels that it has a distinct life of its own to live. It, therefore, comes to join the large journalistic family labeled with a special tag. It wears this upon its very face (cover) and does not feel like dying before its recognized mission has been well set forth. It has a story to tell that has never yet been fully or correctly told. It has a treasure to unearth that has been hidden even to many of its own heirs. It has a mine of poetic gems to explore that must not be allowed to lie in oblivion with the passing of the dialect in which they are couched. It has a wealth of biography to write, which must place comparatively unknown names today into the galaxy of the great and renowned. It has broken bits of anecdote and sentiment and reminiscence to gather, as beads upon a string, which the proud descendants of a plain but sturdy race may wear as a golden necklace in the presence of the lords and princes of other race-classes. Its very name must declare its mission, to which it professes to hold itself loyal.

These promises it shall attempt to fulfil by adhering to its varied purpose under different assumed departments. It shall chat of the by-gones by conducting, with the help of some accom-

plished personal chaperon, periodic historic pilgrimages through the very heart of Pennsylvania-Germandom. Here the old actors shall be called to their feet again and past events be reenacted for the benefit of its party of excursionists. It believes that this feature alone will win it many friends—especially since these periodic trips will be so cheap in cash expenditure and equally comfortable in all seasons of the year and under whatever conditions of health, or age, or weather.

Under the head of "Famous Pennsylvania-Germans" it shall talk of its real heroes and heroines, who, if uncrowned today, are on their way to the coronation of history. It proposes to make these worthies live again and then enshrine them in some Westminster or Saxon Abbey of its own. Not a number shall go forth that does not show the face and tell the story of some noble actor with whom every Teutonic American will be proud to claim kinship.

And in order that this young fledgeling may keep its boastful pledges, the gentle and interested reader can lend a hand. The child needs food and clothing. It appeals through its present guardian for additional supporters to the many friends already won. And we would say that it lives on dates and deeds, on actors and events, on history and biography, on poetry and antiquity, on sentiment and complement (if you watch the spelling). Probably you have stored away in scrap-books and portfolios what might help to make a meal for its hungry mouth.

And so it wants to wear fine clothes. Enough bank-notes, of even small denomination, will make its appearance so respectable that no one need be ashamed to adopt it into his own home and give it a conspicuous place at his literary center-table.

And now, as my readers have been introduced to this literary youngster, and all mean to heed its concluding plea, let me say in its behalf, do not allow yourself to do that so very common thing—putting it off. Act at once. If not already a paid subscriber, send in your name this very day, and the enrollment of its devoted friends shall decide the cut of the infant's coat.

P. S.—Jan. 29. Due to trying, anomalous, but unavoidable delay in the printing office, this first number goes out late. The promise of the printer unites with that of the editor to assure the reader that the same will not occur again. We have every assurance, therefore, that henceforth issues will be prompt, appearing regularly during the first week of each quarter. THE EDITOR.

FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS.

CONRAD WEISER.

WE begin this series of sketches with the name of one, who, though born abroad, gave to his adopted country all his maturer years and distinguished services; who, because of his long residence in Pennsylvania, his influence among his German-born countrymen, and his being the ancestor of a large family of children—most of whom became conspicuous public servants,—has fittingly been termed “a father of the so-called Pennsylvania-Germans.”

Moreover, it is conceded that, with the single exception of Benjamin Franklin, there was not a more patriotic or efficient public servant in all the territory of the famous Quaker colony than Conrad Weiser. The former has received due recognition for his illustrious services as a colonial leader. A grateful posterity has worthily enshrined his great name in history and engraved it in marble. The story of his life has oft been told in cold type and living speech. But his honest German rival for first place in public service in that early period of Pennsylvania's history—Franklin's intimate friend and colleague—has been allowed to sleep in his humble grave for a century and two-fifths without any such marks of becoming respect as even a fitting monument, much less a satisfactory recognition in history. This seeming neglect is doubtless due to the fact that he and his kin were modest Germans, that he lived and died in what was then the State's frontier, and because the American people have yet been too busy to hunt up all their early heroes and do them honor. The limits of this sketch will not allow more than the giving of a mere hint of this notable man's greatness in personal worth and valued services. It will, however, attempt to do this, while it desires to lead its readers to his pioneer homestead and neglected grave.

From the original private journal of this brave and noble-hearted patriot—a transcript copy of which the writer has in hand—we have learned the story of his immigration and settlement in this his adopted country and State, and the circumstances of his development into the celebrated official Indian interpreter, as well as gained a glimpse of his own domestic fireside. This ac-

count, given in a small blank-book, and written in a most legible German hand, gives the date and place of his birth as November 2, 1696, in the village of Afstaedt, in the county of Herrenberg, in the Duchy of Württemberg. His parents and progenitors for generations had lived and been buried in this province. His father and a few others of the line had risen to the office of "Schuldheisz," or chief burgess, and were generally of "patrician rank." The devastating wars and persecutions of the seventeenth century had made them suffer the untold exactions and indignities common to those times in southern Germany. It was not until these became absolutely intolerable, however, and after his mother had died—to whose devotion and piety touching allusion is made in this autobiography—that his father, in 1709, left the old home, and with eight motherless children turned his face for refuge to England, ultimately towards America. Of this family Conrad was a boy of thirteen.

The father, being a recognized leader in his community, had persuaded a large number of his countrymen to take his own way out of distress. Accordingly, at the instigation of the benevolent Queen Anne of England, this province of Germany saw at this time a considerable exodus. The stream of fugitives flowed down the Rhine, across the lower North Sea and up the Thames, into London and the presence of its kindly sovereign. The presence here, at this time, of five Mohawk Indian chiefs, and their generous proffer of lands up the Hudson, formed the link in the chain of providences, which led this Christian Queen, at her own expense, to transfer a colony of four thousand Germans to this new country. The fleet of ten vessels landed in New York, June 13, 1710, and the same Fall the greater portion of the colony took up its residence on Livingston's Manor, in the vicinity of where the present town of Newburgh* is situated.

In this settlement, however, they were deceived. They had been made to believe that this was the land offered them by the Indians. Their imposition became apparent when, after the lapse of some time, they found themselves within the clutches of a modern Egyptian bondage, driven to burning tar and cultivating hemp for a grasping corporation, under the plea of thus paying for their passage across the sea, and without any prospects of

*The most palatial hotel of this historic town on the Hudson today is named "The Palatinate."

land-ownership whatever. When the fraud became known, loud complaints were made. But they had no redress. Their only remedy was to forsake their already improved acres, and look for permanent quarters elsewhere. Hence, in 1713, through the leadership of the elder Weiser and other deputies, most of these colonists were settled on Indian lands in the now famous valleys of the Mohawk and Schoharie, some forty miles west of Albany. Here speedily a number of villages sprung up, named after the several deputies, the principal one of which to this day, we are told, is known as *Weisersdorf*.

These negotiations brought the elder Weiser into intimate contact with an Indian chief, named Quagnant. Visits were frequently exchanged, and the red-skinned sachem came to have quite a fondness for Conrad, now a youth of seventeen. At the beginning of the winter of 1713, Conrad, with his father's consent, took up quarters with this new-made friend. Living among savages was a novel and trying experience for this German youth of tender years and impressible intellect, who was here given a new name—Tarachawagon—and was obliged to assume an entirely new mode of life. He records his experience in the following language:

I endured a great deal of cold in my situation, and by spring my hunger had far surpassed the cold, although I had poor clothing. The Indians were often so intoxicated that, for fear of being murdered, I hid myself among the bushes. During the latter end of July I returned to my father from my Indian home. I had acquired a tolerable beginning, and, in fact, understood the greater part of the Maqua tongue.

Whilst such an experience was evidently trying, it yet had its reward in that physical hardening and that intimate acquaintance with the temperament, habits and language of the red men as served him in such excellent stead in the coming years. For it was shortly afterward that his services as an interpreter were called into requisition. He describes his introductory efforts as follows:

About an English mile from my father's dwelling a few families of the Maqua tribe resided, and a number of that nation often passed to and fro on their hunting expeditions. It frequently happened that disputes arose between the high-mettled Germans and members of that tawny nation. On such occasions I was immediately sent for to interpret for both parties. I had a good deal of business, but no pay. None of my

people understood their language, excepting myself, and by exertion I became perfect, considering my age and circumstances.

Thus it came that this notable man was trained for his conspicuous post of usefulness to the varied colonies of his adopted country. Early the fame of his valued services spread beyond the narrow confines of his own community, until the name of this German farmer and teacher was spoken with honor in distant parts.

But while the colony was making laudable progress in subduing the wilderness into a habitable and productive region, suddenly their happy labors were again disturbed by the appearance of seven fattened and unscrupulous land-speculators from Albany and New York, who stubbornly asserted their rights to these now improved plantations by claim of previous purchase. One can imagine what surprise and blasting of hopes this occasioned, and that in consequence of it "a great uproar arose at Schoharie and Albany." But the most earnest pleadings were of no avail.

The landlords were unscrupulous and insisted upon their demands. To them what was the Queen's favor or the Indians' generous release as against their alleged vested rights, especially if by presumption, fraud and threats they could acquire improvements that did not cost them any labor or expense?—Montgomery.

Their only way to retain the homes they had built and the acres they had purchased and improved was by re-purchase. This some, by force of circumstances, were constrained to do, but not until they had exhausted every effort in the local courts and in London for redress.

The story of trial and delay which attended the three chosen delegates—of which the elder Weiser was again chief—who journeyed to London to secure justice at the hands of the Board of Commissioners of Trade and Plantation, if pertinent to our present purpose, were too lengthy to insert here. Suffice it to say that after several years of investigation the outcome was the substitution of William Burnet in place of Robert Hunter as the royal Governor of New York, and the issuing of an order "to grant (other) lands to all the Germans who had been sent to New York by the deceased Queen Anne."

Meanwhile many of the discouraged and defrauded colonists were getting ready to make another flight. Hearing that many of their countrymen were attracted from the fatherland by liberal

offers of land by the Penns, as many as sixty families turned their careworn faces, in the spring of 1723, toward the frontier of this Quaker colony. The account of their road-cutting to the headwaters of the Susquehanna, their construction of rafts and boats, and their flitting down this river to the mouth of Swatara creek, thence up this latter stream to the headwaters of the Tulpehocken creek, reads more like some adventurous tale than a page of history.

Here, in an unbroken wilderness, surrounded by savages, this



THE WEISER HOMESTEAD.

oft-defrauded but never despondent band of Germans formed one of the very first white settlements in Pennsylvania, north of the South Mountain ridge. They were followed, six years later, by another migration from Schoharie, among whom was Conrad Weiser and his young family. He took up about a thousand acres of land near the Tulpehocken, about fourteen miles west of the present city of Reading. As soon as possible these settlers secured good titles to these possessions, which as yet had not been released by the Indians to the proprietaries. Once in legal pos-

session, suitable houses were erected upon the same. The little stone house, built and occupied by Conrad Weiser, is still standing and is shown in the accompanying cut. From it went forth this illustrious public servant on his manifold errands in behalf of the public weal in those years of long ago.

The transfer of residence did not change the occupation of Weiser. For several years he kept steadily at his pursuit of clearing and cultivating the land in summer, and of teaching during several winter months. His countrymen had already organized themselves into a congregation and had built a church and school-house.

In the promotion of piety and education Mr. Weiser was quite active, and his name early became associated as a leader with the history of the first Tulpehocken Lutheran Church, now commonly known as Reed's Church. In the absence of a regular pastor he would often exhort or preach to the people. That he was gifted in this direction is evidenced by a rich German dedication hymn in hand, which bears his name, and which he composed for use at the consecration service of the Trinity Lutheran Church, of Reading, Pa., (where he then resided) on June 17, 1753. His zeal for religious advancement sometimes led him into the ways and fellowship of several religious sects, who early planted themselves in this section. Thus, while not meaning to be disloyal to the Church of his choice and birth—which was the Church of Luther—he yet gave, at that early period of the country's settlement, of his time, labor and means to promote the religious conditions of his countrymen, settling about him, who held to different creeds. Hence his name became associated with the earliest Church enterprises of the Moravians, the German Baptists and the German Reformed in this community. He greatly assisted the Moravian bishops in their efforts to establish missions among the Indians by personally conducting them in a visit to Shamokin (now Sunbury), Pa., and gratuitously teaching several of their missionaries, in his own home, the Indian tongue. He dwelt also for a time within the Ephrata community, subject to their rules and regulations.

His acquaintance with Shekallamy, the great representative of the Iroquois nation, resident at Shamokin, led this chief, as early as 1731, to pay Weiser a visit at Tulpehocken and induced the latter to accompany him to Philadelphia, the seat of the Provincial Gov-

ernment, and have him act as his interpreter. This first service as interpreter in the new province not only secured for him a favorable introduction to the authorities, but so greatly pleased the Executive Council, that it directed his services to be paid, though they had been rendered as a favor to Shekallamy. From this time on his star was in the ascendency. He soon became indispensable to the Provincial Government. He assisted in the treaty between it and the Shawnees Indians, in 1732, relative to the release of the territory lying between the South and the Blue Mountains, from the Delaware to the Susquehanna, and for several years afterward, until this treaty was brought to a successful conclusion, the appointed messengers of both parties often waited upon him, and not a meeting was held without his presence.

His reputation as an honest and reliable interpreter was now established, and for more than twenty years thereafter he was in almost incessant employ of the different colonial governments. Thus, while William Penn made one treaty, or contract, with the Indians, it is safe to say that Conrad Weiser was instrumental in effecting dozens of them. The colonial records of Pennsylvania, New York and Virginia are full of the reports concerning his hazardous and lonely journeys, covering hundreds of miles over trackless wildernesses, with no resting places except Indian villages. These services brought him into contact with, and the favorable notice of, the foremost men and officials of these States. He enjoyed the personal friendship of Governors Dinwiddie, of Virginia, and Morris, of Pennsylvania, and was on most intimate terms with Benjamin Franklin, with whom he journeyed to Albany to attend the first conference looking towards colonial federation, and with whom and such men as Governor Hamilton, Chief Justice Allen, Richard Peters, Secretary of the Land Office, and Dr. William Smith, he labored in the establishment of schools within the province, more especially for the benefit of the German settlers.

The debt which this Republic owes to the memory of Conrad Weiser has never been generally known, nor fully recognized. Washington spoke some appreciative words at his tomb, and others of his day, in high position, acknowledged his public worth, but we of this generation need reminders, such like the following, to have our hearts kindle and glow with patriotic veneration at the mention of his name. Said the Rev. Dr. N. C.

Shaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Pennsylvania, in a recent address: "I tried several years ago to get into one of our school-books the name of Conrad Weiser. In the same sentence occurred the name of Lindley Murray. The name of the grammarian was allowed to stand, that of the Indian interpreter was cut out, as if the prevention of grammatical mistakes were of more consequence than the prevention of war and bloodshed; as if parsing were of more consequence than peace-making. I resolved that at the first suitable opportunity I would draw public attention to the services of the man who negotiated, or helped to negotiate, every important treaty made during his lifetime with the Indians of Pennsylvania, New York, Virginia and the Carolinas.

"At the time when the French occupied the Mississippi Valley and the Lake Regions, whilst the English occupied a narrow strip along the Atlantic Coast, it was a question whether the New World should be dominated by the civil and political ideas of the Anglo-Saxon race, or by the ecclesiasticism, despotism and pernicious influences of the French people. The destinies of England, with a population of twenty millions, and Prussia with five millions, were to be decided in an apparently unequal struggle with the combined strength of Austria, Russia, France and other States, having an aggregate population of over one hundred millions. In view of Braddock's defeat, when the English were pitted against the French and the Indians, it looks as if the red man held the balance of power in the New World.

"Bancroft tells us that Six Nations remained neutral, but he does not tell how this neutrality came about. Apparently he did not know that the great Indian interpreter, Conrad Weiser, made a trip of two hundred miles to the Six Nations for the purpose of advising them not to side with the French. It was a trip as heroic as that of marching through Georgia, or of penetrating into the wilderness of Africa. When Conrad Weiser reached the Six Nations two French emissaries had been at work for two days trying to persuade the Indians that the time was ripe for them to sweep the English settlements from the Atlantic coast. Conrad Weiser succeeded in convincing them that the quarrel of the French with the English was not one in which the Indians should take part, and thus he made possible the triumph of the English race at Quebec. Conrad Weiser looms up one of the

moulding factors in that epoch-making period of the world's history, which gave a continent to the English nation, and by his influence over the red man he helped William Pitt and Frederick the Great to give history a new trend and to save the northern half of the New World from those Latin influences which have cursed Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America."

Although for the latter half of his life Weiser was much of a public servant he did not neglect his own community, but gave it all the time and attention he could command. We have already seen what he did for schools and churches. He likewise sought to promote local government and general advancement. He was early appointed by the authorities as a justice of the peace, and as an officer of the law he was conscientious, vigilant and unflinching in his convictions of right. He also succeeded as early as 1734 in establishing a new township out of the extensive territory of Tulpehocken, and in 1738 began to agitate the erection of a new county out of the extreme northern parts of Lancaster and Philadelphia. It was only after repeated efforts, however, that in 1752 the General Assembly finally granted this prayer of the petitioners, of whom Weiser was chief agitator. The new county received the name of Berks in honor of the native county of the Penns, in England. Weiser likewise busied himself with the laying out and opening up of township roads for the greater convenience of settlers. His name, also, appears as the first judge of the newly-established county courts, which office he held to the time of his death. After this election he temporarily located at Reading, the streets of which city he had helped to lay out in 1748, along the most prominent one of which (corner of Fifth and Penn) he built a store and engaged in mercantile business. The store used to be known as the "White Store," because of its white-plastered walls. The building is standing today—a prized relic of this enterprising city.

Perhaps the most valuable services Weiser ever rendered his own community was what he did to protect his countrymen against the depredations of the Indians committed chiefly during the period of the French and Indian war. The red men had generally been friendly to Penn and his colonists, and were for years on peaceable terms with the German settlers in the Tulpehocken and Swatara valleys, very largely due to the influence of Conrad Weiser. But at the outbreak of hostilities between the French

and English colonies, these savage neighbors were led to believe that they had been cheated by the Penns and their proprietaries, as has been shown. Certain tribes were, therefore, induced to join the forces of the former and avenge themselves upon the latter by means of murderous incursions among the innocent frontier settlers. The brunt of these incursions—one of the darkest chapters of the history of that period—fell upon the settlers of the Tulpehocken. Many and cruel were their butcheries, until life and property were constantly in jeopardy. Scalping-knife, tomahawk and torch were freely used by these wily and treacherous French hirelings. And yet the most urgent pleas for help long fell upon deaf ears with the Provincial Government. But in Weiser the white settlers had a loyal and persistent leader. Among the most stirring letters that can be written are his appeals to Governor Morris, in their behalf. But it was not until a visit had been made and the case was laid in person before the peace-loving authorities that Weiser and his countrymen succeeded in arousing the Quaker Government of that day to proper action. Finally, however, troops were sent and the proper military measures put into operation. And soon the white people had shelter and protection against their cruel and hostile foes. Conrad Weiser and his sons were themselves volunteers and leaders in the effort of their expulsion. The former, having been commissioned colonel of an improvised regiment of farmers, conducted a bold march up the entire valley to the Susquehanna and superintended the erection and garrisoning of a number of Indian forts along the base of the Blue Mountains.

Weiser raised a large and honorable family of children, seven of whom survived him.* His journal makes touching allusion to the death of several children, who preceded him in their journey to the spirit land. Among those grown to maturity were several sons, who figured prominently during the French and Indian, and the Revolutionary wars. Honor and renown has been reflected, indeed, from almost every line of descent upon this distinguished sire. From his youngest son, Benjamin, descended a great-grandson, who was a learned and distinguished author and divine

* On page 976 in old edition of "*Hallischen Nachrichten*," Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the author, alluding to period of first migration writes: "Our young interpreter (Conrad Weiser), remained in Schohary. In 1720 he entered into the state of matrimony with a German Christian person of Evangelical parentage, and begat two sons and two daughters."

in his day, Dr. Reuben Weiser, who died about ten years ago in Denver, Col. From another son sprang the family of ministers, who, in the German Reformed fold, gained distinction as earnest preachers and graceful writers, the last scion of whom, a noted author, but recently, until death released him, served his Church as pastor at Pennsburg, Pa. He has written a very clever biography of his honored great-grandsire, in which is collected much of the official correspondence of this public servant. But doubtless the most illustrious honors—such as come in the higher walks of statesmen, jurists, *littérateurs* and divines—have been gained by the descendants of the eldest daughter. Her marriage to the Rev. Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, the “Patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America,” already gave her an honored place. But motherhood of a famous family only added to her honors and those of both her distinguished husband and sire. Her eldest son was John Peter Gabriel, the preacher-general, who fought with Washington the battles of the Revolution, and afterwards served for years in both houses of the United States Congress. The second born was Frederick Augustus Conrad, for a long time minister of Christ Lutheran Church, of New York, afterwards filling such prominent offices of State as membership in the Continental Congress, the Pennsylvania Legislature, the United States Congress, of which lower house he was twice chosen speaker. Another son was Gotthilf Henry Ernest, a noted scientific scholar and author, a specialist and authority in botany, and for nearly forty years the famous and beloved pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, of Lancaster, Pa. Her daughter, Elizabeth, wife of Rev. C. Emanuel Schultze, for forty years pastor of the Tulpehocken Lutheran Church, was the mother of an honorable family of children, among whom was J. Andreas, the learned and popular Governor of Pennsylvania.

In a succeeding sketch will be treated some of the illustrious descendants of this pioneer branch.

The many hardships and the arduous labors of Weiser began in time to tell on his strength and health. This is especially true of the exposures involved during the hostility with the Indians. His letters in these years make frequent allusions to his “low state of health.” Though anxious on account of these infirmities to retire, yet such was his patriotism that he could not at three score years conscientiously grant himself this coveted boon. His

distinguished son-in-law, Muhlenberg, writes concerning the effect this last military undertaking had on Weiser's spiritual and physical welfare as follows:

This charge did him and his children more harm in body and soul than anything before. He was already aged and infirm, accustomed to



CONRAD WEISER'S GRAVE.

domestic care, and was now obliged to be often absent from home to confer with our leaders and the European warriors concerning Indian matters.

Yet man's most merciful and compassionate Mediator and Friend, who is not willing that any should perish, prolonged his natural life to the very termination of this dreadful war, and granted him an especial respite of grace, thus allowing him time to reflect and to wash every stain in the blood of the Lamb, purify his robes, work out his soul's salvation

with fear and trembling, and await a gracious end. It certainly means much to be and remain a Christian.*

Thus Weiser spent but the last brief evening hour of his life in quiet. On Saturday, July 12, 1760, he went from his residence in Reading to his country home in his wonted health. Here he was suddenly seized on the following day with a severe attack of *colica pituitosa*, from which he died about noon of the same day. His remains were interred in the family burying plot, near the house, on the 15th, when his pastor, Rev. J. Nicolas Kurtz, preached an appropriate funeral sermon. Here, close to the public highway, about half a mile east of Womelsdorf, his grave is found, marked by a simple sand-stone, whose well-nigh effaced epitaph reads as follows:†

Dieses iſt
die Ruhe-/tÄETTE
des WEYL EhReN
GeAchteN M. CON-
RAdI WeiſeRS Der-
ſeLbiGe GebohreN
1696. D. 2 NOVember
in ASTAET, im Amt
HerreNBerg, IM WIT
TeNberger Lande.
Und GESTOrBen
1760 D. 13 Julius
IST AlT WordeN
64 Jahr 8 M. 3 W. 6 T.

The death of Weiser was a severe affliction to both the Indian tribes and the State authorities. Suitable notice was taken of the same at an Indian Conference held in Easton, Pa., August 3, 1761, where the Indian spokesman and Governor Hamilton gave

* Translated from the German in "Hallischen Nachrichten."

† "This is the resting-place of the highly honored M. Conrad Weiser, who was born Nov. 2, 1696, in Afstaet, in the County of Herrenberg, in the Kingdom of Wurtemberg; and died 1760, the 13th day of July, reaching the age of 64 years, 8 months, 3 weeks, 6 days." N. B.—There is evidently an error in the reckoning of his age.

expression of their sense of mutual loss in terms of highest praise for his worth and character. The State Secretary, Hon. Richard Peters, wrote: "Poor Mr. Weiser is no more; he died suddenly in the summer, and has not left any one to fill his place as Provincial Interpreter."

Many pilgrimages have been made to his grave. The most noted visitor, doubtless, was the illustrious Washington, who, during his incumbency of the Presidency of the United States, (November 13, 1793,) stopped on his journey to pay his tribute of esteem to the memory of this worthy hero. While standing by the grave he gave utterance to words of highest laudation, indicative of the esteem in which this country should ever revere his name.

We are sorry to say that a century and more has elapsed since these words were uttered, and that the proper tokens of honor still remain to be performed. There is a movement on foot, however, by the public schools of the county, seconded by other associations, which looks towards erecting a fitting monument to this great man's honor at no distant day.

We append a carefully-prepared genealogical table of the Weiser family, furnished us by Mr. H. M. M. Richards, himself a scion of this stock through the Muhlenberg line.

WEISER GENEALOGY.

- 1—Jacob Weiser, b. ab. 1590. Chief Burgess of Gross-Aspach, county of Backnaug, Duchy of Wurtemberg, Germany.
- 2—Jacob Weiser, b. ab. 1625. Also Chief Burgess of Gross-Aspach.
- 3—John Conrad Weiser, b. 1660, d. 1746, m. Anna Magdalena Vebele, b. 1666, d. May 1, 1709, the mother of sixteen children, of whom the following survived her in 1710: Catharine, Margaret, Magdalena, Sabina, Conrad, George Frederick, Christopher Frederick, Barbara and John Frederick. He married—2d—a German woman in 1711, who died 1781, and had Jacob, Rebecca and John Frederick. He was leader of the Palatine emigration to New York Province in 1710, and commanded the German contingent in the British army raised to march on Montreal 1711.
- 4—John Conrad Weiser, b. Nov. 2, 1696, d. July 13, 1760, m., 1720, Anna Eve ———, b. Jan. 25, 1700, d. Dec. 27, 1778. Head of the Indian Bureau, Province of Penna., commissioned Justice of the Peace 1741, President Judge Berks county courts, 1752, till death; Lieut. Colonel, Oct. 31, 1755, commanding First Battalion Penna. Regiment during French and Indian War. Resident of Tulpehocken, Berks county, and there buried. His children were:

1—Philip Weiser, b. Sept. 7, 1722, d. March 27, 1761, m. Nov. 22, 1748, Sophia, dau. Peter Riem. He was associated with his father in the events of the French and Indian War, and inherited the homestead. He had:

(1) John Conrad Weiser, b. Aug. 30, 1749, d. Feb. 1, 1803, m. Barbara ———, b. Feb. 8, 1753, d. Dec. 15, 1825. He was 1st Lieut. Capt. Mich. Wolf's Co., Col Patton's Battalion, Berks Co. Militia, 1776, on duty South Amboy; Capt. 4th Co., 6th Battalion, 1777, and Capt. in 6th Battalion, 1778. He located, latterly along the Susquehanna, near the present Selinsgrove. He had twelve children, four dying young: Benjamin, Frederick, Frederick, Peter, Daniel, Sophia, Hannah, Phillippina, Mary, Catharine and Johannes.

(2) Peter Weiser, b. Apr. 26, 1751.

(3) Jabeth Weiser, b. July 3, 1753, d. May, 16, 1829, m. Maria Elizabeth Wengert, b. 1754, d. 1835. He was blind during the last years of his life. They had: John Philip, John, Maria Catharine, Samuel, Solomon, Henry Solomon, Eva, Maria Elizabeth, Maria Phillippina, Sarah and Rebecca.

(4) Philip Weiser, who had Maria Margaretta, Benjamin, Peter and John Jacob.

2—Anna Madlina Weiser, b. Jan. 13, 1725, d. March 16, 1742.

3—Anna Maria Weiser, b. June 24, 1727, d. Aug. 23, 1802, m. Apr. 22, 1745, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, D.D., b. Sept. 6, 1711, d. Oct. 7, 1787 (with long list of descendants).

4—Frederick Weiser, b. Dec. 24, 1728, d. ab. 1790, m., Dec. 3, 1751, Amelia Zoeller.

5—Peter Weiser, b. Feb. 27, 1730.

6—Christopher Weiser (a twin), b. Feb. 15, 1731, lived 15 weeks.

6—Jacob Weiser (a twin), b. Feb. 15, 1731, lived 13 weeks.

8—Elizabeth Weiser, b. June 19, 1732, d. 1736.

9—Margaret Weiser, b. Jan. 28, 1734, m., 1st, Heintzelman, 2d, Finker.

10—Samuel Weiser, b. Apr. 23, 1735.

11—Benjamin Weiser, b. July 18, 1736, lived 3 months.

12—Jabez Weiser, b. Aug. 11, 1740, lived 17 days.

13—Hanna Weiser, b. Feb. 27, 1742, d. Aug. 11, 1742.

14—Benjamin Weiser, b. Aug. 12, 1744.

POETIC GEMS.

Under this head will be given from time to time such floating gems as appeal strongly to our German stock. The editor solicits for their preservation contributions, original and selected. If in the Pennsylvania-German dialect they will be preferable. None of a low or base order will be printed. We hope readers will be pleased with the selections made in this number. They are all of high order of sentiment and poetic merit. The sentiment of the one by Dieffenbach reminds us of Tennyson's "Brook" and Sam W. Foss' "A Brook and a Life."

DER ALT DENGELSTOCK.*

E'n Gedicht nach der Pennsylvanisch-Deutscher Mundart.

VON LEE I. GRUMBINE, ESQ.

Der alt Dengelstock,
Dort steckt er im Block,
Unner'm alte Pund-appel Baum—
Am Nasht henkt die Sens—
Der Reche bei der Fenz—
Seh alles wie'n schoener Traum.

Die Sonn' geht 'uf,
Kumm Buwe, shteht 'uf,
Schon long sin die Hahne am
krache;
Dir faule Beng'le,
Macht euch ans deng'le,
Noch 'em Frueshtick gehts ans
maehe.

Wann die Sens werd shtumb,
Is der Oxe-horn Kumb,
Mit 'em Wetzste' au' net weit.
Un' der Hammer wie'n Glock
Uf em Dengelstock,
Spielt sei Lied,—Ich he'ers noch
Heut.

"Klingel, klengel,
Wetz un' dengel,
Der Dengelstock klangt un' klingt;
Klingel, klengel,
Hammer un' dengel,
He'er was der Dengelstock singt."

Der Thau 'uf 'em Grass,
Es glizert wie Glass,
Im frue-morge Sonneschein;

Dick falle die G'maade,
In der Sens ihre Paade,
So g'raad wie'n Soldate-Lein.

Die Fenze-meis springe,
Ich he'er die Foegel singe,
Bei de Heu-macher 'uf 'em Feld;
'En Tausend Ihme brumme,
Um die suesse wilde Blumme,
Froh un' lustig die ganse Welt.

Un' die Krabbe, die schlechte,
Sin immer am fechte,
Was'n Larme dort druewe in de'
Hecke;
Ihr Gezank un' Geschelt,
Schallt weit uewer's Feld,
Un' der Bull-frog im Dam thut's
verschrecke.

Horch wie der alt Lerch
Doch peifft 'uf der Zwerch,
Sei froeliches Morge-lied;
Un' die Maeher die schwinge
Ihre Sense un' singe—
(Sis frueh, un' sie sin noch net
mied.)

"Der Wetz is gut,
Der Wetz is gut,
Der Hinnersht hat die Schlang im
Hut';
Es schneit sich gut,
H'en Kraft im Blut,
Die Arwe't leicht bei guter Muth!"

*A poem first read before the Lebanon County Historical Society.

Mid e'm Korb kommt die
Maad,—
Am End von der G'maad,
I'm Schatte-baumes kuehle Ruh—
'S werd nie vergesse
'S Nein-uhr Shtick zu esse,
Bei'm Heu-mache,—'s g'hert dazu.

Die Sonn' werd bal' he'ess,
Raus presst sie der Schwe'ess,
Un' schwerer drueckt immer die
Hitz,
Der Knecht kommt zu springe,
Frish Wassar zu bringe,
Mit der alte holz'ne Stitz.

Dort he'ert mir laute Shtimme,
Die Buwe sin am Schwimme,
Im Damm werd gebozelt un' gekrishe;

Un' dort drunne im Krickli,
Im Loch unner 'm Brueckli,
Wahrhaftig sin sie au' am Fische.

Horch! 's mittag's Horn geht,
Bis an's End werd's g'maeht,
Un' dann geht Alles noch 'm Haus,
'S Esse schmackt doch gut,
E' kurze Stund werd's g'ruht,
Un' no' 'uf's Feld wieder 'naus.

Die Sonn' is bal' nieder
Die Nacht kommt bal' wieder,
Die Schatte wer'e laenger 'uf 'm
Bode';

Die Kueh gehne he'm,
Die Foegel noch de Baem',
Aus de Loecher hupse die Krotte.

Gefuettert is es Vieh,
Gemolke sin die Kueh,
Der Hund is loss von der Kett;
Schliess die Thuere zu
'S is Zeit fur noch der Ruh,
Die Hinkle sin schon lang im Bett.

Der alt Dengelstock,
Dort shteckt er im Block,
Unner'm alte Pund-appel Baum;

'S is Feuer-ovet g'macht,
'S geht stark 'uf die Nacht,
Schlaf sanft, un' 'n suesser Traum.

Drauss' hoert mir gar nix,
A's wie der alt Krix,
Er singt zu'm Mond die gans
Nacht;
Ke'n Elend un' ke' Kummer,
Verstoert der suesse Schlum-
mer,
Wo die Unschuld wohnt, Gott
wacht.

Un' des is es Lied
Des singt mir im Gemueth,
Wan ich an der Dengelstock denk,
Die Kindheit's Verlange,
Sin fur ewig vergange
'S is mei'm Herz'n recht Gekrenk.

'S Dengel-lied hat g'shtoppt;
'S werd nimme me' gekloppt;
Shtumb mit Rusht henkt die Sens
am Nasht;
Zum dingle hat's ke' Noth
Die liebe Hand is Tod,
Ewig Ruh von weltliche Last.

Bal kommt der Fater Zeit,
Mit der Sens macht er die Leut
Von sei'm Feld;
Alles Lewe schneit er ab,
Er thut ernte fur das Grab,
Alle Welt.

Sei Sens is immer scharf,
Weit reicht sei' langer Warff,
Trefft er mich;
Kommt er Morge, kommt er
Heut,
Is er nah, oder is er weit,
Trefft er dich!

Ohne Wetz un' ohne Dengel,
Aller Holm un' aller Stengel,
'Uf sei' g'maad;
Er macht fur Ewigkeit,
Alles fallt vor seiner Schneit,
In die Laad.

HEIMWÆRTS.

[From Fisher's "Kurzweil und Zeit-
fretreib."]

Am Abend stand ein Alter Mann
An einer Kirchhofmauer,
Und dacht an Jugend, Mannheit,
Aelt,
Und Todeskampf im Trauer.

Nun, kam ein Maedchen, frisch
und g'sund,
Gekleidet schoen und fein,
Ging durch die g'welbte Pforte,
und
Nach Kirchhofs Pfad hinein.

"Fuerchst du dich nicht?" fragt
jetzt der Mann
"Fuer Graeber, Grabstein,
Baeum?"
"Ach nein, mein Vater, sprach es
dann
"Das Pfaedchen fuehr't nur
Heim."

Nun, sprach der Mann, ganz leis
und weint
Dort hinten einem Strauch,
"Mein Weg nach Heimath, Ruh',
und Freund',
Liegt durch den Kirchhof,
auch."

HOMEWARDS.

TRANSLATION BY J. H. REDSECKER.

At eve an old man, sad and lone,
Stood by a churchyard wall,
And thought of youth, manhood
and age,
And death, the foe of all.

Then came a little maiden fair
With sweet and winsome way
Passed through the gateway, to the
path,
That down the churchyard lay.

"Do you not fear amidst these
graves
And tombstones, here to tread?"
"O, no, this path leads to my
home,
Kind sir, why should I dread?"

"Ah! yes," he softly said and
sighed,
While tears bedim'd his eyes,
"My way to home, and friends, and
rest,
Too, through the churchyard
lies."

DAS KIND UND DAS BÄCHLEIN.

BY G. CHR. DIEFFENBACH.

"Was eilst du so,
Du Baechlein froh,
Durch's gruene Thal dahin?
So bleib doch hier
Und spiel mit mir
Weil ich so gut dir bin?"

Das Baechlein spricht:
"Das kann ich nicht,
Du-zu hab' ich kein Zeit;
Hab' viel zu thun
Und darf nicht ruh'n,
Muss heute noch gar weit!

"Muss hurtig geh'n
Das Muehlrad dreh'n
Da drunten in dem Thal;
Muss traenken auch
Nach altem Brauch
Die Bluemlein allzumal.

THE CHILD AND THE BROOK.

TRANSLATION BY P. C. C.

"Why hurry so,
Glad brook to go
On through the flowery dell?
Say, won't you stay
With me to play,
Since I like you so well?"

The brook replies,
While wish denies:
"I have no time to stay;
Have much to do.
Nor rest may woo,
Must travel far to-day

"Must quickly go
To vale below
The miller's wheel to turn;
Must sprinkle, too,
With old-time dew
The flowers, lest they burn.

"Die Schaefflein klein
Dort warten mein,
Schrei'n durstend schon nach mir;
D'rum bring ich schnell
Vom frischen Quell
Das Wasser ihnen hier.

"Dann muss ich hin
Zur Bleicherin,
Muss giesen dort ihr Tuch,
Bis dass es rein,
Und weis mag sein—
Hab' ich nicht Much' genug?

"Leb' wohl, mein Kind,
Ich muss geschwind
Nun an die Arbeit geh'n;
Zum Meer ists weit
Hab' keine Zeit,
Bei dir hier lang' zu steh'n."

"The lambkins small
Are waiting all
And, panting, bleat for me;
To them I bring,
Post-haste from spring
This cooling drink you see.

"Next, by command,
Must be on hand
The bleacher's cloth to wet
Until it shine
All white and fine—
Should I have more task yet?

"Farewell, my child,
Be reconciled,
While I to task must haste;
I'm far, you see,
From the wide sea,
And have no time to waste."

THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS.

A Sonnet.

BY REV. MATTHIAS SHEELEIGH, D.D.

Wherever I abroad may wander far,
And mingle with the varied tongues of men,
Or shall essay the task to trace my pen
In sketching life in marked particular,
Spontaneous promptings shall me homeward bear,
To press around your doors and hearths again,
To note your ways with keener zest than when,
As one with you, I all your life could share:
'Twill yield fresh joy your quiet life to see,
'Mid peerless farms, right in our country's heart,
Where erst our stalwart, pious ancestry
Sought rest from war and persecution's art,—
Fresh joy to use the old language frank and free,
And in your soulful worship bear a part.

HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGES INTO PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANDOM.

A TRIP OVER THE HORSE-SHOE PIKE.

It is the purpose of this journal to take its readers on periodic historic pilgrimages through the heart of the territory first settled by our German pioneers of Pennsylvania. For this purpose it shall take certain town centers as starting points and from thence follow its diverging old highways, as one would go from a wheel's hub along its spokes to the rim. We will thus visit all our older towns lying within the Germanic belt of the State and from thence to the surrounding country historically. We shall endeavor in a chatty style, aided by pen and pencil, crayon and camera, to entertain and instruct our readers, and point out things of especial interest to the chronicler and the antiquarian.

We have chosen Harrisburg as our first excursion center. What matter that German annals of the State did not begin here, or that this city's ancient history is written in Scotch-Irish? We will get to Germantown—that first American camping-ground of our ancestral stock—by and by. Nor will it harm us to get an early look at this old neighbor of ours who shared our pioneer hardships and helped to fell Penn's vast forest and fight our early battles, even though his name begins with "Mac," and his blood had a strain of the Gaelic or Celtic in it. It was staunch, nevertheless, and in many cases has mixed well with that of the Saxon. Even if he sometimes sneered at the "dumb Dutch," the latter has long since taken his land—by honest purchase—and occupied his old town by the historic Susquehanna.

It is most convenient for our purpose to begin our pilgrimage at Harrisburg, and that should be sufficient. The guide should have something to say in this matter. Besides, Harrisburg is the capital of the State, and a convenient railroad center. What schemes have not been railroaded to, through, or at this State's capital! So, then, without another word, as tally-ho is rigged up and steeds are prancing, we'll be off for our first historic jaunt.

Harrisburg has a number of ancient land-marks, suggesting a suitable meeting and starting point. The site of old John Harris' log cabin and his grave are marked today. The son's mansion, erected in 1766, the old home of Simon Cameron, is yet standing and is covered with fame and historic incident. But we shall not wander through the city founder's old haunts now, but congregate in its very heart, on Market Square, where the nerve center of the city's street-car line is located, and where, on its southeast corner, stood a century ago and until recent times, the "Washington Tavern," so named, presumably, because it entertained President Washington and his body guard on the night of October 3, 1794, when on their way from Philadelphia to quell the Whiskey Insurrec-

tion. The site is now occupied by the commodious Commonwealth Hotel, but the event which called forth a strong patriotic address by its citizens, voiced by its burgesses, Conrad Bombaugh and Alex. Berryhill (see Penn'a Archives, 2 Series, Vol iv., pp. 329-31)—the former a Pennsylvania-German, of Lancaster county birth and of highest esteem and position in Harrisburg—eclipses historically every other event. The reply of Washington makes one feel that one is walking among a high class of patriots as we come face to face with these old worthies of the capital city, who at the time of the Chief Magistrate's visit, had hoisted a flag at this point, upon which was inscribed "Liberty and Equality," as opposed to the red flag of insurrection, hoisted by the Whiskey Boys.

But our trip is not westward,—and hence we must part company with Washington and his compatriots at this old hostelry, and turn our eyes to the east to the Horse Shoe pike, over ten miles of which the illustrious Chief Executive and his eastern army had traveled in this historic trip to the west.

The Horse Shoe Pike! What a flood of history, of traffic and checkered life lies along this ancient highway! It would be of interest to recount the story of its own construction a century ago, to watch the tide of emigration that settled along its line or flowed on to the west beyond, and to note the healthy life-blood of old-time commerce that freely circulated up and down this early artery of the State. But this would only delay us and make us miss the exhilaration of our trip. We shall see ghosts enough flit by as we pass along the route. Every old tavern and toll-house, every mill and mile-post, every hut and homestead, every church and church-yard, hold goblins and ghosts for such as have a swift-winged fancy. There are spectres enough for such as wear glasses fitted with antiquarian lenses. Immense droves of cattle and long processions of Conestoga teams will again people the roadway, and the shout of the drovers and teamsters is heard in the stable-yard of every old inn, until yarns of "ye olden time" are spun into your brain that will be apt to make you dream of Thomas Buchanan Read's wild wagoners of the Alleghenies. But now all aboard and we'll be off!

We'll take the Market street route, cross the Pennsylvania and Reading dangerous railroad crossings, climb Allison's Hill and take our way out by Derry street, which is the old pike. The growth of East Harrisburg gives us nearly two miles of city to traverse, before we cross Paxton creek at the old Rudy farm, now also cut up into building lots of the choicest quality. Here we come into the open and before us lie the broad acres of the Elders, whose land and ancient homestead is still in the same hands, much improved and enhanced in value, as the family name has gained honor and distinction. About this region prevailed during the period of Indian depredations and wars in Colonial days, the greatest possible excitement. No name figured more prominently in the quelling of the troubles and the expulsion of the hostile savages than that of Elder. At the outset of "Pontiac's conspiracy," the inhabitants of Paxtang enrolled themselves into several companies, and Rev. John Elder,

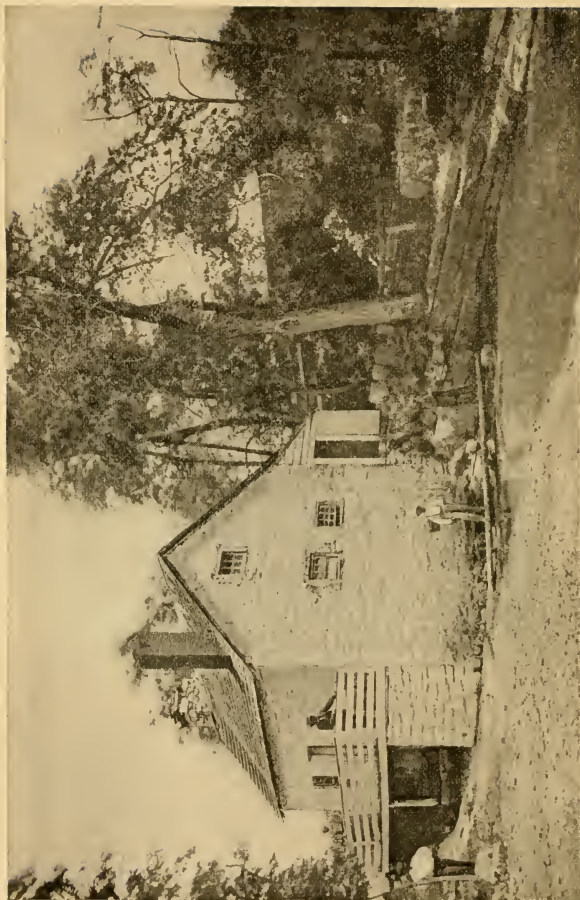
son of the pioneer Elder, pastor of the neighboring Presbyterian parish, and graduate of Edinburg University, led them forth to war. These were known as "the Paxtang boys," or "rangers," and they were the terror of the Indians. The fighting parson was, after much agitation, formally appointed Colonel by Deputy Gov. Hamilton, and his name will never be forgotten for the way he led his forces on to the security of permanent peace at this portion of the frontier. When he finally laid down his weapons of carnal warfare to take up again the shepherd's crook and to wield the sword of a spiritual conflict, he received a letter of thanks from the Governor under date of Dec. 22, 1763, in which the latter acknowledges the care and prudence with which he had conducted his military command. Joshua Elder likewise has rendered his county and State conspicuous service, and his name stands high in the annals of the Commonwealth. So do other scions of this family. The ancestral homestead, somewhat modernized, stands a little off the roadside to the north. All of the older members of this family lie buried at the Paxtang churchyard, which is off about half a mile to the north of the road at what is now Paxtang station on the P. & R. Railroad.



PAXTANG PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Erected in 1740.

What an historic landmark this church is! What an ancient shrine of piety and patriotism! Hence it was that this military parson led his Paxtang rangers to the front. Hence it was that this same community, joined by the German representatives of Berks, Lancaster and Northampton counties, a thousand members strong, marched to Philadelphia to impress upon the obtuse Quaker government their right of protection against Indian depredations as well as their hitherto denied rights of equal representation in the State Assembly with the more favored counties about Philadelphia—thus sowing the earliest seeds of the Revolution. From this sanctuary and altar went forth hosts of consecrated Christian men and women to bless the world, in all the walks and circles of life, with the fruits of righteous living and upright character. In the grave-yard close



THE OLD RUTHERFORD HOMESTEAD.

by sleep such conspicuous characters as John Harris, Jr., the founder of Harrisburg; William Maclay, who, with Robt. Morris as colleague, was the first United States Senator of our State; Generals Michael Simpson and James Crouch, of Revolutionary fame, together with its heroic pastor and his flock of McClares, Grays, Rutherfords, Espys, Wills, Gilmores, Walkers, etc., etc.

We must not linger any more. Beyond the church eastward stretch the old Ricker and Rutherford homesteads. Rutherford is another old family name and one to conjure with in Scotch-Irish circles. The old colonial homestead is still standing, as shown in an accompanying picture. It stands near where our pike is crossed by the P. & R. Railroad at Rutherford Station, and was erected in 1755, by Thomas and Jean-Rutherford the original American ancestors, who were natives of Cookstown, Ireland, and had emigrated in 1728 and 1729, respectively, and were married in 1730, residing twenty-five years in Donegal township, Lancaster County, before purchasing the large tract at this place, which is still in the family name. Three of their five sons were soldiers in the Revolutionary war, while representatives of the family fought in every succeeding war of our nation since. In this their ancestors had set them a good example in the fatherland, where they maintained the cause of religious liberty on the bloody fields of Drumclog, Loudon, Pentland Hills, Boyne Water and Bannock Burn. At the unveiling of a beautiful monument erected two years ago more than one hundred of the surviving members of the family, filling all the honorable walks in life, were in attendance. The monument is imposing and costly, and stands on the Paxton church-yard, the Westminster Abbey, where rest the ancestral bones of many a staunch defender and builder of our nation.

On rolls our tally-ho. By and by, we cross the Swatara, just below where Beaver Creek empties its waters into it, about a mile west of Hummelstown. What an opening for a Pennsylvania-German yarn of history the mere mention of Swatara's stream gives us! But we must desist. We cannot stop now to talk of all the streams of water or civilization that cross our path, or else we would have to deflect too often to chat of cross-roads, railroads, underground railroads of ante-bellum days, of pipe-lines and tow-lines that stretch across our destined way. Beyond the occasional side-tracking to discover fine historical facts, we must keep our faces straight ahead. Yet we must make a brief halt at Hummelstown, for here we come upon German soil indeed.

Hummelstown was founded by Frederick Hummel, a native of Württemberg, Germany, during the first half of last century. It was first named after the founder's Christian name, Frederickstown, but later changed to Hummelstown. The founders of the town were also the founders of a sturdy family tree, whose noteworthy branches have stretched forth far and wide, and which have borne, and is still bearing, good fruit. The old

trunk succumbed to the rude storms of disease and death in 1775, and lies mouldering in the old Lutheran church-yard, which also holds many other worthies of this community.

Near this place was born the Hon. Alexander Ramsey, a son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Kelker) Ramsey. His mother was a daughter of Henry and Elizabeth (Greenawalt) Kelker, through whom a strain of the best German blood was mixed with that of the Scotch-Irish on the paternal line. Mr. Ramsey always claimed to be a Pennsylvania "Dutchman," and and was proud of his kin, who have had occasion to be proud of him, who filled the honored stations of Congressman from Pennsylvania, territorial and State Governor of Minnesota, and, by treaty with the Indians, opened the western part of that State to colonization. He was also mayor of St. Paul, and United States Senator from Minnesota for twelve years, Secretary of War, under President Hayes; served on the Utah Commission, by appointment of President Arthur; and in 1887 was a delegate to the Centennial Celebration, at Philadelphia, of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

At Hummelstown, also, was born, about forty years ago, another brilliant son of Saxon blood in the eminent eye-specialist of the Philadelphia Medico-Chirurgical Hospital, whose star of fame is visible in two continents, Dr. Webster Fox, son of an old-time practitioner of this town.

It would be interesting to stop to read what history and biography is written on the Lutheran (the oldest) church-yard records and building, where for 150 years worship has been maintained (second edifice erected 1815) and the Gospel been preached (until recently wholly or partly in German) by a long list of able pastors, the most eminent of whom, perhaps, was the late Dr. C. R. Demme; but it must suffice to say that this, as all other churches, are keeping on *making* history, as well as *recording* it.

We pass on to Hockersville, being careful not to take the northern prong of the fork of the roads, parting here, which would lead to Reading, it being the Berks and Dauphin turnpike, yet also of historic importance. On our way to Hockersville we will pass such old homesteads as the Houser's, Backenstoës', Schweigerd's, etc. From Hockersville we turn northward, cross the Berks and Dauphin pike for a visit to Derry church, just beyond at Derry Station, where another old Presbyterian shrine awaits us. The original log church, standing until replaced by a beautiful stone church in 1883, was erected prior to 1730. For a century and a half it stood, a well-known landmark. Here may yet be seen a pewter communion tankard and goblets that came as a gift to the congregation at its foundation, from England. Here was realized what Nehemiah's forces found necessary in the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem, viz., while work and worship were going on with the one hand, the enemy had to be beaten with the other, so that frequently worshipers carried both the prayer-book and the trusty flint-locks while on their way to the temple. Sentinels were oft on duty while worship was progressing. The old

cemetery close by contains the ashes of many of these sturdy pioneers, and the graves of a few of the faithful shepherds of this flock. Among the



DERRY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

many noted divines who have served this church are Revs. David Brainerd, the Indian missionary; Charles Beatty, the Tennents, and William Bertram. The latter received a stipend of about sixty pounds, "one-half in money, the other half in hemp, linen yarn, or linen cloth at market price."

There has long been a tradition that William Penn visited this spot, and that a huge tree stood to within a few years, near the southwest corner of the

church edifice, to which he is said to have tied his horse. Old residents were wont to relate that their parents had seen the famous Quaker and talked with him. But this left grave suspicion upon the reliability of the rumor. Investigation, however, substantiates the fact that in April, 1788, John Penn, "the American," passed through this valley, and it is doubtless he who made the storied visit.

Coming back to our highway, we pass the toll-house known as "center-villa," and at Hershey's homestead we make another slight detour to the south to take in the old homestead of the Hayes, now the Felty farm. Here Patrick Hayes, of Donegal, Ireland, settled in 1728, and died in 1790. Both he and his wife are buried at the Derry church-yard. Their eldest son, David, born 1731, and married to Martha Wilson, inherited the old farm, who erected on it, 1796, the present stone buildings, as the date-stone bears evidence. They had a son, it is said, who married a Rutherford, and from them has descended the nineteenth President of the United States, Rutherford B. Hayes. The early settlement about Fremont, Ohio, is known to have been totally made by Pennsylvanians.

We are still bound for a more eastern point, and coming back to our highway, pass the Kegereis, Shaffers, and Behms homesteads.

We now cross the county line, and get into Lebanon County, which from 1785 to 1813 was a part of Dauphin County, and both together, from 1729 to 1785, a part of Lancaster County. Previous to the establishment of Lancaster County in 1729, from the settlement of William Penn in 1682 and the formation of the three original counties, this whole section was included in Chester County. So was all west of it,

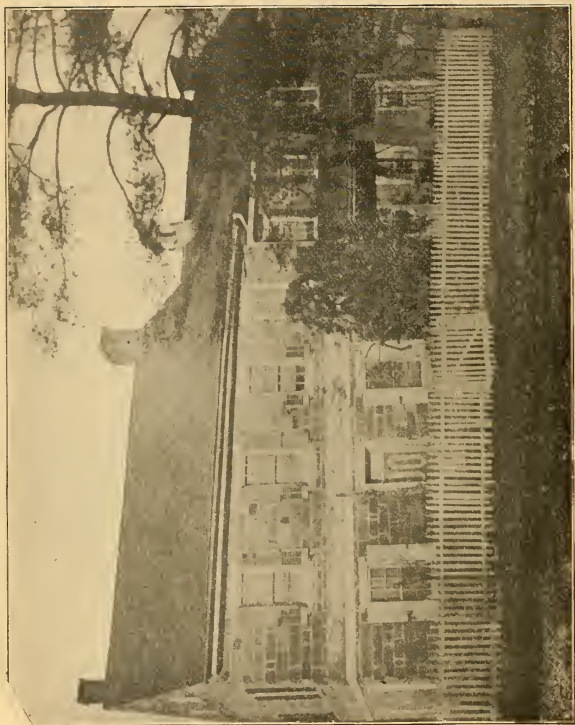
in a sort of indefinite way, even to the Mississippi, or the Rocky Mountains, or the Pacific Ocean, as there were no well-set boundaries to the early settlements and colonies, until militation, exploration, migration, colonization, arbitration, or legislation fixed and refixed them.

Although Lebanon is but a small county, it has long been recognized as "one of the finest counties in the State." It early became a home for the many German emigrants, who began to pour into the eastern region of Penn's colony from the Palatinate, during the second quarter of the eighteenth century. And as we travel along our well-beaten highway, we shall pass the estates of these early settlers, in most instances in the possession of lineal descendants by the same name, of the sixth to eighth generation. Nearby, in some well-kept church-yard, or else in some private burial plot on the old farm, enclosed with stone walls, and usually not so well kept, rest the early ancestors in their last long sleep.

From the county line, until we reach the Cornwall Hills—a distance of about ten miles—our pike leads through the very finest and richest of Lebanon County's fine land. To visit this region in the season of blooming clover, the ripening of the golden grain, or the maturing of Indian corn, would be to find a wealth of agriculture that it would be hard to excel in any portion of our wide land. The plantations are large, and the homesteads reared on them roomy and commodious. Most of them are comparatively modern, the oldest not being over seventy-five years of age.

Campbellstown is the first village we come to, about a mile east of the county line. It received its Scotch-Irish name, presumably from the first settler, James Campbell. It has long had a church for the German settlers in a fairly flourishing condition. About the oldest homestead is the one belonging to Mr. W. E. Brunner, which was erected in 1786. The order of the homes lying between this village and Mount Pleasant, about three miles to the east, is as follows: The old Bowman home, Brightbill's, Gingrich's, Herr's, Gingrich's and Bucher's. All of them own old and large farms of the richest land well cultivated. Few ambitions have stirred the succeeding generations to seek fame or fortune in distant fields, and so they have not learned to stray far from their sequestered vale, where for a century and a half this stock has kept the even tenor of their way. And, of course, when a farm, like a century-plant, receives careful nursing for so long a period by skillful hands it ought to bloom. So do these broad acres.

The only arboreal specimen, however, that can claim a century's growth is a sturdy oak that stands to the south of our highway, just a little west of Brightbill's meeting-house, which is claimed to be "the most beautiful tree in the county." It is a noted landmark, and has for generations grown and developed and lorded it over all the scrubby growths in the neighborhood until his trunk is fully three feet in diameter, and its huge, symmetrical and wide-spreading branches majestically claim for it a sort of chartered right to air and ground. "It is worthy a trip from any part of the county to see it in its wealth of summer foliage," says a friend who passes it in monthly trips, never failing to admire its beauty and strength,



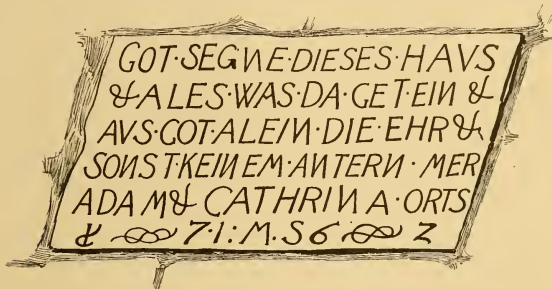
THE ORTH HOMESTEAD—ERECTED IN 1762.

and to let fancy paint for him a few pictures of the old-time teamsters, who in other days here, doubtless, rested their horses, while they took a nap or a smoke in its cooling shade.

The old Carper Inn, of Mt. Pleasant, where we will rest our horses for a spell, is one of the "old-timers" of the stage and teamster days. What tales its walls could tell, if they could suddenly be turned into speaking machines and they had long ago been equipped with phonographic facilities!

Between this village and Fontana lie the Gingrich, Stauffer and Hostetter farms, latter two now the property of J. Alfred Bowman. The land on which Fontana is situated was formerly all belonging to the elder Bachman, whose estate stretching east across the Bachman run, and divided into several well-sized farms, is still in the hands of descendants by the same name, while one is the property of Mrs. John Killinger, of Lebanon.

The village of Fontana has sent out to represent her in the wider



world lying without a promising son in the person of a rising young lawyer at the county bar—the present district attorney—E. E. McCurdy, Esq.

The Heisey, Hoffer and Evans farms lie next to the Killinger farm on the east. Passing these we come to the old Orth farms, one on either bank of the Beck Creek. The old homestead we reach first, where we must stop to read its history and wake up its ghosts. (See opp. page.)

In this house was born, April 22, 1817, one of Lebanon county's most illustrious sons in the person of the Hon. Godlove S. Orth, of national fame. A graduate of Gettysburg College, he hung out his law-sign in Indiana, and there rose rapidly in fame and influence. State Senator in 1842-48, member of Peace Conference in 1861, captain of a cruiser during the war, a representative in Congress from Indiana, 1863 to 1871. Again from '73-'75. Declined the ministry to Brazil, the nomination for Governor, but accepted the post as Minister to Austria, and on his return again served in Congress until his death, which occurred in Lafayette, Ind., his home.

The above house-stone in the Orth homestead is not a rare specimen, but may seem unique to my readers. It has a number of points that are

noteworthy. Besides the date of its erection (1762) and the names of its builders, preserving an old way of spelling the surname it gives between the date-figures the initials of engraver, whose lettering is certainly primitive. It will be noticed that the old Latin form of "u" is adhered to and that the "N" is invariably made in school-boy blundering fashion, and that the rhyme ends anywhere, while the spelling is either incorrect or conveniently abbreviated. It stands for the following:

"Gott segn's dieses Haus

Und alles was da geh't ein und
aus;

Gott allein die Ehr,

Und sonst keinem andern mehr."

Adam und Cathrina Orts.

17 I. M. S. 62

TRANSLATION.

"God bless this house

And whatever passes in and out

To God alone the praise

And to no one else besides."

Adam and Catharine Orth.

17 I. M. S. 62

About four miles to the south of Orth's, over the hills, looms up beautiful Mt. Gretna, made famous as the home of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, the State and National encampment—one of Uncle Sam's encampment grounds during the early history of the Spanish-American War—the mecca of Sunday-school and society excursions, and one of the finest picnic grounds within the State. Beyond it a few miles are the old Conewago furnace buildings of a century ago, while five miles to the north rises the curling smoke of many a furnace-stack in the bustling young Birmingham of the valley, the iron-producing city of Lebanon. A similar picture of a busy iron industry awaits us at Cornwall, just two miles before us, towards which we are traveling.

The only important stop ere reaching Cornwall, is at Bismarck. Shades of the old iron-willed premier of Germany, what a big name for so little a village! But the village has time and room to grow and certain has iron enough near to mix into its blood to give it the resoluteness of its great namesake. And long before the German prince was born it had a hotel (the present Eby House) which honored itself with an appropriate German name, "Die Goldene Kugel" (The Golden Ball), its sign being a gilded globe. It was another stopping place for the wagoners and drivers of a by-gone age.

And now Cornwall! Who has not heard of the Cornwall ore hills and furnaces? And who does not know the names of its princely owners and operators—the Grubbs, and Colemans, and Freemans, and Wilhelms, and Lackawanna Steel and Iron Company? It would take a volume to do justice to its history, which we cannot attempt, and so we must drive slowly through this small corner of mother earth, which holds possibly more of wealth and busy iron plants, of fine homes and buildings, of improved, artistic depots and cottages than any similar spot on this or a foreign continent. It has gems of pictures on every hand, it has iron and copper in its terrestrial veins, and puts the same into yours as you look on; it has bread and butter for many a toiler, fame and fortune for some of its

brainiest heads. In its contour it is a portion of Scotland, in its improvement a bit of rustic England well kept, in its busy hum it is only and peculiarly American. The Pennsylvania-German has always been about, and to his energy and industry it owes much of its development, but its owners' names will not let us claim them any more than that when its first proprietor, 'Curtis Grubb, Esq., of Cornwall Furnace,' shuffled off his mortal coil, the same was appropriately deposited in the "Hoch Deutsch Reformirter" God's acre, of Lebanon, where a large flat stone records—in English—the story of his life-race well run at 58 years of age, dying in 1789. Probably the most illustrious descendant of his is General E. Burd Grubb, of Burlington, N. J., late U. S. Minister to Spain.

Making here a few horse-shoe curves in the road to keep up the reputation of the pike and to wind around the mines and furnaces and over and under and through railroad and other bridges and ore hills, we take a cooling ride up through the Furnace Creek ravine, past Miners Village on to Overlook. Hence on the crest of the South Mountain we proceed on our way eastward, crossing very soon the border line into Lancaster county.

We have a red sandstone bottom for roadbed now, and a sheltering forest as covering for miles, with brooks of clearest water to babble to us as we ride through a solitary mountain stretch, with only here or there a clearing, where substantial farm dwellings adorn the roadway. But already in the long ago were these forest hills echoing and re-echoing the colliers' and the teamsters' voices and the woodman's axe, who prepared the charcoal for the Grubbs and Speedwells and old John Huber's, later Baron Stiegel's forges and furnaces located in these hills—the former to the south, the latter to the north of the pike.

We will turn aside for a brief visit to the latter. It is just a little north of the road from Brickerville. Here Hans Jorg Huber, more than a century and a half ago, erected a charcoal furnace and stove-foundry. He was possibly the only German within the State carrying on, at that early period, the iron business. At least so he himself claimed according to the following legend engraved by the founder on a plate-stone set in the wall of the stack:

"Johann Huber, der erste Deutsche mann,
Der das Eisenwerk vollführen kann."

Some of the stone cottages of the laborers erected in that early period are still found on the premises, but the old furnace is gone, as well as the one that succeeded it, built in 1757 by Huber's son-in-law, the famous "Baron" Henry W. Stiegel, and named for his wife, "Elizabeth." Only the ruins of this remain. It was finally shut down in 1857. But the fine mansion which Stiegel erected here is kept up in good condition and occupied. It, with the furnace property, came into the hands of the elder Robert Coleman, founder of the well-known Coleman family of Lebanon county, upon the financial failure of Baron Stiegel, about 1778. The place and the building have a great deal of interesting history. But for the

fact that a photographic impression failed us in its development we would have a picture of this historic mansion to present.

It was erected by Baron Stiegel somewhere between the years 1752 and 1770, and occupied by him on his monthly visits to the furnace, and later became a permanent residence of his. It is probable that in it his wife, Elizabeth Huber Stiegel, died Feb. 3, 1758, who is buried in the Brickerville Lutheran church-yard, close by. To this home it is believed he led his second wife, Elizabeth Holtz, of Philadelphia, as bride, in fall of 1759, and here they continued to live until the Baron's mansion, in Manheim, Pa., was completed, in 1769. (The wedding ring of these second nuptials is owned by Mr. John C. Stiegel, of Harrisonburg, Va., a lineal descendant. It is a plain gold band containing the customary name inscriptions in German.) The mansion came into the possession of Robert Coleman, Sr., about 1778, and during his and Stiegel's ownership in the Revolutionary War shot and shell and cannon were cast here, and the chain forged that the Continentals stretched across the Delaware below Philadelphia to keep British vessels from reaching that city. About two hundred captured Hessian prisoners from Trenton were here employed in 1777 to cut a race-way around Cannon Hill to increase the water power employed in filling government orders. Many of these prisoners, upon their release, are said to have remained and settled in this community, whose descendants may still be found very useful and honorable citizens.

The most illustrious guests this mansion ever entertained was the Presidential party, in 1792, when Robert Coleman entertained here, for a night, President George Washington, Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution; David Rittenhouse, the astronomer; Dr. Wm. Smith, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and Tench Francis, the legal representative of the Penns, who as State Commissioner, accompanied the Chief Executive on an inspection tour of the engineering work done near Lebanon, Pa., upon the work of the Union canal, inaugurated the year before by the State Legislature. The particular room in which the President slept on this occasion is today holding the very identical colonial furniture it held when occupied by this distinguished guest. It is kept intact by the Coleman heirs of North Lebanon furnaces of the fourth generation, who are present owners. They have also in hand a fine portrait of Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart, which the President presented to the elder Coleman as a memento of this visit.

Thousands have visited the mansion, and a registry has been kept here during the last decades, giving the number as very high and including many illustrious names.

Elizabeth Furnace is noted chiefly for the fine jamb- and ten-plate stoves which its baronial proprietor put out to all parts of the land. In its busiest season it employed several hundred hands. The first class of stoves held the following inscription:

"Baron Stiegel ist der mann
Der die Ofen Giesen kann."

The later stoves were the old-fashioned ten-plate wood-stoves, a speci-

men of which occupies the mansion today, and a picture of which is given in the accompanying cut. This particular one contains name of Mr. Stiegel, Elizabeth Furnace, and dated 1769.

It is quite probable that Mr. Huber was much earlier casting similar stoves, as the writer saw a stove-plate in Lancaster county some time since bearing date of 1741 and having the German inscription:

"die schlang . Adam & efa . betrvg."

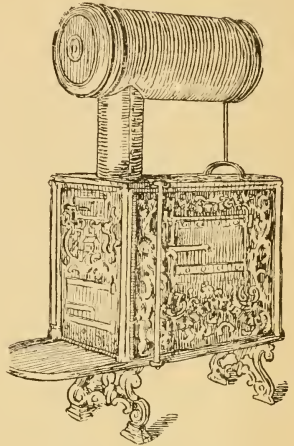
It contains considerable ornamentation, besides a garden scene of grazing cattle and the tree of temptation, around which winds the subtile reptile. There is no exact fac-simile of it in Mr. Henry C. Mercer's "Decorated Stove Plates of the Pennsylvania-Germans."

But we have dwelt here long enough and must continue our journey. Passing through Brickerville, where much of interest might be pointed out, we come, at its eastern limits to the old Warwick (now Emanuel) Lutheran church, organized, according to title page of church records, in 1730, by Rev.

John Caspar Stoever, at the time pastor in Conestoga. Among the thirty-six male heads of families whose names are here recorded as the founders of the church are such familiar Lutheran names as Albert, Buch, Buehler, Erb, Faber, our Hans Jorg Huber, Haushalter, Oberlin, Suess,

Ulrich, Weydtman, etc. The ancient records of the church here preserved give a registry of baptisms, marriages, deaths, etc. The congregation received a deed for twenty-nine acres of land on April 27, 1744, from John, Thomas and Richard Penn, Esqs., for the sum of four pounds, nine shillings and nine pence, subject to an annual quit rental of one-half penny sterling for each acre. May 10, 1744, Gov. George Thomas set his hand to and caused the great seal of the Province to be affixed to the deed.

The Daily Journal of Patriarch Muhlenberg, of Feb. 14, 1762, announces a prospective visit to the



STIEGEL TEN-PLATE STOVE.



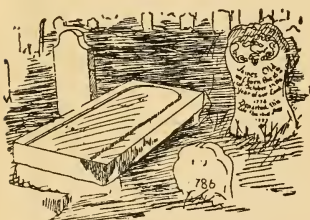
BRICKERVILLE LUTH. CH.

churches located in Lancaster, Berks and now Lebanon counties, naming among others the one at "Mr. St.'s (Stiegel's) Iron Works," asking his Philadelphia congregation's prayers in his behalf on this contemplated visit. The record of his diary states that "Saturday, Feb. 27, he rode four miles farther to Mr. St.'s Iron Works, and preached on Psalm 22: 26, 27, and remained during the night,"—probably the guest of Mr. Stiegel at his Elizabeth mansion. "Sunday, Feb. 28, he rode with Mr. F. seven miles, to Ephrata." And this reminds us that we, too, are bound for Ephrata. And so with but another fact or two, and a visit to Mrs. Stiegel's grave, we shall have to interrupt our visit here, referring all students of this church history to Rev. Dr. F. J. F. Schantz, of Myers-town, who has published a pamphlet on this subject, from which we have culled above data.

The interesting events worthy of note are that here assembled the venerable Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania and Adjacent States in June, 1762, and that Henry W. Stiegel was a lay delegate to this synodical gathering. Also that Mr. Stiegel, with Jacob Weidman, Adam Hacker and Peter Eltzer were the elected trustees of this congregation in 1769, and that church documents were committed to Mr. Stiegel for safe keeping.

Rev. F. A. C. Muhlenberg, a second son of the patriarch, and afterwards speaker of first U. S. Congress, became pastor here Dec. 1st, 1770, and continued for three years, to Dec. 1, 1773. The church had a number of other quite illustrious pastors, and in later years passed through a widely-known but unfortunate legal trial in a suit in equity in the Lancaster courts.

In the old graveyard of this church sleep most of the old German settlers of these parts. The spot is sacred to many a descendant. Among the more illustrious is Mrs. Elizabeth Stiegel. Presumably her illustrious parents are buried here also. The accompanying picture shows Mrs. Stiegel's tomb-stone, viz., the large stone lying flat.



ELIZABETH STIEGEL'S TOMBSTONE.

The inscription on it reads thus (translation): "Here rests Elizabeth, whose lifeless body is committed to the earth until Jehovah calls her to another life. God has already freed the soul in the love and wounds of Jesus, from the fetters and thralldom of sin. This is the tribute which posterity pays her memory.

"Elizabeth, daughter of Jacob Huber, departed this life at the home of her father. She was born 27th March, 1734, and was married the 7th November, 1752, to Heinrich Wilhelm Stiegel. Died February 3, 1758."

Hastening on towards our destination, our Horse Shoe Pike leads us next to Clay, a small village known a century ago as Erbs, and next to



BRIDGE OVER THE COCALICO.

Lincoln, a proof that Lancaster county's rock-bound Gibraltar of Republicanism was willing to forfeit its ancestral and genealogical pride for that of its partisan and patriotic love in suffering the nomenclature of old places to be thus changed in favor of its old-time Whig and Republican Presidential candidates and statesmen.

At Erbs (Clay) the grist mill and tavern erected by one Eberly, were a century ago in possession of Jacob Erb. The latter is now known as the "Red Lion." The original settlers of these townships (Clay, Elizabeth, etc.) were nearly all from Germany, and included such names as have already been mentioned in connection with Brickerville church. They came from a place called Durlach, as testify the old tombstones, and hence were long known as the "Durlachers." Many German Mennonites also settled here as the Appels, Bentzs, Stobers, Eberlys, Erbs.



THE "COCALICO," EPHRATA, PA.

etc. Christian Weidman erected a grist and saw mill in 1755 on Middle Creek, half a mile to our left from Clay. From him have descended the line of noted Weidmans, of Lebanon fame, for four generations or more. Same mill was changed to fulling mill in 1811, and has since changed hands. In 1833 James and Jesse Pennabacker turned it into a rifle-barrel manufactory, and since, the latter rebuilt it into a three-story grist mill. Many little industries flourish along the banks of this stream, characteristic of German invention, handicraft and industry.

The pioneer settler about Lincoln was John J. Groff, who took up 202 acres on Oct. 30, 1733, and surely if not king he was duke of much he surveyed from his colonial home.

But the day is growing late and so we hasten on to Ephrata, three

miles farther. We pass the most historic spot and cluster of buildings just before crossing the Cocalico, the famous "Cloister" of the German Seventh Day Baptists, but we have neither time nor space to enter into its history nor show its buildings, which we reserve for our next number. So we will pass by, for the present, this historic spot, cross the stream and make arrangements to hibernate or seek tourists' winter quarters in Mr. J. L. Steinmetz's commodious and modern hostelry, "The Cocalico," from whence we shall find occasion to wander about the town's old shrines and drink ourselves full of the charming annals of our German people who here enacted important secular and church history during the two past centuries. We shall get home, by and by, along a route equally interesting with the one we have traversed. Until then, to all my readers, an affectionate *adieu*.

A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Those who will find a blue pencil mark bracing this paragraph may know that they have been credited with payment for their subscription for the first year. Credit will be given henceforth on the address label.

Unpaid subscriptions should be paid on receipt of this copy, as per agreement, to get the benefit of the dollar per year rate. If not paid until after the next issue the terms are \$1.25.

If you are pleased with and interested in this first issue, you might as well tell somebody so. Let that body be your circle of friends not yet subscribers. If you are disappointed—well, better keep it to yourself. You may be reconciled and satisfied by and by.

We quote below a few kind words from advance subscribers. They are all duly appreciated. If on seeing first number you feel like saying some more such words, why just say them—if into the ears of such as should be informed and interested in the Quarterly it will do the journal and the editor the most good.—THE EDITOR.

KIND WORDS.

"Wish you the most abundant success."—E. R.

"Am very glad you are going into the publication of the Pennsylvania-German."—H. S. D.

"This will likely be enjoyable and highly interesting. Will anxiously await the maiden effort."—G. C. H.

"Your name as editor is sufficient assurance of the success of the publication."—J. M. S.

"I have full confidence in your ability to give us a quarterly that will merit the generous support of the public."—J. H. B.

"Success to you."—P. W. S.

"Hope will prove successful."—W. A. K.

"I feel much interest in your design."—M. S.

"I am pleased to hear of your new venture."—H. C. G.

"Feel much interested in your project."—A. H. C.

"Here's success to you and may the launching of the "Dutch" ship be not only easy but a profitable one. Shoals and riffles you will have, no doubt, but in between may there be placid and blue waters to sail through."—E. W. S. P.

"The right journal in the right hands. Success!"—J. P. K.

"I sincerely hope that the new publication will be as full of interest as 'Ancient and Historical Landmarks in the Lebanon Valley,' which has long had a place in my library."—S. P. K.

"Am glad to subscribe for such a journal . . . and I earnestly hope it will receive strong support."—A. H.

TID-BITS FOR THE HISTORIAN AND ANTIQUARIAN.

A half-day spent in the Dauphin County Historical Society rooms recently, was worth more than a week's university course of lectures on local history. While all this band of associated workers in this laudable task of rescuing the past and properly chronicling the passing present, deserves great credit, special mention must be made of the efficient librarian, Mr. Wm. A. Kelker, for the watchfulness, indefatigable energy and excellent taste displayed in the collection and arrangement of the very many articles of historic value! A model Historical Society room indeed!

Just across the alley from these rooms, at Harrisburg, is the old book store of Maj. W. C. Arnold. It was my privilege at same time to take a peep at the large collection of his relics and antiques—covering, closely packed, the entire third floor of his building. It will be a rival of Danner's famous museum, of Manheim, or that of our State House collection at Philadelphia, when properly arranged in suitable rooms, which is contemplated. All success to this laudable enterprise!

Mr. Edward Roberts, the literary editor of that spicy messenger of old Montgomery, the "Norristown Herald," is a keenly-awake Pennsylvania-German, despite his Scotch-Irish cognomen. That there is patriotism in this strain of his blood, it need but be told that Col. Stotsenburg, killed last summer at the head of his regiment, near Manila, was his full cousin. Mr. Roberts is also the librarian of the Montgomery County Historical Society.

Prof. J. Max Hark, D.D., principal of the Moravian Seminary for Girls, the pioneer institution of its kind in America, was recently elected as chancellor of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, of Mt. Gretna. The Board has thus only come back to its first love, and the choice is considered a very wise one.

Mr. Abram H. Cassel, an octogenarian, local historian of renown all over and beyond Montgomery county, residing at Harleysville, Pa., is a veritable walking gazetteer on the church, school and political history of his native county, and of much of its genealogy. He has recently disposed of his immense library, containing over 50,000 books and pamphlets, bearing chiefly upon this subject. While his mind is yet bright and clear, his eye-sight has almost altogether failed, and his steps are becoming feeble. He is polite and cultured and no one appeals to him in vain for information on local history.

Did any of the numerous publishers you have read in the recent accounts on Washington's death (centennial anniversary) mention the fact that one of the pall-bearers was a Pennsylvania-German? If not it shows how far they are behind this journal in reporting events pertaining to our people. Col. Philip Marsteller was one of the pall-bearers named by Tobias Lear, and he was a Pennsylvania-Dutchman.

THE CLOSE OF THE CENTURY.

This much-debated question was up a century ago, as is evidenced from an essay in hand on above topic, written by Joseph Moser, Esq. (evidently a Pennsylvania-German), in December, 1799. Presumably he was on the side of the Pope, Kaiser William and President of Wellesley Female Seminary—which, according to the New York "Sun," is the wrong side.

THE LIGHT FAMILY.

A bright little taper shedding light on "The Light Genealogy in America," is a small brochure of above title, published by Moses Light, of Manheim, Pa.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

For the loan of cuts used in this number we are under grateful obligation to Dr. W. H. Egle, Mr. W. A. Kelker and Mrs. Kunkle, of Harrisburg; Dr. J. H. Sieling, of York; J. H. Steinmetz, of Lancaster, and for photographs of the Orth homestead and date-stone, from which plates were especially made for this journal, to Mr. Paul Grittinger, a rising young artist of Cornwall, Pa.

BOOK NOTICES.

"THE STORY OF THE PALATINES." By Sanford H. Cobb. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

For once a standard house has brought out a standard work on this much-neglected portion of colonial history. The workmanship of the publishers is in keeping with the scholarly, accurate and rudimentary treatise of the immigration and settlement and commonwealth building Palatine ancestors of the very stock to whose special interest this Quarterly is devoted. Here is much documentary history, carefully enfolded in a very readable and full treatise. The three maps are not altogether accurate.

"DOWN THE HISTORIC SUSQUEHANNA." By Charles W. Bump. Being a reprint of most charming sketches, written in 1899 for the Baltimore "Sun."

The author took a summer month's vacation in making an historic tour from Cooperstown to Baltimore, down this classic and scenic stream, and wrote up his jaunt in most charming style, chatting about a thousand points of interest as he carries us from town to town on the river's bank. So fascinating is the tale that whoever begins the reading of this yarn of 184 pages will find it hard to stop before the reel is wound. It lacks only one thing to make it a real trip—enough illustrations to adorn and illumine its twenty-two clever chapters.

"BOONASTIEL." A volume of Letters in the Pennsylvania-German Vernacular. By T. H. Harter, Bellefonte, Pa. \$1.00.

These letters were originally written by the author, when editor of the "Middleburgh (Pa.) Post," first for personal amusement, and later as a means of increasing the paper's circulation. They are amusing and frequently, only too true, descriptions of a great variety of scenes and characters familiar to the rural dwellers in the Pennsylvania-German sections of the State. We have seen whole assemblies of people convulsed with laughter at their recital, and would consider its reading an improvement on pills for all dyspeptics. While the pictures drawn are true to nature, it describes the lower and ludicrous side of life, rather than the nobler and pathetic. It will, however, abide as a classic of its own when the spoken vernacular shall have completely passed away and thus its publication is timely.

"CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL." A volume covering the first century, 1794-1894, of Presbyterianism in Harrisburg, Pa. Edited by Rev. Dr. Geo. B. Stewart.

The book was written by a Centennial Committee of the churches, and the printing beautifully executed by the Harrisburg Publishing Co. It is finely illustrated and evidently answers all questions pertaining to a century's church-life of this denomination in our capital city.

"THE INDIANS OF BERKS COUNTY, PA." By Prof. D. B. Brunner, A.M., of Reading, Pa.

This second and revised edition of this "summary of all the tangible records of the Aborigines of Berks county," is an evidence of what excellent work may be done by a specialist. While the author has given his chief time to education, legislation and business instruction, to the degree of writing text books on various subjects in this field, he has made a specialty of taking his recreation in the realms of Indian history, and has long been recognized an authority in this field. He has, perhaps, the largest and finest collection of relics in Eastern Pennsylvania. The book abounds with many pages of specimen cuts and is chuck full of most valuable and reliable data on the Indian tribes, habits, tradings, depredations, treaties and final extermination in this section. A pamphlet from same author's pen treats of the Indian tribes of the State of Pennsylvania.

"THE PENNSYLVANIA-DUTCHMAN," a reprint from "The Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography," is an array of half a hundred instances wherein the Pennsylvania-German has excelled his English compatriot in the achievement of illustrious deeds by the Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker. The names and deeds given here are just in the line in which this present journal hopes to dish up for its readers rich quarterly feasts.

"THE YOUTH'S COMPANION," the only inimitable youth's companion, of Boston, Mass., has come to the editor's home for a dozen years and more, and there are youngsters in that home, now sturdy grown, who have missed few lines that have since been published, and its contents has helped them to grow manly and womanly and kept them from the common sin of wasting precious time. It is as clean and bright and up-to-date in 1900, as ever it was. It is a New Englander, but excellent food for the young of any kith and kin.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, of New York, claims to be the busy man's review, and so it is. It notices the widest field of published literature and current events, but does it so the busy man gets the gist of it in excellent form. \$2.50 a year, monthly.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is Benj. Franklin's century and three-quarters' old paper, continued by the Curtis Publishing Co., of Philadelphia. For most valuable contents and up-to-date enterprise, with highest form of art, after the antique fashion, commend us to this bright weekly.

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THE CLOISTER AT EPHRATA.

(A) VIEW FROM THE MEADOW LOOKING TOWARD ZION HILL. (B) VIEW FROM ZION HILL SHOWING EPHRATA MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.

FROM "THE GERMAN SECTARIANS."

PHOTOGRAPH AND COPYRIGHT BY JULIUS F. SACHEE

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APRIL, 1900.

A CORDIAL RECEPTION



THE "new baby" has been warmly welcomed. It made its advent on a cold, wintry day, amid anxious fears and timid trepidations. It knew the literary family was large and crowded. It, therefore, had misgivings as to its reception. It feared its lusty elder brothers might deem it an unwelcome intruder and elbow it out of the literary domestic circle. But it is happy to say that its fears have subsided. Its anxious doubts have given way to happy joy. There was a hearty welcome accorded it at the literary hearthstone. From every hand have arisen those wielding the editorial and reviewer's pens, to bid the "young thing" welcome and to do it honor. This courtesy and honor is duly appreciated, and we take off our editorial hat to the entire press fraternity.

But more cordial yet has been the reception accorded this new infant with Teutonic face by its "blood relations." Many who have wandered far from the cradle of their own nurture, as well as those yet near the old fireside, have recognized in the wail of the youngster the voice of their own kinship and have been honest and proud enough to acknowledge it. And thus it came that a flood of congratulations has poured upon the new, laughing babe, as it plays with its dimpled hands. A host of uncles and aunts, cousins and friends have sent in material for a new dress. A few maiden aunts have called just to hold the "cute little thing" for an hour, and others have written distant friends of the new arrival. A few have suggested the character of the food to be used, assuring that plenty of Pennsylvania-German poetic soup would keep its stomach from souring and help its limbs to expand. Many have sent in quantities of pap(er), with a United States revenue stamp upon it. No one has ventured as yet to suggest sour-cROUT or Schweitzer-Kase. The truth is that it has cups of dainty dishes standing all around, full of compliment and tender praise. And

since it enjoys rose-water and costly spices more than brands of louder perfume, it will try and keep itself sweet, and thus make itself agreeable, rather than funny and uproarious.

In this stream of congratulation all are made to share, the printer, the contributors and the editor. Not a few of the relatives of Conrad Weiser have arisen to claim their kinship with the old interpreter. They range from Yale University in the East, to Rock Island, Ill., in the West, and Maryland in the South. Many have revived reminiscences of the time when they or their forbears lived near, or trudged over, the old Horse-shoe Pike. And a number have heard with tender touches of their heart-strings the old song of the "Denglestock." We know of one, whom it cured from a spell of sickness; another it made sick—home-sick. One threw up his hat and shouted, as if he saw again, "mit e'm Korb kommt die Maad," while another dropped a tear as if at a funeral, because

"Zum dengle hat's ke Noth.
Die liebe Hand is Tod."

To one and all we express our heartfelt appreciation and kindly beg the continued interest and support. THE EDITOR.

OUR CHAPERON.

IT gives us pleasure to introduce our party of historical pilgrims—considerably larger grown since our last trip was taken—to our genial friend, Dr. J. H. Redsecker, of Lebanon, Pa., who, after we shall leave Manheim, will guide us on our happy way as personal chaperon in this number's Historical Pilgrimage. The territory covered is our friend's native heath, and though he has left it these many years, the article is evidence that he has kept posted on the local history of his boyhood home, and that the old names and buildings and familiar landscapes appeal to him with that peculiar charm, which invests the scenes of one's childhood, "When fond recollection presents them to view." Because he at one time wielded the editorial quill, he has acquired the happy faculty of helping others see through his own eyes.

Like all genteel and well-dressed folk, THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN wears good clothes and changes them to suit the varying seasons of the year.

FAMOUS PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS.

JOHN PETER MILLER.

THE SCHOLARLY MYSTIC OF EPHRATA.

ONE cannot visit the town of Ephrata, in Lancaster county, Pa., even in this day of the decline of the old community institution of the Seventh Day Baptists, which has given this German settlement its wide fame, without being profoundly impressed with the greatness of the two men, who have been the chief builders of these colossal monuments of a pious mysticism and this shrine of colonial art and learning. The group of antiquated cloister buildings, which are yet well preserved, in spite of the decaying elements of more than a century and a half of time, tell the story of mental greatness, religious fervor and unflagging industry. The thoughtful visitor is seized with a spirit of veneration as soon as his feet touch this historically and religiously hallowed ground. He thinks with reverent awe of the men who have reared these massive structures, which feeling is only increased as he steps aside to the little consecrated enclosure that holds the sacred dust of these early religious zealots, prominent among which tombs are the graves of the two master builders—Conrad Beissel and John Peter Miller. As the visitor of Halle or Kaiserswerth, in Germany; Bristol or St. Paul's, London, in England; Salt Lake City or Northfield, Mass., in America, is impressed, so the spirit of wonder, of inquiry, of well-nigh worshipful veneration is stirred within the historian, who pays his personal respects to this relic of colonial zeal and devotion still found on the banks of the Cocalico. One instinctively thinks of its founders and builders, as one thinks of Franke and Fliedner, of Müller and Wren, of Brigham Young and Moody in the shadow of the institutions which they have reared. As one wanders through the labyrinthian hallways and corridors of this monastery, its narrow cell-like rooms, or its spacious Saals, or else strolls about the grounds of this only Protestant Convent in the United States, the echoes of German song and speech which these halls were accustomed to reverberate for many long decades have changed into the Latin legend of St. Paul's Cathedral marking its

builder's tomb, and through the corridors of one's brain sounds the motto, "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" Not the humble slabs in yonder God's-acre, but rather these many-storied, high-peaked, steep-roofed, low-ceiled, narrow-roomed, small-windowed, log-constructed cluster of ancient cloister-buildings are the monuments of Beissel and Miller.

Although to Beissel belongs the honor of being the real founder and master spirit of this community-settlement, it doubtless reached its highest degree of development through the scholarly influence of John Peter Miller, long the



PETER MILLER'S TOMB-STONE.

Prior and the successor of Beissel as superintendent of the institution. As a complete biography of Beissel is given in the very interesting volume of *Chronicon Ephratense*—an excellent translation of which was made by Dr. J. Max Hark, of Bethlehem, published by S. H. Zahm & Co., of Lancaster,—we will refer the reader to this work and to the yet fuller treatise of the entire subject of the Ephrata Community in the recent voluminous work by Mr. Julius F. Sachse, of Philadelphia, and, beyond a single paragraph, confine ourself to the sketch of Miller, who proved to be the Melancthon of his Luther, the Spener of his Franke,

the Sankey of his Moody.

John Conrad Beissel was born at Eberbach, on the Neckar, in Germany, in 1690, the posthumous son of a drunken baker. His mother, a godly woman, died when he was in his eighth year. He had a sorry life in boyhood, but displayed extraordinary natural gifts, mastering his lessons almost intuitively. He also learned the baker's trade and was a comparatively reckless youth until his conversion in 1715. He fell in with the Baptists of Schwarzenau, whose leader was Alexander Mack, afterwards founder of the German Baptist sect in America. In 1720 Beissel emigrated to America, arriving in Boston that same autumn. He soon came to Germantown and, after a brief stay, settled in 1721 in the Conestoga

country, where on the Mill Creek of Lancaster county he took up a hermit's life. He had several associates of like mind as neighbors. He passed several years in solitude, yet, fanned by the intense sect-spirit that swept over the State at that period, he took up the religious agitation. Breaking away from his Baptist associates on the questions of the Sabbath and marriage, he founded the German Seventh Day Baptist Society or sect. It had a small beginning. Its cause was advocated by tract and agitated by missionary efforts. There were great "awakenings," and the founder's hermit life was abandoned for a community life. The new settlement, in 1732, was founded in the wilderness on the banks of the Cocalico. Ephrata was founded, and after zealous missionary or proselyting efforts the community became established. Such noted characters as Alexander Mack and his brother, Conrad Weiser, Rev. John Peter Miller, the wife of Christopher Saur, (the illustrious printer of Germantown), the Eckerlins, and converts from the surrounding counties, from New Jersey, Maryland and even Germany, were either temporarily or permanently attracted to it. A wealthy Swiss, Benedict Yuchly by name, was attracted to the community and left his wealth for building purposes. Others dedicated their earthly possessions to the same end and thus came to be built the edifice which housed this quaint religious community and colonial university in this heart of the Pennsylvania-German settlement. The checkered, but always busy, sometimes perplexed, sometimes persecuted life of Beissel was thus lived out amid these strange and ever-changeable scenes, so characteristic of the religious fanatic and yet so enterprising in the promotion of useful arts and learning, that the institution has always been the marvel of the outside world. It has attracted to it as curious spectators many immigrants and foreign visitors, religious and political leaders in its earliest stages, and the historian and antiquarian has not yet ceased to wend his footsteps in the direction of these quaint architectural relics on the Cocalico.

Beissel, who was known as Father Friedsam Gottrecht by the brethren of the community, "laid aside his mortal raiment" on July 6, 1768, attended by all the brethren and sisters of the Convent, who gave him their parting kiss, while the Prior, J. Peter Miller, "gave him his blessing with laying on of hands." His published works are hymns, 441; sermons, 66; letters, 73; lectures, many,

while many manuscripts were left, from which the man's religious views and hopes can be judged. His humble tomb-stone contains this quaint inscription :

Hier ruht eine Ausgeburdt der Liebe Gottes,

FRIEDSAM,

Ein Einsamer und ehemals aber geworden
ein Anhiber, Aufsehern, Lehrer der Einsamen
u. Gemeinde Christi in u. um Ephrata.

Geboren in Oberbach in der Pfalz, genant Conrad Beissel. Entschlief den 6ten Julius Ao.

1768, seines geistlichen Lebens 52, aber des
natürlichen 77 Jahren, 4 Monat.

Translation: "Here rests an offspring of the Love of God, Friedsam. A solitary, but long since become founder, superintendent and teacher of the solitary and congregation of Christ in and about Ephrata. Born at Eberbach, in the Palatinate, named Conrad Beissel: Fell asleep July 6th, Anno 1768: aged according to his spiritual life 52, but according to his natural 77 years, 4 months."

Of all Beissel's many adherents, the one man who entered deepest into his sympathies, was truest to his purposes, contributed most to the community's progress and served longest and most conspicuously as its virtual head and overseer, was John Peter Miller, the subject of this sketch. Born, Dec. 25, 1709, in the Upper Domain of Lautern, in the upper Palatinate, a graduate of Heidelberg, he landed in Philadelphia, Aug. 29, 1730, as a candidate of theology, a pioneer of the German Reformed ministry in this country. Assuming charge of Rev. Geo. M. Weiss' congregations at Goshenhoppen, etc., he was ordained by the Presbyterians of Philadelphia, who were amazed at the young man's learning.* In 1731 Miller took charge of several congregations

*Rev. Jedidiah Andrews, a graduate of Harvard College, of the class of 1695, one of his examiners, wrote this about him: "There is lately come over a Palatine candidate of the ministry, who having applied to us at the Synod (Scotch, i. e., Presbyterian) for ordination, 'tis left to three ministers to do it. He is an extraordinary person for sense and learning. We gave him a question to discuss about justification and he answered it in a whole sheet of paper, in a very notable manner. His name is John Peter Miller, and speaks Latin as readily as we do our vernacular tongue, and so does the other, Dr. Weiss."

on the frontier, taking up his abode at the Tulpehocken, and he served this charge as Reformed pastor for four years. One of these congregations was located on the Cocalico (Bethany's Reformed Church, near Ephrata), where doubtless he became personally acquainted with Beissel, who had already established himself and inaugurated his work in the same neighborhood. Rev. J. Philip Boehm, who was the founder of this latter congregation of the Reformed, and who had been temporarily supplanted by Weiss and Miller, writes thus suspiciously of Miller in his report to the Synod in Holland, Oct. 18, 1734: "At present there is only one other (Reformed) minister in this province, Peter Miller. When he could not convince the people of his views, he gave up his service altogether and is now an 'Olypersser.' How he tried to mislead the people can clearly be seen from this, not to mention other things, that about two years ago he went with one of his elders, whom he had installed at Goshenhoppen into a house of a Seventh Day Baptist, where he allowed himself to be called brother, and permitted the man to wash his feet and that is the truth."

His conversion to this sect of Dunkers was therefore gradual and followed quite naturally. His renunciation of the Reformed faith and pastorate occurred the following spring when he was baptized by Beissel. Boehm again in his report of 1739, alludes to him as having publicly gone over "to the dissolute Seventh Day Dunkers and was baptized in Dunker fashion at Conestoga in the month of April, 1735. He took ten families, Reformed and Lutheran, from the congregation of Tulpehocken with him, who followed his example. This created a great commotion among the congregations." The *Chronicon Ephratense* after recording Pastor Miller's settlement at Tulpehocken gives the following account of his conversion to this sect: "The superintendent (Beissel), after he had heard that two young preachers had come into the country, who stood in good repute as to their character, and also thought well of his work, aware of his own inability, in view of the important work before him, thought in his foolishness that this work would be better carried out if God would provide one of these young preachers for him, for which also, he often bowed his knees before God. This led to important matters. For the superintendent soon after found occasion to make a visit to Tulpehocken with several of his disciples, where he was received by the teacher

and elders with the consideration due to him as an ambassador of God, while on his return the teacher, and C. W. (Conrad Weiser), an elder, accompanied him over the mountains for six miles. The result of their visit to Tulpehocken was that the teacher, the elders and several others withdrew from the Church: Whereupon a venerable Pietist, by the name of Casper Leibbecker, took the teacher's place in the Church. Accordingly they were baptized together under the water, after the teaching of Christ, which was done on a Sabbath in May of the year 1735. Thus the teacher, schoolmaster, three elders, besides various other households, went over from the Protestant to this new awakening, while for some time after the door was kept open for the Babylonian refugees. . . . Soon after the Brethren erected a solitary residence for the teacher at the foot of a high hill in Tulpehocken, where, however, he lived no longer than till the next November. . . . The report of this great conversion filled not only this and neighboring countries, but penetrated even into Germany."

Thus Miller came to take up his abode and work with Beissel, at Ephrata. While Conrad Weiser, after a few years of loyal adherence, returned to his first love, drawn back by his domestic ties, the political demands and his religious convictions,* Miller remained faithful to his new espousal during all of his extended lifetime. He was soon selected as one of the four leaders of the community, chosen because of their superior excellence. Miller was named Brother Jabez, and after the removal of Onesimus (Mr. Eckerlin) as Prior of the Convent, in 1745, he permanently succeeded him in this office, having previously been temporary or as-

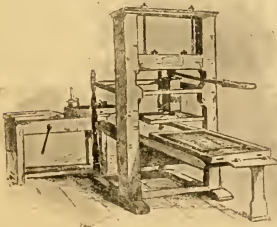
*The *Chronicon Ephratense* (pp. 82-85), written by Miller, attributes Weiser's withdrawal to wicked and worldly motives, asserting that Gov. Th. (Thomas), accompanied by many other officials from Maryland and Virginia, induced him to leave the Community, insinuating that he offered him a bribe in the form of the justiceship of Berks Co. An original letter of Weiser's, recently unearthed and published for first time in second edition of his "Life," brought out by Daniel Miller, publisher, of Reading, Pa., however, indicates that conscientious opposition to Supt. Beissel's arbitrary and extravagant administration as the cause for this renunciation. The letter, written Sept. 3, 1743, declares that Weiser had been "compelled to protest for a considerable time against the domination of conscience, the suppression of innocent minds, against the prevailing pomp and luxury, both in dress and magnificent buildings." The latter, which stretched the purse-strings of the members beyond comfortable bounds, was stigmatized as "loathsome idolatry." He concludes: "If there is any one not satisfied with my station, let him convince me of the contrary. Victory belongs to truth. . . . Finally, I remain a friend of truth and sincerity, and of all those who love them, but a sworn enemy of all lies and hypocrisy. Farewell!"

sistant Prior. Upon the death of Father Friedsam, Brother Jabez was elevated to the office of Superintendent and Pastor of the Community, which office he filled until his death in 1796. These years were filled with the labors and various duties of these offices, together with most arduous literary work, in the translation, editing and printing of the many volumes that have come from the Ephrata press.

This press, the second German press in the country, was ever kept busy. It became a pioneer in producing the German literature of America. It sent out no less than ten different hymn-books, the hymns, paper, ink and printing being of the Community's own production. The largest volume printed in America during the last century—the great Mennonite “Martyrs’ Mirror” of Van Braght—was produced here. It was a colossal work and yet accomplished so successfully that in its size and superior excellence of workmanship, hardly excelled in our day of artistic printing, it remains a monument to the skill and untiring industry of these colonial monks of Ephrata.



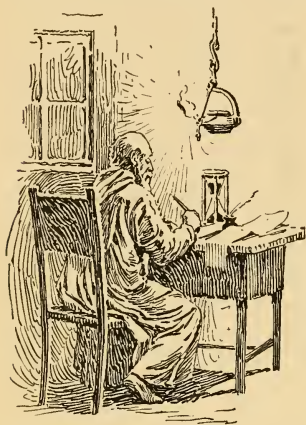
TITLE-PAGE OF "MARTYRS' MIRROR."



EPHRATA PRINTING PRESS.

Fifteen men, set aside by prayer, give most painstaking and unremitting toil for three consecutive years to the production of this work, which appeared in 1748 under the direction of the new scholarly Prior, Peter Miller. It was the “greatest literary effort of Colonial Pennsylvania,” says Prof. Brumbaugh, of the Uni-

versity of Pennsylvania. The original Dutch work appeared in Holland in 1562 and ran through many editions, but had become scarce, inaccessible or unreadable, and hence the German Menonites of Pennsylvania desired its re-appearance in German dress in that critical, martial period, which inspired the translation and re-publication at Ephrata. Peter Miller assumed the task of trans-



PETER MILLER TRANSLATING.

lation, as he was a superior linguistic scholar. He devoted himself to the task with such devotion that for three years he did not sleep more than four hours a night. "The type was set by four of Miller's assistants, another four ran the press, and the others made the paper. In three years the great work was done. It contained fifteen hundred and twelve pages, printed upon strong, thick paper, in large type, in order, as was said in the preface, 'that it may suit the eyes of all.' It was bound in thick boards, covered with

leather, with brass mountings on the corners and two heavy brass clasps."* It had a number of most artistic plate illustrations. An edition of 1,200 was issued, selling at twenty-two shillings (about \$5.50) "not to get rich," as Miller declared, but for the honor of God and the promotion of religion. Strange, the outbreak of the Revolution still found about five hundred of them unsold, which the Continental army in a scarcity of paper confiscated for gunwads, so that what was intended as an advocate of peace, became a literal sinew of war. It was not yielded up without protest by the Brethren, but when two wagons and six soldiers arrived and prompt payment was offered, reluctant leave was granted. The *Chronicon* says that "this gave great offence in the country (by non-combatants, possibly), and many thought that the war would

*Prof. Brumbaugh. The *Chronicon* says edition was 1,300 and sold at 20 shillings.

not end favorably, because the memorial of the holy martyrs had been thus maltreated. At last, however, they were honored again, for some sensible persons bought in all that were left of them."

Many are the incidents recounted that extol the magnanimity and scholarship of Mr. Miller. Long before the Revolutionary period he had gained for himself wide fame for his scholarship, for every visitor to the place—and there were many of distinction and ability—became aware of this fact. George Ross, of Lancaster, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, as well as Benjamin Franklin, knew the place and man intimately. And so it came, most likely at their suggestion, that Thomas Jefferson, the author of this immortal document, secured Miller to translate it into seven of the European languages immediately after its adoption by Congress. Thus it happened that the American cause became early and favorably known to the nations of Europe through Miller's able pen.

From a nonagenarian inhabitant of Ephrata (Mrs. Königsmacher), whose father was an intimate associate of Peter Miller's, and both whose father and grandfather were adherents of the community, the writer has gained the following very interesting account of Mr. Miller's magnanimity. Among Miller's most hateful enemies and persecutors was one Michael Witman, a close neighbor. He took advantage of the pious monk's religion of peace and brotherhood, and often abused him shamefully and assailed him violently. Thus he once deliberately spit in his face while holding a conversation with him. But Miller's turn came to heap coals of fire on his enemy's head. Witman took the side of the Tory during the Revolution and was entirely too outspoken for his own good. In consequence he was arrested, his property confiscated, himself imprisoned and after a court-martial trial, sentenced to be hung. This occurred while Washington's army was encamped at Valley Forge. The execution was to occur at West Chester and the day was set. Miller heard of it and promptly undertook to secure his old-time enemy's pardon and release. He walked all the way to see General Washington at his headquarters, and plead with him for his neighbor's pardon. The General thinking he was pleading for a friend, expostulated with him, giving reasons why his friend should suffer this penalty for the public good. On being told that Witman

was his worst enemy and that he could only do this because of his Saviour's example and teaching, the great General was overcome with admiration, and placed the pardon in Miller's hands. The latter is said to have travelled all night and only reached the place where the execution was to take place in the very nick of time to save his enemy's life. After the most extraordinary excitement and the proper explanation and certification the culprit was set free and accompanied his pious, maltreated neighbor over the hills to his home.

In the absence of any portrait of this subject of our sketch we give here the very excellent description by Provost Magister Israel Acrelius, Provost of the Swedish Churches in America and Rector of the Old Swedes Church, Wilmington, Del., who in his "History of New Sweden," includes a graphic account of a visit to the cloister on Sept. 7, 1753, in company with George Ross. After a description of the cloister, the chief features of the religion and life maintained here, come pen sketches of the principal leaders. That of Miller is as follows:

"There was also a brother named Jabez, who, before his rebaptism was called Peter Müller. He had been a German Calvinistic minister, came into the country according to their custom, as a candidate for the ministry of the Reformed Church of the country, was afterwards ordained by the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Andrew, in Philadelphia, and for a long time preached in the various parts of the country among the Germans before that, eighteen years since he betook himself to Ephrata. He is a learned man, understands the Oriental languages, speaks Latin, discusses theological controversies as well as other sciences; although, in his present condition he has forgotten much. He is of a good stature, with a friendly face and friendly manners, on which account strangers always get introduced to him and seek his society. He is open-hearted toward those to whom he takes a liking and is modest and genial. The brethren have great respect for him, and not without reason, for he is a prudent man, upon whom their order chiefly depends, although he gives himself no higher name than that of a simple brother. In their public worship he reads the Scriptures, and also baptizes when so directed by Father Friedsam.

Father Friedsam lives by himself in a little house between the brothers' and sisters' cloisters, being waited upon by the brethren,

and has his food from their kitchen. He lives in entire solitude, except when messengers go out or in, or he performs his duties in the congregation.

* * * * *

"They are very hospitable to strangers, friendly and cheerful. When, on the 7th of September, 1753, I went to visit them in company with Mr. Geo. Ross, we were received and treated as old friends. He had visited them several times before, and was also a man of importance in the country, which had something to do



PETER MILLER'S HOUSE.

with the matter. We first announced ourselves to Müller and were heartily welcomed. I informed him that I was a Swedish minister and had long been desirous of seeing them. 'So,' said Müller, 'will you also see this poor place? But however poorly we live here, and although we live almost entirely by ourselves, yet we have the advantage of seeing the most distinguished people in the country; for no one comes to the land, who wishes to be honored for his knowledge and understanding, without visiting us in our isolated retreat, even though our visitors be the proudest people in the country. We thus get acquainted enough, though but little advantage therefrom. If any new lawyer or advocate comes to Lancaster, it is certain that we will soon make his ac-

quaintance.' He had known almost all the Swedish ministers who had been in the country. I begged leave to remain over night among them, so that I might see their worship, which would take place on the next day, being a Saturday. He answered, 'Why not? We shall entertain you as well as we can; if you will be satisfied with that.'—(Here follows a description of their services.)

* * * * *

"We went down again into Müller's room, and there he showed me the 'History of the Persecutions of the Anabaptists,' a large and thick folio volume, which he himself had translated from the Holland to the German language, and had afterwards had it printed there in Ephrata, saying that it was the largest book that had been printed in Pennsylvania as also that he had labored for three years upon the translation and was at the same time so burdened with work that he did not sleep more than four hours during the night.

* * * * *

"In the cloister there is a printing office, with a press,* together with new type, fair and clear, brought from Frankfort. But it has not yet repaid either its expense or its trouble. Some books have been printed there written by the brethren themselves. The 'History of the Persecutions of the Anabaptists' has given them the most trouble and the least return. They have had a proposal to print the Classic Authors for the Philadelphia Academy, but Müller said that he was now tired of that work, was alone in it, and his sight was growing weak.

* * * * *

"As I had now been among these brethren from Friday noon until Saturday afternoon, it was time to return to Lancaster. The brethren asked me several times when I would come again to see them. This seemed to me as though they thought I had some desire to join their society. I took leave of the brethren and invited them to visit me if their way was so directed. Müller, who, during all this time, had kept me company, followed me down to the mill a short distance from the cloister, where they had my horse. He bore my traveling sack the whole way for me, and when I ob-

*During the meetings of Congress in Lancaster and York, this press printed the Continental money.—Ed.

jected to it, he said, 'You may permit me to carry it now, perhaps I can never do it again.' The day was warm; and when I said that the weight was troublesome, and I would help him a little, he answered again, 'You can see very well that what I do is done from love. If I did not love you, I would not do it.'

"Finally, I took a friendly leave of my companion. I thanked him that he did not dislike me for being of a different way of thinking. I hoped that if we did not see each other any more in this life, we might meet with joy in that place where there should be one fold and one Shepherd; where all controversies in theology would cease; where love should abide forever after all other gifts disappear. He took me in his arms and kissed me, thanked me, and said 'That is a good wish. I hope we shall meet in that place, although



we travel different roads. I shall also pray to God for you. Farewell!"

Finding such superior scholarship and such highly-developed Christian graces in the leading spirits of this institution, we are not surprised to learn that here was established and maintained for a long time a school which attracted many a youth from the larger cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore during our colonial period. Here were taught useful trades and fine arts. The very finest *Fraktur-schrift*, or illuminated pen letter-work was here

taught. These letters were used as ornamental initials in their books, making their publications famous for their artistic features, like those of the present "Roycrofters," of East Aurora, N. Y. Their work also adorned the walls of the institution in finely ornamented texts wrought in pen work. The finest specimen we found in our recent visit was the foregoing motto, worked in fine Gothic lettering by pen.

Likewise was there established here as early as 1739 the earliest Sabbath-school known, so that nearly a half century before Rob-



ert Raikes, the printer of Gloucester, England, gathered the waifs of his town into a similar school—commonly regarded as the birthday of modern Sunday-schools,—Peter Miller was superintending such a school on the banks of the Cocalico.

Here was established a hospital for the sick and wounded American soldiers after the battle of Brandywine, September, 1777, and from known accounts, Gen. Washington probably visited the place, as he is known to have been at the Reading Furnace, located a little to the southeast, just a week after the battle. The old buildings of Kedar and Zion, located on Mt. Zion, the higher grounds of the place, were occupied by over four hundred of the wounded of the battle fought September 11th. Peter Miller's

Capuchins and White Friars nursed them, while he ministered to their spiritual needs. Doctors Yerkel, Scott and Harrison had surgical and medical charge of the hospital, but owing to a terrible epidemic of camp fever, almost half of them died and were buried here. For more than fifty years effort is being made to erect a suitable monument to their memory on the spot, but the accompanying cut shows in what an unfinished condition the work—not dead yet—still abides.

Thus did Miller spend his American life. More than sixty years of his long and useful career were given to the establishment and furtherance of mystical piety, personal religion, and literary advancement in this quaint monastic institution by the Cocalico. Here he died in peace at a great age and was gathered to his fathers. His tomb is found in the little "God's acre" next to that of Beissel's, with following inscription on stone :

Hier Liegt Begraben
 PETER MILLER.
 Gebeurtig in Oberamt
 Lautern in Ebur Pfalz
 Kam als Reformirter
 Prediger nach America
 Im Jahr 1730. Wurde
 Unter die Gemeine in
 Ephrata getaufet im
 Jahre 1735 und genannt
 Bruder Jaebez. Auch word
 Nachmals ihr Lehrer
 Bis an sein Ende, Entschlief
 Den 25sten September, 1796.
 Alter 86 Jahr und 9 Monath.

TRANSLATION.—"Here lies buried Peter Miller. Born in Oberamt Lautern in the Upper Palatinate. Came to America as a Reformed Preacher in the year 1730. Was baptized into the congregation at Ephrata in the year 1735, and named Brother Jabez. Afterwards became their teacher until his end. Fell asleep on the 25th of September, 1796, aged 86 years and 9 months."

POETIC GEMS.

MORGELIED.*

BY REV. EMANUEL RONDTHALER, A
MORAVIAN CLERGYMAN.

Margets scheint die Sun so schö,
Owets geht der gehl Mond uf;
Margets leit der Dau im Klee
Owets dret mer drucke druf.

Margets singe all die Fegel
Owets greisht die Laab-krot arg
Margets klop mer mit dem Flegel
Owets liegt mer schun im Sarg.

Alles düt sich ännere do,
Nix bleibt immer so wie nau,
Was em Freed macht bleibt net so,
Wer gar arg bald hart und rau.

Drowe werd es anners sei,
Dart wo's nau so bloh aussicht
Dart isch Margets alles fli
Dart isch Owets alles licht.

Margets isch dart Freed die Füll;
Owets isch es au noch so
Margets isch ems Herz so still,
Owets isch mer au noch froh.

Ach wie duts mich doch gelüste
Nooch der blohe Wohnung dart
Dart mit alle gute Christe
Freed zu hawe, ruh alsfart!

Wann sie mich ins Grab nei trage
Greint net, dann ich habs so
s hö;
Wann sie es des Owets sage
Denk bei ihm ischs enerle.

UNNER EM WALNISSBAUM.

Es war als en Walnissbaum hinner
em Haus,
Der Gibbel am Hausdach war hoch
d'riwwer naus;
Sehr dück un so schtandhaft war
Schtamm un die naescht
Wo Voegel im Sommer gebaut
hen ihr nescht.

Wo hoch uf em Gibbel in frieh
morga Schtunna
Die Amshel un Larrich ihr Platz
hen gefunna
Un hen als mit frohe un herliche
Zunga
Ihr morga Gebet, un ihr Lobsang
gesunga.

Im Sommer im Schatte dort
schpielte mir Junga
Un hen als beim Schpiele en
Liedle gesunga,

Dann lüschtig un eifrich die
Schtecka geritta,
In frieh Kindheit's Johra—mit
alles züfritta.

Der Rock un der Jerry, die Betz
un die Doll,
Die ware dort immer ganz ruhig
im Schtall;
Der Rock war en Schimmel,
schnee-weis un vollkomma—
Sell war just en Schtecka—die Rin
abgenomma.

Der Schtall war der Holzplatz wo
Klätz, un wo Briegel
Sich somelta mit holtz un ver-
brochene Riegel;
Sell war unser Gäulschtall—als
Dach war der Himmel,
Der Harry war drin un der Bahly
beim Schimmel.

*This poem was written over fifty years ago. It has a history. The late Dr. Philip Schaff was attracted by it as a pioneer poem in this dialect. He published it in his *Kirchenfreund* in 1849. He also directed Dr. Henry Harbaugh's attention to it and suggested to him the desirableness of immortalizing our dialect in song, ere it die out, as Hebel has done for the Allemannian dialect. Harbaugh took up the hint and soon appeared his "Schul-haus an der Krick" and his other immortal Pennsylvania-German songs. So this poem may be recognized as the true forerunner of Pennsylvania-German verse. It is fitting that it appear in this number, as our pilgrimage leads through that section of Lancaster County where this peculiar Mennonite lingo is in use. It was contributed by Mr. Rufus A. Grider, of Carnajoharie, N. Y.—Ed.

Zu traenke die Gäul un ihr Hunger
zu schtilla
War die Schpring jo so hendig mit
Scherbe zu filla;
Als Futter war's Gras jo ganz hen-
dig zu finna—
Do brauch sich jo niemand dabei
loug besinna.

Dann sin mer noch 'm Schpring-
haus um Nahrung zu sucha.
Der Hunger zu schtilla mit Pei un
mit Kucha;
Die Milich im Grawe, der Käs un
so Sacha,
Un die dueck Milich dort-wie die
Auge noch locha!

Ich sehn dort die Trawe-rank
immer noch henka
Wo Wind un wo Schturm sie im-
mer noch schwenka;
Dort hen mer gegauncht in de
warm Sommer Tage
In lieb Kindheit's Zeite—hat kens
nix zu Klage.

Die Buwe vom Schtedel, de Baure
ihr Tächter
Gegauncht mit enaner mit
freundlich Gelächter;
Die Mäd hen ihr Liebsang so
arnstlich gesunga,
Die Buwe ihr Schätzen zo eifrich
geschwunga.

Im Schatte noch Mittag die sense
zu dengla,
Die Hämmer un Dengelschtöck
hör ich noch glingla,
Als "tap, tap, tap, rap, rap, rap,"
in alle ecka
Sehnt mer die Dengler im Schatte
'rum schecka.

Dort unner em Walnissbaum mitte
im Summer
Uf 'm Wasem die Rug-schton zu
schpende in Schlummer;
Sis Ruhl im Schatte um Schtories
verzehla,
Un lache, un pralle, un Liege aus-
dehle.

Dort sehn ich Grumbiere mit Kar-
rich gefahre,
Gedumt uf 'm Haufe in frühere
Johra;
Die Aeppel im Spohtjohr gefahre
mit Wage,
Un dann in der Keller mit Kerb
getrage.

Im Winter die Schlachtsei, früh
morgets, im Schnee
Getriwwe mit Faenger am hinnere
Beh;
Ich sehn noch der Platz wo ihr
Blut war vergossa,
Un hör noch ihr G'schrei wie ihr
Lewe ferflossa.

Dorts Briehfass am Schtamm, wo
mit Holz un mit Poschta
War standhaft gefixt, ohne Geld,
ohne Koschta;
Der Säugolge dort, wo die Säu han
gehanke,
Des hab ich noch alles in meine
Gedanke.

Der Baum is eweg 'ghackt, der
Schtumpe verzeert,
Der Back-ofe, Schpringhaus un al-
les verheert,
Doch sehn ich noch immer, so
long wie ich leb
Der Baum un der Holz-platz, die
Gäul un die Reb.

Ich sehn dort der Vater am
schaffe; die Mutter
So eifrich mit Milich, mit Rahm
un mit Butter;
Die Brueder un Schwaester, in
früh Kindheits' Johra—
Die Mäd mit de Bubba, die Buwa
am fahre.

Ach! geb mir zurick my unschul-
dige Daga!
Ken Kummer, ken Sorge, ken
Elend zu klag;
Un duht em mit Schmärze zuweile
was quaele
En Trost von der Mutter duht Al-
les jo heele.

—ONKEL JEFF.

DIE DEUTSCH SPROCH.

Ich schwetz' in der *Deutsche Sproch*
 Lieb sie ah, un halt sie hoch—
 Sie is ah—ken Hure-Kind,
 Das mer in de Hecke find—
 Sie kummt her vum schöne Rhei,
 Wu sie Trauwe hen—un Wei!

Des is jo en alter Stamm—
 Gut im Mark—un treu un fromm;
 So hen unser Eltre g'schwetz—

Gans vum Afang—un zuletzt.
 Wer net Vat'r un Mutter ehrt,
 Is gewisz—ken Bohn me werth!

Wolle Kinner Englisch sei?
 So was, sot bei uns net sei—
 Reite, uf em Englische Gaul,
 Paszt sich—ah, zum Deutsche
 Maul?

Loss sie reite—fink un gut,—
 Deutsch steckt doch noch—un'rem
 Hut! —E. K.

DER SCHOENSTE GRUSS.

[Count Adolph Friedrich von
 Schack.]

Das Blümlein, das am Wege steht
 Und streift an Deinen Fusz,
 Es ist, wenn Dir's zu Herzen geht,
 Vom lieben Gott ein Grusz.

Und wenn im Laub der Vogel
 singt
 So reht dir zum Genusz
 So ist das Lied, das hell erklingt,
 Vom lieben Gott ein Grusz.

Das Morgenroth, der Abendschein,
 Die Silberwelt im Flusz,
 Das alles kann, mein Kind, dir
 sein
 Vom lieben Gott ein Grusz.

Im Blüthenduft, im Windeshauch
 Grüst er dich immerzu;—
 Doch wer uns grüsst, dem dankt
 man auch;
 So danke Gott auch du!

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
GREETING.

[Translation by F. C. Johnson.]

The floweret standing by thy path
 And brushing 'gainst thy feet,
 It is, if it doth touch thy heart,
 From God a greeting sweet.

And if the bird in tree top sings,
 And makes thy joy complete,
 So is that song which clearly rings,
 From God a greeting sweet.

The morning-glow, the evening
 shine,
 The river's silvery wave,—
 These all can be, my child, for thee,
 A greeting which God gave.

In blossom's fragrance, zephyr's
 breath,
 He greeteth thee alway.—
 Who greeteth us we always thank
 So thank your God each day.

"DER MANN MIT DER HACHE."

(THE MAN WITH THE HOE.)

Gedichtet in Englisch, von Ed-
 win Markham, nachdem er das
 gleichnamige berühmte Gemaelde
 von Jean Francois Millet, jetzt in
 San Francisco, Cal., gesehen hatte.

Uebersetzt von Dr. Ernst
 Schmidt, Chicago.

"Und er schuf ihn sich zum
 Bilde zum Bilde Gottes schuf er
 ihn."

Gebeugt von der Jahrhunderte Ge-
 wicht,
 Lehnt er auf seiner Hacke und
 sieht starr
 Hin auf den Grund. Die oede
 Nichtigkeit
 Der Zeiten liegt in seinem Ange-
 sicht
 Und seinen Ruecken drueckt die
 Last der Welt.
 Wer liess in ihm ersterben alle
 Lust
 Und mit ihr die Verzweiflung—
 jetzt ein Ding,

Das nicht mehr hoffen, noch sich
graemen kann,
Des Ochsen Bruder, stumpf und
dumm, wie er?
Wer schwachet' und zog herab
sein plumpes Kinn,
Und wessen Hand bog seine Stirn
zurueck,
Wess' Odem blies des Hirnes
Licht ihm aus?

Ist dies das Ding, das Gott der
Herr erschuf
Und gab ihm Herrschaft ueber
Land und See,
Der Sterne Lauf zu messen und
sich Macht
Herab zu holen aus des Himmels
Zeit,
Ergriffen vom Gefuehl der Ewig-
keit?
Ist das der Traum, den Er ge-
traeumt, als Er
Die Sonnen formte und das Fir-
mament?
Bis zu der Hoelle tiefstem Ab-
grund hin
Ist dies der Schreckensbilder
schrecklichstes—
Das Bild der Menschenunersaeht-
lichkeit,
Das unser sehnd Herz erbeben
macht
Und fluchbeladen droht dem
Weltenall.

O Abgrund, gaehrend zwischen
ihm und Seraph!
Der Arbeitsmuehle Sklave, was ist
ihm
Ein Plato, was ihm der Plejaden
Flug?
Was des Gesangs erhab'ne Har-
monie,
Was Morgenroth, was suesser
Rosenduft?
Den Schmerz der Zeiten zeigt die
Schreckgestalt,
Verkrueppelt von des Lebens
Trauerspiel;

Durch sie schreit die verrath'ne
Menschlichkeit,
Gepluendert und entheiligt und en-
terbt,
Empoert auf zu den Richtern die-
ser Welt,
Und protestirt und prophezeit zu-
gleich.

Ihr Herren, Ed'le, Herrscher ue-
berall,
Ist dieses Euer Werk, das Gott
Ihr gebt,
Dies gramverzerrte, seelenlose
Ding?
Wie wollt Ihr je aufrichten die Ge-
stalt?
Ihr wiedergeben die Unsterblich-
keit?
Wie machen, dass sie wieder auf
zum Licht
Kann sehen und empfinden eines
Traums
Und suesser Klangaccorde Lust-
gefuehl?
Wie ausgleichen die unvordenk-
lichen,
Ehrlosen Kraenkungen, treulosen
Greu'l,
Unheilbar tiefes, namenloses Weh?

Ihr Herren, Ed'le, Herrscher ue-
berall,
Wie wird die Zukunft rechnen mit
dem Mann?
Was antworten, wenn er verwil-
dert fragt
In jener Stunde, da ein Wirbel-
sturm
Des Aufruhrs jach erschuettern
wird die Welt?
Was dann mit Euren Koenigreich-
en und
Den Koenigen und allen denen, die
Ihn zu dem Ding gemacht, das er
nun ist—
Wenn dieser stumme Schrecken
Gott anruft
Nach all dem Schweigen der Jahr-
hunderte?

—The Public.

HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGES INTO PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANDOM.

THROUGH THE STATE'S GARDEN COUNTY.



THE ice on the Cocalico is floating down stream. Winter's frost-fetters have been broken. The blue-bird has given us a glimpse of his sky-colored wing. The pioneer robin has sung its first spring song from yon over-arching maple. Spring is here and it is time we break up our long encampment and move on our historic way.

Our trip shall lead through the northern section of Pennsylvania's "Garden" county. Volumes of important historic events lie open before us in this pilgrimage. Trails of eventful processions cross each other and diverge from the village centers along our route, leading from everywhere to every whither. The curious landmarks of our early State and Nation-builders, who first settled this section, yet dot this broad, rich county of Lancaster, with its English name and its German population.

Having given much of the ancient history of Ephrata in our sketch of John Peter Miller, we are prepared to leave this charming and historic town in the enjoyment of its present prosperity after but a hasty walk through its wide and clean streets. This will reveal that the modern town is depending on its various businesses—its cigar factories, its silk mill, its large stock-yards and far-famed summer resorts—for its livelihood. That this is not the meagerest minimum of earthly comfort is evidenced by its many modernly-built and prettily-painted cottages and the peaceful and prosperous look worn upon the faces of its inhabitants. That life is long here, as well as happy, may be learned from the fact that the town includes several nonagenarians, who communed with the Revolutionary sires, notably Mrs. Königmacher, whose father was an intimate friend of John Peter Miller. And now, shaking the dust of this German "Dunkerstown" from our restless feet, let us proceed to gather new dust in our mapped-out course.

Near Ephrata, to the south, lie a few places of historic interest in the old Lutheran and Reformed (Bethany) churches, founded almost as early as the Cloister, but we hope to reach these later, with Lancaster as a town-center. The latter church is one of those Miller served when he joined the Dunkers.

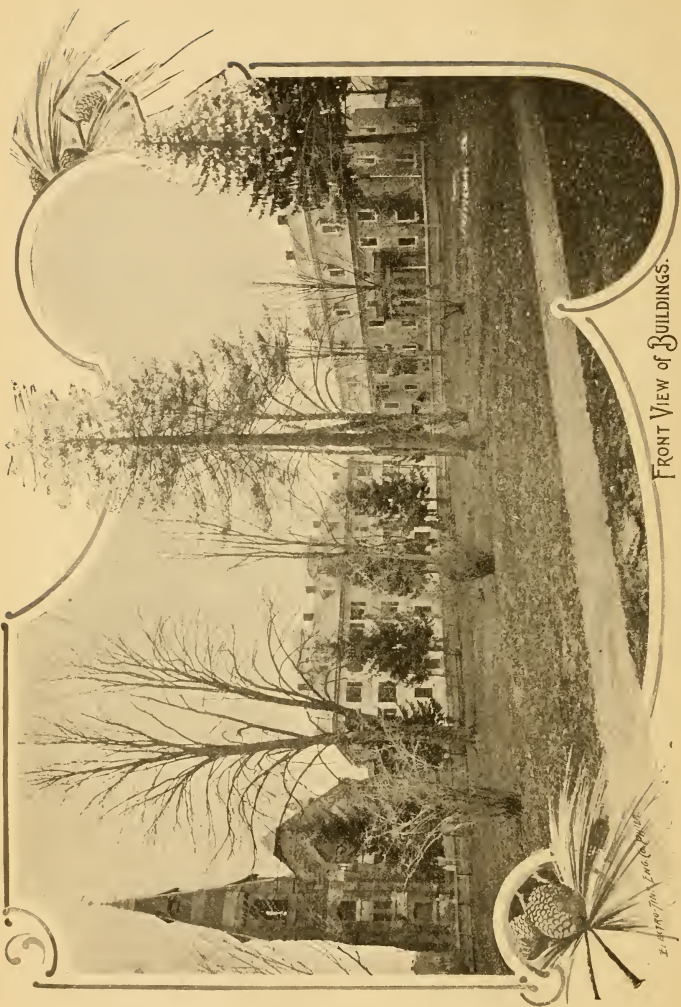
Between Ephrata and Lititz, our first objective point—a distance of about six miles—have recently grown up three small but thriving villages, viz: Akron, Millway and Rothville. They are modern and have been called into life principally by the Reading and Columbia branch of the P. & R. R. R. The first of these supports a few lively cigar manufactories, while the second, located on Hammer Creek, is where are stationed about a dozen large distributing tanks of the Standard Oil Company, whose pipe line crosses the stream and railroad at this point. Rothville

is a small, neat village of no particular historic importance known to the writer. All of these home-centers are looking for the extension of the electric line from Lititz to give them a short cut to their county's capital.

Lititz! Here we are on historic ground indeed! But how the name has suffered at the hands of English lexicographers! Reading Howell, in his map of 1794, calls it "Leeditz." So does Washington in a letter to the town, or community's authorities, written during the stormy days of the Revolution. "Litiz" say some of the encyclopedists, while only the student of history, who remembers that Count Zinzendorf named it in 1756 after his native Bohemian town, will have no trouble with its orthography.

Its history, no less than its orthography, has been mistaken by guessing. It is generally believed to have been originally a Moravian settlement, while to be fair to facts it must be stated that a Lutheran church was built and a congregation gathered here several years before the first Moravian family or missionary trod its soil. The site of this early church and cemetery are still preserved in the southern portion of the town, half a square west of the Lancaster pike. The principal man in this flock, who owned the greater portion of the land on which the town is built, was George Kline. The pastor's name was Nyberg, who was also the founder of this Lutheran church of "Warwick," as this German settlement had previously been known. When, however, Mr. Jacob Huber, one of the members, opened his house to the Moravian missionaries, sent out from Bethlehem, and in December, 1742, Count Zinzendorf himself visited the place, there was a great "awakening" and pastor Nyberg and most of his flock were converted to Moravianism. That this was not so great a theological revolution as may be supposed, it need only be remembered that Zinzendorf himself had been a devout Lutheran, and preserved many Lutheran usages and the principal of her confessions, the Augustana, in his new denomination of "Unitas Fratrum." After these Lutherans had given the Moravians their hearts, it followed naturally that they should give them their church-property and their lands, which they did. Kline donated his entire farm of 491 acres in 1754. And now sprang up the true Moravian "Community," which owned, built and controlled this town for over a century. Lititz history during this period is Moravian history, much as Ephrata history had been Dunker history.

The most prominent events in the development of this religious "Community" may briefly be recited as follows: Various buildings were used to house the new congregation and its schools before the present cluster of seminary, parsonage and church edifices were erected. The oldest of these dates back to 1758. The sister house was erected in 1769. It is shown in the cut to the left, next the memorial library chapel building at the extreme left end. An old cottage, known as the Weaver house, and still standing, in which were housed the first lady-student boarders, was erected in 1770. In 1785-87, the present church edifice was built. The flourishing female school, Linden Hall Seminary, so favorably known for over a century of work in the training and polishing of the daughters of



FRONT VIEW OF BUILDINGS.

LINDEN HALL SEMINARY, LETITZ, PA.

21. 1890/7111. Eng. C. M. 1890

the Church to shine "as the polished corners of the Temple," was founded in 1794. A list of seventeen principals have had charge of the school during this period, the present incumbent being Prof. Charles D. Creider. The alumnae have gone into hundreds of houses as "queens" and into all the world as "ministering angels," many as foreign missionaries.

The more prominent historical events of the town are the location of an army hospital here in 1778, when 200 sick and wounded soldiers were quartered in the single "Brethren's" house, from Dec. 19, 1777, to Aug. 28, 1778, of whom 110 died and were buried in a field to the east of town. The hospital was in general charge of Dr. Shippen, and it was, when feared that the entire community was to leave, and urgent pleas and remonstrances were made by the Bethlehem authorities, that Gen. Washington wrote his kindly letter in response, which original is now kept in the Bethlehem archives. The camp-fever broke out in consequence of the location of the soldiers' Lazaretto in this place, and almost every family was infected. The "Test Act" of Congress, recently passed, found a certain number of the community unwilling to renounce their allegiance to King George III., who in consequence suffered imprisonment, confiscation of property and exile, while the majority were loyal to the demands of Congress. Bishop Matthew Hehl, about 1756, organized the "Community" life, which was in full force until 1853. He took up residence here, superintended the erection of buildings, and fixed the rentals, from which the institution's revenue came in largest measure.

In 1801 a town-clock was procured; in 1824 the "Academy" was founded, in 1855 lease system abolished; President Lincoln's and Garfield's deaths were commemorated by special services. The celebration of the Centennial of the Church, in 1887, was a noted event.

Among the town's most noted characters, besides the school's principals and teachers and the Church's pastors and bishops, loom up the illustrious pipe-organ builder, David Tannenberg, who emigrated in 1765, and the "Domsey" of the village, who for a generation was the celebrated principal of the Boy's Academy, Prof. John W. Beck. The former built many church organs that to this very day lead large congregations in their Sunday devotions, among which was that of Zion's Lutheran church, Philadelphia (4th and Cherry), for dedication of which, in 1790, Congress adjourned and President Washington and Congress attended in a body. The same was destroyed by fire in 1794. The last organ he built was for Christ Lutheran Church, York, Pa., and he died in York, almost as soon as the last pipe was set up and last stop was placed in 1804, which great organ was played for the first time at the builder's funeral.

The latter built and tuned character—a fiddler work yet. His boys as men are in all the world abroad making sweet music, as the hand of a divine Providence has touched the keys of their after-lives. One of these, his own son and successor, Prof. A. R. Beck, has long nobly perpetuated the glorious work, as well as the name of this ideal teacher of the past generation. But he has recently, also, relinquished his task and devoted his afternoon and evening of life to literature and history. In his fine new home, tastefully built and furnished, are preserved much of the intelligent

spirit, the lofty virtues and the excellent good taste of the best of past generations, whilst it holds the atmosphere of the best advanced culture and refinement of modern life. With archaeological and antiquarian reverence and up-to-date acceptance of modern science, the past and the present are made to meet in the architecture, the furnishing, and the library of his ideally beautiful home. Already at the front door the ancestral brass knocker, highly polished, (whose knockings proved the "open sesame" to useful and honored life of generations of bright youths) in close proximity to the modern electric button, into which the old-fashioned latch-string has been converted, prove that the keepers of the house hold views broad enough to take in two epochs of American life. And we can

only say in passing, that if their life is a sample of Lititz intelligence and hospitality, may God commend us to Lititz!

While the town holds many architectural relics of the former century, it also has many beautiful homes with modern improvements and graceful, grassy settings. Perhaps the prettiest building "gem" in the town is the Dixon Memorial Chapel, seen in the cluster of Seminary buildings. It is the gift of the late Geo. W. Dixon, of Bethlehem, and is a memorial to his daughter, Mary, who graduated from the Seminary with the class of 1879.

Springs Hotel, long the public stopping place and "inn" for the visitors of Lititz, and controlled by the "Community," has passed into private hands and is now run as any other ordinary hostelry. It has entertained many and illustrious guests in its past history. A few years ago, Dr. P. J. Roebuck, one of the town's public-spirited citizens, had erected in the large open square in front of it, a public fountain, which was

formally dedicated on Oct. 3d, 1895, when suitable addresses were delivered and a poem read. And now its clear and cooling beverage flows free for man and beast, and

"Whene'er we hear the music of its laughing, liquid lip,
'Twill speak to us with tenderest voice of sweet companionship,
For here may man and beast and bird, childhood and hoary age,
Their weary spirits oft refresh, their parching thirst assuage:
And generations yet unborn, when they shall gather here,
With thankful hearts will bless this act, the donor's name revere."
We have two more places to visit before we take our departure; these



are the Moravian cemetery and the far-famed springs. The former is located in the rear and considerably to the south of the cluster of school and church buildings, and is a large and well-kept "God's-acre." It is old and hence this "city of the dead" outnumbers that of the living. Its memorial stones are, in Moravian custom, placed flat upon the graves and tell many a brief life-story in graven entablature.

Among the more illustrious tombs found here, besides such as have already been named among the town's chief actors, are five of the church's pastors and two Bishops, viz.: Rev. Matthew Hehl, born in Eberbach, Würtemberg, consecrated bishop in London, Sept. 24, 1751, labored at Lititz from 1754 to 1784, retired and died Dec. 4, 1787; and Rev. Abraham Reinke, Jr. Bishops Count Zinzendorf and David Nitschman also labored here in the church's early history, but are buried elsewhere. So have seven bishops been here ordained. The graveyard also holds the dust of Gen. John A. Sutter, the discoverer of gold in California, and that of his wife. An American eagle adorns the stone that marks his grave, and these are their epitaphs: "Gen'l John A. Sutter Born Feb. 28, 1803, at Kadern, Baden. Died June 8, 1890, at Washington, D. C. Requiescat in pacem!" "Anna Sutter, nee Dublerd, Born Sept. 5, 1805, in Switzerland. Died Jan. 14, 1880, at Lititz."

The beautiful springs and public grounds surrounding same have charmed many a heart and attracted numerous excursions from far and near. They abide as the most refreshing and invigorating source of the many delights in this scrupulously clean and delightful German town. Having watched the sporting trout which inhabit its clearest depths and often stand in lines to resemble immersed iron pipes, and having quaffed from its excellent medicinal waters to the health of our kind hosts, now conducting their town affairs as other municipalities, and worshipping in three other churches, where once there was but that of the community; yet not ready wholly to let the German lingo go, we take off our hat, bidding adieu in true German style—Aufs Wiedersehen!

MANHEIM.

After another trudge of five miles through garden country, and past the only R. R. station of Lime Rock, we come to another famous Saxon town, whose name helps to introduce us into its history.

Manheim. It sounds German enough to interest a class of pilgrims with this brand of blood



in their veins: And so it is, as many of its quaint landmarks betoken. It is but an offspring of its older and more pretentious German municipality of Baden, one of whose titled sons, Baron Henry W. Stiegel, came hither about the middle of the last century and planted the town-seed here, which took root and now perpetuates both his and his native city's fame in this garden soil of Lancaster.

"Ere had gone the wily Indian with his arrows, bow and spear,
Through the forest rang the axe-stroke of the hardy pioneer.
Close behind him, sailing slowly through Atlantic's surge and foam,
Came the noble German Baron from his ancient Rhineland home:
In the lovely Chiques Valley, in the forest land of Penn,
Land with gold he bought, surveyed it, founded beauteous Manheim
then."

Stiegel arrived at Philadelphia in the gallant ship, *Nancy*, Thomas



THE STIEGEL MANSION.

Erected about 1763.

Canton, master, in the fall of 1750. After traveling about for two years, and marrying on Nov. 7, 1752, the daughter of John Huber, ironmaster at Brickerville, he built several fine houses in Philadelphia, Elizabeth Furnace, Schaefferstown "tower," and Manheim, where he had founded and named a new town in 1762, having purchased the land from Charles and Alex. Stedman, of Philadelphia. Here he erected a fine mansion for himself in 1763, importing the brick from

England. Although altered, the same building is yet standing and occupies the N. E. corner of Market and E. High streets. This building had an arched hall on second floor, which was used as a chapel, in which the Baron was wont to teach God's Word to his workingmen.

Other rooms of the house were finished with decorative tiles, containing Scriptural scenes and texts, about the mantles. The large parlor was hung with tapestry, on which falcons and hunting scenes had been painted. From the cupola strains of sweet music, rendered by his employes, were wont to greet and welcome home the Baron from his visits. The mansion throughout was elaborately and elegantly furnished.

To visit the Manheim of 1900 is to find a thriving and prosperous inland town of between two and three thousand happy and intelligent citizens, whose own thrift and industry keeps them in comfort and peace. The homes that line its streets bespeak varied degrees of taste, happiness and wealth, while such industries as several cigar manufactories, its hosiery, shirt and pantaloons factories, its large flouring mills (capacity 250 bbl. daily), its novelty works and tobacco-packing houses, its stores,

shops, banks and publishing house, with its weekly paper—"The Sentinel"—keep its people employed. It has five hostleries for the accommodation of the traveling public and the bibulous, and eight churches—some strong and flourishing, others very weak—for the religious, which embraces well-nigh every one. The town's streets are well-paved and kept, crossing each other at right angles and running towards the chief points of the compass, named with a German flavor about them, as Prussian, Ferdinand, Stiegel, Charlotte, Market, etc. They center about a wide and oblong square, at the opposite ends of which Baron Stiegel, the founder, in 1761-4, built his celebrated "mansion" and business-office with brick imported from England and brought from Philadelphia in teams. Some are still standing, though former is remodeled and converted into a store building, while the latter is occupied as a residence. The same material and history characterized Stiegel's glass-factory—erected about same time, first in United States, and whose superior products have not been matched nor excelled to this day. The few rare specimens, now kept in collectors' hands, prove this by a test of their peculiar bell-like ring, fineness of quality and richness of color. A quantity of the same may be found in Mr. George H. Danner's collection of curios, described below. Skilled workmen from Europe were employed in this glass-factory of



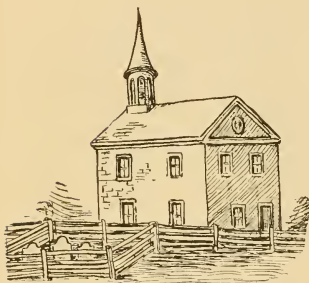
STIEGEL'S OFFICE.

Baron Stiegel's, which was an immense structure with a tower 90 feet high but which was not found a profitable investment, was sold by the sheriff and the building razed about a century ago, the imported brick going into the construction of the public house at Neffsville. Surely if the sands from neighboring hills gave glassware such a rich ring and quality, it is a wonder some modern manufacturer has not been lured into a second attempt of the same enterprise!

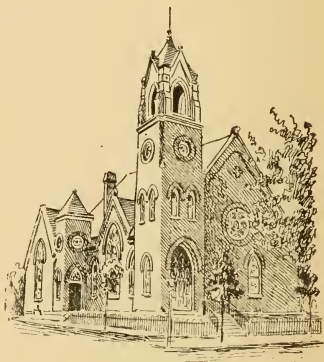
Since 1862 the town has railroad service, now by two lines, crossing here. But we prefer to know the history of the town before modern progress gave it is railroads, electric lights, water-works, fire department, fine graded schools and school building and its fine new churches. We prefer to walk in the past, when its present low, single-storied half-buried peasant huts were its pleasantest homes and housed its honest German artisans, its carpet and cloth-weavers, its tailors and shoe-makers, its silversmith and clock-makers. Of the last-named there were five who made the grandfather clocks, viz: John Heintzelman, Charles, Jacob and George Eby and Samuel Stauffer, specimens of whose workmanship may be seen in Mr. Danner's museum. We should prefer to wander through the spacious parlors and chapel of the Stiegel mansion, before the fine Dutch tilings, with Scriptural texts and scenes were removed, or the rich tapestries on the wall had been shipped to the Pennsylvania Historical

Society rooms at Philadelphia, or the glass-factory had been dismantled. So we have only the cemeteries, the church records, the grim walls and the colossal museum of our antiquarian friend, Mr. Danner, to help us out. Many honored names are held upon the entablature of Manheim's long record and present roll, but historically the names of Stiegel, its founder, Heintzelman, its native-born soldier and military hero, and Danner, the antiquarian preserver of its industrial past, will longest survive.

Stiegel's history is not strange, nor new, any more. It has been often and well told and is re-told by our public prints and best magazines in connection with the unique "Feast of Roses," which has been revived recently by the Lutheran Church of the Baron's founding, in commemora-



FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Erected 1770.



PRESENT (THIRD) CHURCH EDIFICE.
Erected 1891.

tion of his simple request of the annual payment of "one red rose in June," as rental for the grounds, which he, in 1769, donated as church and cemetery lots. This festival annually attracts immense throngs to town, among them the surviving relatives of Stiegel from far and near, and noted orators, poets and litterateurs, For

"Ne'er while swell the tides of ocean,
Ne'er while stars shall rise and set,
Ne'er while ring the chimes above them
Shall the German heart forget."

Stiegel was an aristocrat, yet thoughtful and benevolent withal. He lived in style and splendor while wealth was his, and his mode of travel in four-horse coach, with bells on horses, and the ordering that his receptions home be heralded by the firing of cannon, the playing of bands and

the feasting of his employes, sounds in our day like the unsound mental whims of a vain and half-imbecile prince. But the nature of his business operations, the charitable impulses and the strong religious character of the man dispute such a conclusion. His downfall was due to his betrayal by his friends, the enemy. Among the few prized relics is the Baron's German Lutheran Hymn Book, on the fly-leaf of which is written, in his own hand, a most earnest prayer to God, indited during the



THE HEINTZELMAN HOMESTEAD.

period of his misfortune and betrayal, which brought such a very melancholy closing chapter to the once prosperous Baron's career. The prayer is wrung from a distressed heart and yet has in it the forgiving spirit of Him, who prayed for His enemies while nailed to the cross. It furnishes us a window by which to look into the man's heart.

Gen. S. P. Heintzelman, the hero of Manassas, Fair Oaks, Richmond and Malvern Hill, was born here in 1805, in a house still standing, as shown in accompanying cut, and now occupied by Dr. S. J. Heindel, den-

tist, and another family. Besides this house of his birth, there is nothing to keep green his memory, save the naming of the local G. A. R. post in his honor, whose meeting room is adorned with a life-size portrait of the general. Though he played here as a child and attended school, yet he early left home, graduated from West Point in 1826, and then served in the Regular Army, making his last home in Washington, D. C., where he died in 1880. About twenty-five years ago he revisited the town for a few weeks, the guest of Dr. C. J. Snively, was duly serenaded and feasted, but seemed a stranger in the home of his childhood. He was a direct descendant of Conrad Weiser, whose sketch was given in our last issue, and of Rev. Tobias Wagner, first pastor of Tulpehocken (Christ) Lutheran Church. From the Heintzelman tombstones in the Lutheran grave-yard, we construct the following conjectural line of descent:



GEN. S. P. HEINTZELMAN.

1. Hieronymus Heintzelman, b. Aug. 9, 1730, d. November, 1796, husband of Margaret, daughter of Conrad Weiser.

2. John Conrad Heintzelman, the clock-maker, b. Aug. 22, 1766, d. Sept. 3, 1804. Peter Heintzelman, his brother and father of General, b. Sept. 30, 1768, d. Oct. 5, 1824.

3. General Samuel P. Heintzelman was son of Peter and Anna, and was born Sept. 30, 1805, d. May 1, 1880. Buried at Washington, D. C.

The Danner Museum of curios and antiques is perhaps the great-

est wonder of Manheim. That one man could carry on a busy mercantile business all this time and yet succeed as a mere recreation in personally gathering and arranging during twenty-two years a museum of relics, that in quantity, rarity, variety and curiosity outrivals many of the most noted city museums is certainly a mark of marvelous industry and ingenuity. Yet this is the achievement of Mr. George H. Danner, of Manheim. The third floor of his immense store rooms, with a depth of over 100 feet, holds this interesting collection. Thursday of each week is visitors' day and thousands upon thousands of spectators have, without fee or favor, enjoyed the rare treat of strolling through the place and express their wonder and store their minds with knowledge. For here are found not only many rich and quaint articles of furniture in iron, brass, tin, wood,

steel, silver, pewter, gold, earth, and china; or textiles of cotton, wool, hemp and silk, or monies of all nationalities and in all the forms of paper notes and metal coin, but rarest relics from the tombs of Egypt, the ruins of Pompeii, the battlefields of the continents and islands of the globe, the deepest caverns and highest mountains. All help to show modes of domestic life, onward progress of civilization, and the steps in the march of History. We took deepest interest in the cabinets of local collections, of which there is ample to perpetuate the fame of Manheim's founder and the skill and genius of its earlier German artisan inhabitants. Among these are the stoves and clocks and curious desks and globes and crockery. The inscriptions on some of the pitchers and mugs are interesting and I will quote a few. On a Franklin pitcher we find the following:

"Let the Wealthy and the Great
Roll in Splendor and in State,
I envy them not, I declare it;
I eat my own Lamb,
My own Chickens and Ham,
I shear my own Fleece, and I wear it.

I have Lawns, I have Bowers,
I have Fruits, I have Flowers,
The Lark is my morning Alarmer.
So jolly. Boys, now,
Here's God's speed to the Plough,
Long life and success to the Farmer!"

An ale mug has the following in embossed letters, encircling suitable raised scenes, as follows:

"He that buys land, buys stones,
He that buys flesh, buys bones,
He that buys eggs, buys many shells.
He that buys good ale, buys nothing else."

Another drinking cup has this:

"Bread at pleasure
Drink by measure."

And still another German beer-mug has this:

"Those who have money are troubled about it,
Those who have not are troubled without it."

There are pictures here of the three Lutheran churches, erected respectively in 1770, 1857 and 1891. So are portraits and engravings, drawings, etchings, needle-work and pen-work—even two of the rare, illuminated books of Ephrata fame; the slippers of Jennie Lind, and the plumed hood of a Lafayette outrider. No wonder to me that the owner refused an offer of \$50,000 in cash for this greater store above his store.

Let my reader seek an opportunity some day to visit this museum.

But we must bid good-bye to Manheim, which we will do by saying that it is a good, quaint, substantial place, favorably located as to water courses, farm-land, scenic beauty and railroad conveniences, a flourishing town with good schools and churches, yet with plenty of distinctiveness of its own to preserve the German flavor of its founder and first settlers for generations to come, against the spirit of race iconoclasm, into a common American mixture, which the public schools and prints are gradually effecting elsewhere. And now we give the reins to our friend, the chap-eron, and let him guide us onwards towards the Susquehanna.

Having seen Manheim and its places of historic interest, we will resume our journey. We are, indeed, fortunate that we can make this part of our pilgrimage in the spring, when Nature is awakening from her long winter's sleep, and arraying herself in gorgeous beauty; when the fields and waysides are decked with wild flowers, the apple, peach and cherry trees all abloom and the droning of the bees, and the cheery notes of the song-sparrows, the robins and the blue birds, all unite to lend a charm to the surrounding landscape. Winter, that held the purling springs in its icy embrace, made the fields bare and brown, and gave a look of death and decay to Nature, has been obliged to give way to the genial warmth of spring. It is delightful now to be abroad. Let us enjoy the day and start for Mount Joy, our next objective point. Our way leads through Manheim's wide square and for nearly two miles over a well-kept turnpike. The first place reached is Sporting Hill, a small village of about two dozen houses. It got its name, almost a century ago, from the fact that it was a great place for holding fox-chases, dances, horse-races, drinking and roistering. The location is beautiful, for from this eminence we can see the smoke of Lancaster's fires, twelve miles distant. Looking back over the road we have come, we see Manheim and beyond it a wide stretch of beautiful valley, called by the German inhabitants, *Erbe-thal*—Erb Dale—with substantial buildings and well-tilled acres. Looking forward, we see a stretch of blue hills, in the distance, and know that at their base sweeps the broad, majestic Susquehanna. We go forward, passing well cultivated farms and handsome homes, and after a ride of seven miles, reach

MOUNT JOY,

An old town on the Harrisburg and Lancaster pike, and the Pennsylvania railroad, twelve miles west of Lancaster.

The great Indian trail from Harrisburg to Philadelphia led through what are now the boroughs of Middletown, Elizabethtown and Mount Joy to Lancaster. When a wagon road was constructed, it was the most natural thing that it should follow this trail. The earliest house, in what is now Mount Joy, was a tavern, erected in 1768, and forms part of the Exchange Hotel. The farm embracing the limits of the present borough, was purchased by Michael Nichels, who built a house thereon in 1783. Built at an intersection of a road leading to Manheim, it was known as the "Cross Keys." His wife was a regular termagant, noted for her un-

governable temper. The place thus became widely known as the "Three Crosses"—the "Cross Roads," the "Cross Keys" and the "Cross Landlady." The stone from the old building is now to be seen in the rear wall of what was, or is, known as the Plummer house. It bears in legible characters this inscription: "*Erbaut durch Michael Nichols und Eva. 1783.*" The "Cross Keys" was a favorite resort for those of the neighborhood who were convivially inclined. Before its incorporation as a borough, Mount Joy consisted of three distinct places, Mount Joy, Rohrerstown and Richland. Rohrerstown, the eastern part of the town, was laid out by Jacob Rohrer in 1811, and Richland a year or two later by John Bartruff, a resident of Manheim. Feb. 10, 1851, they were incorporated as the borough of Mount Joy. There were no churches erected in the town until about 75 years ago, the Presbyterians worshiping at Donegal, the Reformed in Maytown and Elizabethtown, and the Lutherans in Maytown. In 1827 the Lutherans separated from the Maytown church and organized a congregation and built a church. It was not until 1839 that the Presbyterians of the town withdrew from Donegal and erected a building and organized a separate congregation. Between 1825 and 1830, the followers of Rev. John Winebrenner, who about this time withdrew from the Reformed church, organized a congregation and built a house of worship. Their present building was erected about 25 years ago. The United Brethren and Methodists also have churches in the town. The Little Chiques, or Chique-salunga, which rises within sight of Mt. Gretna, flows through the eastern part of the town. A short distance east of the borough, where the Pennsylvania railroad crosses the creek, upon a commanding eminence, the Rev. Nehemiah Dodge, a Presbyterian minister, established Cedar Hill Seminary, in 1837. It enjoyed a great reputation as an educational institution for young women, and was extensively patronized. Many young ladies from among the prominent families of Lebanon attended this school, and a Miss Sowers, of Lebanon, was one of the instructors.

Tradition says, and Rupp in his history states it as a fact, that Gen. Anthony Wayne was encamped with 2,000 of his troops a mile northwest of the present borough, from December, 1777, to May, 1778. A large portion of his army were destitute of shoes, stockings, shirts or blankets. While some later historians dispute Rupp's statement, it is possible they may have come here to obtain supplies. Certain it is, that troops were encamped near the Big Chiques, a few miles east of Mount Joy, during one winter of the Revolutionary war, as we learn from a lady of some years, who had it from her grandmother who resided in the vicinity. The farmers' wives knit stockings, made clothing and blankets, and supplied shoes, while the men, not in the army, scoured the country and gathered food and forage for the men and horses.

But we have stopped in Mount Joy longer than we expected. Let us turn aside from the direct road which leads westward to Harrisburg and make a side trip to the Old Donegal Presbyterian Church. It is worthy a visit by historical pilgrims. It is only three miles southwest of Mount

Joy and a good broad highway leads to it. The township in which the church is situate, was organized in 1722. It was named Donegal after a county in Ireland, from which place the pioneer settlers came in 1716 to 1750. It was settled by the Scotch Irish Presbyterians, as a stroll through the churchyard and a look at the tombstones furnish abundant evidence. If the reader, in visiting the churches of colonial times will have observed he will find that, with probably no exception, all were located near springs or streams. Derry, the churches of the Tulpehocken, and through the Cumberland Valley were all near springs. Donegal is no exception, and



DONEGAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MONUMENT AND WITNESS TREE.

at the foot of the hill on which the church has stood for more than a century and a half a large spring of beautifully clear and cool water gushes forth from the rocks. The country having been settled by the Scotch-Irish, it was but natural that they should organize a Presbyterian church. The date cannot be accurately ascertained, but Aug. 1, 1721, Andrew Galbraith made application to the Presbytery at New Castle, for supplies for "Chickens Longus" (Chique-salunga) the stream into which the water from the Spring flows. Rev. James Anderson was the first pastor, installed Sept. 24, 1726. The patent for the land, two hundred acres, was

signed by Thomas, Richard and John Penn, and bears date, June 4, 1740. The present stone church was built about this time. The interior has been remodeled several times, but the original stone walls are standing, as substantial as when first laid. The Rev. Colin McFarquhar became pastor in 1775. His congregation was made up of patriots who were hostile to the British King and a corrupt Parliament. He had come, a short time before, from Scotland, where his family still were living, and where they were obliged to remain until the close of the war. Upon one occasion he preached a sermon urging a conciliatory course between the colonies and the mother country. After the sermon the men met under the great oak, still standing in front of the church, and known as the "Witness Tree," and joining hands vowed allegiance to the cause of the



DONEGAL SPRINGS.

colonies and pledged their faith to each other that they would give their lives and fortunes to establish liberty.

Col. Alexander Lowery, a member of this congregation, commanded a battalion, made up of men from Donegal and Mount Joy townships, and they were in the battle of Brandywine and other engagements of the war. On the 5th of Oct., 1899, a monument to the memory of these men, erected under the auspices of the Witness Tree Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, was dedicated with appropriate exercises.* It is the first object that greets the eye, as you enter Donegal's grounds. Here, too, is located

*At the exercises prayer was offered by Rev. Geo. W. Ely, a most beautiful poem read by Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, of Columbia, Pa., the poet of the Susquehanna, and a historical address delivered by Hon. Marriott Brosius, M.C., of Lancaster, Pa. Miss Lilian S. Evans unveiled the monument.

the country residence of the late Gen. Simon Cameron, he having purchased the farm from Dr. Nathaniel Watson, to whom it had descended through a long line of ancestors from the first settlement in 1716. Gen. Cameron was born in Maytown, a few miles distant, of poor parentage, but through his own personal efforts became United States Senator, Secretary of War and Minister to the Russian Court.

This Cameron homestead enjoys the distinction of being the ancestral home of one line of the progenitors of our present Chief Magistrate, President William McKinley, Jr. About 1770 James Stephenson lived here. His daughter, Hannah, married John Gray, whose daughter, Sarah,



THE CAMERON RESIDENCE.

in turn, became the wife of David McKinley, and their son, James, married Mary Rose; while their son, William, married Nancy Allison, who lived to see her son, William, Jr., move to the White House on March 4, 1897, as the twenty-fifth President of the United States.

Having seen Old Donegal, we will resume our journey westward five miles to

ELIZABETHTOWN,

a thriving borough in the westernmost part of Lancaster county. The patent for the land on which Elizabethtown was subsequently laid out, was secured by Thomas Harris, an Indian trader, on Nov. 12, 1746. He sold to Lazarus Lowrey, who in turn conveyed it to Barnabas Hughes, June

13, 1753, who laid out the town the same year, naming it Elizabethtown, in honor of his wife. Located on the great highway to the west, the Paxton and Conestoga road, the town increased in population and importance as a business centre, being 18 miles from Lancaster, Harrisburg, Lebanon and York. The war of the Revolution brought hard times to the town. The price of all commodities rose, while land fell in price, farms selling as low as nine pounds per acre. Many of the residents, too, were absent in the army, the writer's great-grandfather, whose name is inscribed on the Donegal monument, and Peter Schaeffer, who died in 1848, at the advanced age of 98 years, being among the number. Peter Schaeffer's funeral was a large and imposing affair. The country people for miles around, as we remember it, quit work and came to town, business was suspended, civic and military organizations were present, and the town was crowded. He was buried with the honors of war and his remains repose in the Lutheran cemetery.

After the close of the Revolutionary war and until the war of 1812, the town grew and prospered. The turnpike from Lancaster to Harrisburg was projected in 1796, but it was not until 1804 that a charter was secured and the work of construction begun. It was completed as rapidly as possible, and became the great stage and transportation route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. Stages ran each way daily, having relays of horses at stated intervals, and certain hotels where they stopped for meals. The "Black Horse" Hotel, built before Hughes laid out the town, and still known as such, though the old building was destroyed by fire some years ago, was one of these stopping places for the stages. It was licensed in 1757, the license which was in existence some years ago, bearing the signature of George II., and the Provincial Governor. It granted the right to sell wine and rum to the general public, but prohibited the sale of any kind of liquor to the Indians under pain of heavy penalty. The approach of the stage was announced by the driver blowing a horn, while yet a distance away, and then all was bustle and rush about the hotel in making final preparations for the meal. Goods were transported in wagons and the great "Conestoga Wagons," as they were called, drawn by four and six horses, and loaded with merchandise passed over the road in an almost continuous stream. It was a poor farmer, indeed, who did not have one or more of these teams on the road. At night the wagons would be drawn up in rows in the yard attached to the hotel, the feed box, which always swung from the rear of the wagon, was fastened on the wagon tongue, and the horses tied to it and fed. Straw was thrown under them for bedding, and here, in the open, they spent the night. The drivers, who were called "Wagoners," always carried their beds in a roll in their wagons, would unroll them on the bar-room and dining-room floors, when retiring time came, and here they slept. Many teams had bells fastened to the horses' collars, and like the old woman who rode to Banbury Cross, they had music wherever they went.

The completion of the Harrisburg, Portsmouth (Middletown), Mount Joy and Lancaster railroad, gave a death blow to transportation of mer-

chandise by the Conestoga wagons. While some one has said that these wagons far excelled anything that had ever preceded them, they were destined to go down before the quicker and better facilities afforded by the railroad, crude even as they then were. The charter for this railroad was granted in 1832, and work was at once begun, but the friends of the project encountered much opposition, so much so, that they were unable to sell their stock or secure funds for its construction. The prospects for success looked decidedly gloomy when, on Dec. 13, 1833, a number of the prominent men from the towns along the line of the road, met in Elizabethtown to consider the situation. William D. Slaymaker, of Mt. Joy, was chosen president, George Redsecker, of Elizabethtown, and John Blattenberger, of Middletown, vice-presidents, and Adams Campbell, of Elizabethtown, and Samuel S. Patterson, of Mt. Joy, secretaries. Gen. Simon Cameron was one of the members of this meeting, and it is said he predicted that a person would take his breakfast at home, dine in Philadelphia, and return home in time for supper, a prediction that has been fulfilled. Adams Campbell, a progressive but conservative merchant, upon hearing this statement, however, took the General aside and said: "Simon, you have been making a good many improbable statements, and you must stop it, or the people will begin to disbelieve you entirely." At this meeting resolutions were passed and measures adopted for promoting the construction of the road, subscriptions to the stock secured, new life infused into the enterprise, and the work carried to successful completion. Much difficulty was encountered in constructing a tunnel through the hill, east of Elizabethtown. Several times the work caved in, killing some of the workmen, but eventually it was completed and was one of the wonders of the age. The road was finished about 1836 or 1837. The rails were long, flat bars of iron, about one inch thick by three or four wide, securely spiked on oak stringers, fastened to the wooden cross ties. It was not an unfrequent thing for the iron rails to loosen at the ends, from the continual jarring, and a wheel striking the upturned end, it would plough its way up through the car floor, sometimes inflicting serious injury. "Snake heads" they were called. This primitive rail was succeeded by the present "T" rail, now used on all roads, but they were much lighter. Private cars carried the freight to towns along the road. The man who ran the car had a bunk in one end where he slept and it usually took a week to make the trip, to and from Philadelphia.

An old pike leads from Elizabethtown to Falmouth, at the head of the Conewago Falls, in the Susquehanna river. This pike was incorporated March 19, 1810, and was built for conveying the products, brought down the river on flat boats, to Elizabethtown, where they again struck the main artery of travel, the Philadelphia and Pittsburg pike. It was impossible for the boats to pass the falls, owing to the large and dangerous rocks. In spring, when the river was flooded, rafts were taken over them, but it was a dangerous business and only the most skillful pilots were enabled to successfully steer clear of the treacherous obstructions, while even

then many rafts were dashed to pieces and the raftsmen found watery graves.

But, we have digressed. Let us get back to the borough and take a look at some of the churches and then resume our journey.

Elizabethtown continued to grow and in 1827 it was incorporated as a borough, being the third in the county.

While not the oldest organization, St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church was the first church built in the town. The congregation was organized about 1752. In 1768 a log church was built near the site of the present building. It was replaced in 1799 by the present stone edifice, which, however, has since been enlarged and beautified. In 1798 the congregation was visited by Bishop Carroll, at that time the first and only bishop in the United States. It celebrated its centennial last summer. In the cemetery, in the rear of the church, still stands an old tombstone which used to excite my wonder when a boy, and the inscription then committed to memory, has not been forgotten. It reads thus: "Here lieth the body of Henry Barlow, a native of Ireland, County of Terry, Parish of Tam, Laughlinfinlaggin, and the town of Belly Kelly, who departed this life August 20th, 1822."

The Reformed church was organized in 1740, but was located a mile or more southeast of its present location, on what is known now as Tunnel Hill, so called because when the railroad was built a tunnel was constructed through the hill, which for years was the wonder of the traveling public. It is now a deep cut. In 1747 the congregation was visited by the Rev. Michael Schlatter, the "father of the Reformed Church in the United States." In 1815 the old church was abandoned and the present building erected. While the old walls remain, it has been modernized, we regret to say, in its interior.

The Lutheran Church was organized in 1752, services being held several miles from town. In 1780 a log church was built in the town, which was used until 1804, when a brick building was erected which, some years since, gave place to a new and more imposing structure.

The Church of God was organized in 1837 and they worshiped in a brick building on Manheim street until 1853, when the present church was erected. It was remodeled some years ago to meet the wants of the congregation.

The town has a good and abundant water supply, is lighted by electricity and has efficient telephone and telegraph service*.

In Nantucket it is safe to address every man as captain, and his return salutation, if he wishes you to enter his home, is "Come aboard." So we say, "get aboard," and let us resume our journey westward toward

*If we'd take the time to go northeast for about three miles, to Milton Grove, we would find on its outskirts the site of the old Donegal Moravian church and its ancient grave-yard, in which are found the tombs of many early German and Swiss immigrants of this denomination, marked by quaint epitaphs. Among these is Pastor Meurer's wife, a native of Wurtemberg. One born "in der schweiz," as early as 1689, sleeps here. A small log church stood here, in which Zinzendorf and other bishops preached, and a Synod convened in 1754.—Ed.

Middletown, so named because it was midway between Carlisle, then an outpost, and Lancaster. Leaving the centre square, we cross the Conoy Creek, which empties into the river at Bainbridge, and gives its name to one of the townships. That old brick house, just across the bridge, used to be Pfaff's brewery, where cream beer, or *Lauderschaum*, was brewed more than half a century ago. It was a pure malt, wholesome and non-intoxicating. The art of making is lost, for you see none on the market.

Three miles up the pike we come to an old tavern, once a famous hostelry, and known as the "Running Pump," so called because the water is brought from a spring some distance away, and discharges through a pump. It was quite a place when teams and travel lined the pike. A mile further west we cross the tracks of the Cornwall & Lebanon railroad, in sight of Conewago Creek, which has its source in the springs at Mt. Gretna. It empties into the river at Falmouth. The name is Indian, and means the "place of the rapids"—the Conewago Falls. Let us turn aside and follow the tracks of the railroad for perhaps a mile to Conewago Junction. Within sight of the station, along the creek, once stood Mt. Vernon Furnace. There was a forge connected with it. The furnace was built in 1820. The forge much earlier. It was the property of the Grubbs, who were part owners of the Cornwall Iron Mines, and was a place of activity sixty and seventy years ago. Now it is owned by Dr. Alexander & Co., and is used as a vaccine farm—producing the virus from young heifers, a very important and large industry. Here the Pennsylvania Railroad crosses the Conewago Creek over a new and substantial stone bridge, some 80 to 100 feet above the bed of the stream. Let us get back to the pike and continue westward. A few miles brings us to Gainsburg, a small village. A mile south from the pike, near the railroad, lived Matthias Brinser, the founder of one of the numerous branches into which the German Baptists, or Dunker Brethren, have been divided. What their peculiar tenets are, it is not necessary to detail here. We come in sight of Round Top, a peculiarly round and prominent spur of the Conewago range of hills, and descending to the Swatara River, cross it on a long covered bridge, and enter the borough of Middletown.

And here we must suddenly break up our journey and try to get back to the Capital City in our next.

That our Pennsylvania-German stock is continuing to furnish men qualified to occupy the important positions of the Church as well as ever, is evidenced by the induction into the professorial chair of Church History in the Reformed Theological Seminary of Lancaster, Pa., of Rev. Geo. W. Richards, A.M., formerly of Allentown, Pa, but of Berks county birth. That he is worthy to occupy the chair, graced by such men as Drs. Philip Schaff, E. E. Higbee, and Thos. G. Apple, is apparent to every one who knows his attainments as evinced by his masterly inaugural address, published in a pamphlet, entitled, "An Inaugural Service." We prophesy that Prof. Richards will honor the institution that elected him as much as it honors him in his early manhood.

HISTORICAL ANTIQUARIAN AND GENEALOGICAL TID BITS.

The "Hartwick Seminary Monthly" for February, 1900, contains an excellent poem from the pen of Rev. Dr. M. Sheeleigh, of Fort Washington, Pa., on "Ancestors' Day," which was read June 15, 1898, at the 188th anniversary of the arrival of the German Palatines in New York Province.

The October, 1899, number of the "Open Court," a monthly magazine published in Chicago, might be named the *German* number, as all its six articles treat on some phase of the Fatherland. A specially instructive article is one by the editor, Dr. Paul Carns, on "The German in America."

Mr. "Elwood" Roberts, not "Edward," as last number stated, of Montgomery county historical fame, is the honored descendant of Edward Roberts, who came to America from Wales in 1699, a lad of 12 years.

Any collector desirous of seeing, or probably purchasing a perfect copy of the "Martyrer Spiegel," with finest illustrations—one of the finest specimens of the Ephrata press—should call on Mr. Philip Greenawalt, of Lebanon, Pa. Other rare relics are here to be seen.

Mr. Henry Clay Frick, the millionaire coke-king of Pittsburg, long associate of the multi-millionaire, Carnegie, late in litigation with the latter, is a Pennsylvania-German by descent. He is said to have the sterling qualities of this stock—honesty, industry, reliability, love for home and church, courteous and kind-hearted. From comparative obscurity he has risen to his high eminence in the commercial and business world. The Pennsylvania-German Society should invite him into its ranks.

Linn Harbaugh, Esq., of Chambersburg, has rendered his church (The Reformed) and all Pennsylvania-Germans and the world of letters, a real service by publishing recently such a comprehensive and attractive biography of his sainted and honored father, Dr. Henry Harbaugh, who has done more to preserve in literary form the dialect of our stock than any man living or dead. The book is well written and deserves a wide sale.

The first copy of this magazine was instrumental in unearthing the Account Book of Conrad Weiser—a ledger of nearly 300 pages, in which, in the interpreter's own hand, 189 pages are filled with accounts kept with the provincial government of Pennsylvania. The rest of the book is in his son, Philip's, hand, and deals with the settlement of the Weiser estate. Conrad's last entry is an account with Col. Henry Bouquet. There are entries for money received from the government to cover expenses incurred while on journeys in the interests of the government, as, "to Ohio with provincial presents from his excellency, the Governor," "a journey with Franklin," "to and from Philadelphia," etc., etc. We fear the book is too well anchored in present hands to hope for its coming into the possession of a public historical library, where it ought to find a repository.

BOOK NOTICES.

"THE DUTCH AND QUAKER COLONIES IN AMERICA."

Two Vols. By John Fiske. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$4.00.

There has been nothing published before that can compare with Fiske's Historical Works, of which series these books fill into their natural chronological niche. For comprehensiveness, thoroughness and accuracy the author has long since established his reputation, and it will be this series, which will prove the standard historical work for students and will have to be on every library shelf that claims to be complete. The whole, when completed, will prove a clear, sweeping current, of American history, from its discoveries and settlements, through all its checkered meanderings to the present high sea of strong national life. These volumes deal with much of Pennsylvania's colonial life.

"THE ANNALS OF SWITZERLAND." By Julia M. Colton. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. 301 pp. \$1.25. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, publishers.

Miss Colton's book embraces in its treatment the wide sweep of Swiss tradition and authentic history, covering all the Christian centuries and one B. C. This little mountain republic of several tongues, with the German-speaking cantons, however, predominating, here receives a long-neglected historial treatment by an able pen in the English tongue, bringing the history of this land of Alpine heights and progressive government so familiar to the tourist, into the reach of the English-speaking student. It is needless to say that this treatise hangs as much charm about the annals of this people as the tourist finds in its snow-capped peaks. The illustrations help to make its reading a tour to "this land nearest of all to heaven."

"LEGENDS OF THE RHINE." By H. A. Guerber. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$1.25.

This book follows in the footsteps of former works by the same author. It is a fine contribution to the study of folk-lore and the legendary charms of this matchless river. It will prove a source of pleasure to the traveler in visiting the scenes described, and to others interesting and instructive reading. The work is handsomely illustrated with full-page engravings from photographs.

LLOYD MIFFLIN'S POEMS. Two vols. Estes & Lauriat, Boston Mass.

Lancaster county, Pa., has bred, housed and buried a long list of noted statesmen, theologians, scientists, diplomatic warriors, inventors and orators, but it now domiciles the most gifted singer of its history in the person of Lloyd Mifflin, of Columbia. He is a poet of high rank. His star is of first magnitude. His fame is abroad as it deserves; for no one can read the two volumes of sonnets, "The Gates of Song," and "The Slopes of Helicon," without being convinced that his flights of fancy and his descriptive powers are equal to the best sonnet-writers of any tongue.

HORNE'S "PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN MANUAL." Allentown, Pa. National Educator's Print. By Rev. A. R. Horne, D.D. 414 octavo pp.

This revised edition of Dr. Horne's Manual, which has been for years a standard among those having to do with the mastery of the dialect, or the English education of the children who speak this tongue, has many improved features. The book is divided into four parts. I. Lessons, with copious object illustrations, helpful in the mastery of correct English pronunciation. II. Exercises written in Pennsylvania-German with their English translations. III. A Pennsylvania-German-English, and IV. English-Pennsylvania-German Dictionary, which are glossaries quite exhaustive and valuable in their double use. To this is appended a Business Directory of Allentown, where stores are yet accustomed to sell most of their goods and wares in Pennsylvania-Dutch. The Manual has had a wide sale because it is what its name indicates. We regret to say, however, that the spelling maintained follows phonetic rules and has no regard for the orthography of its German mother.

"THE WAGENSELLER FAMILY IN AMERICA." Another devoted son of honored Pennsylvania-German ancestry in the person of Geo. W. Wagenseller, A.M., of Middleburgh, Pa., has rendered his numerous kith and kin a loving service by publishing a fine work of 220 pages on the Wagenseller genealogy of America. It claims to be as comprehensive as the outspreading branches of this American family-tree, which, like so many others, was transplanted from German to Pennsylvania soil in first half of 18th century, took root, spread its branches far and wide and dropped excellent fruit into many of younger States besides its own. The whole Wagenseller *Freundschaft* must be indebted to this younger scion for this labor of love so creditably done.

"A HISTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA." By Professor L. S. Shimmell. R. L. Myers & Co., Harrisburg, publishers. 348 pp., octavo. \$1.00.

With master strokes has the very facile pen of this diligent and studious teacher of Harrisburg, who is familiarly known in the school-world as the editor of an excellent educational monthly, "The School Gazette," constructed out of the mountain-high pile of material of dates and deeds, men and events, which history's current had swept upon the banks of the Delaware, Susquehanna, and Ohio, and their tributaries, a clear, logical, instructive and entertaining treatise of the territory, settlements, governments, industry, educational history, and biography of the Keystone State, that will make the chief features of said history easily approachable and conquerable by the eager student, whether he be a grammar-school or a high-school pupil, or a professor of history in some college. The common-sensical treatment of the subject, aided by its many illustrations, will fascinate many a Pennsylvania youth and maiden into the study of the State's history, who formerly shrank from the subject, as one would from a charnel-house that contained only dead skeletons. There will always be welcome for such books, and we prophesy for this one a wide sale, for Americans know a good thing when they see it.

Senator Albert J. Beveridge has written a vivid and stirring picture of our "boys" on the battlefield, in his recent article on "The American Soldier in the Philippines," which appeared in the March 17th number of "The Saturday Evening Post." Senator Beveridge writes as forcefully and as brilliantly as he speaks. A keen observer, with the faculty of grasping the thing of vital and human interest, what he has to say will interest every American.

Classified, the list of eminent men and women who will write for "The Youth's Companion" during 1900 is found to embrace heads of the national government; statesmen prominent in Congress, Parliament and the diplomatic service; leading educators; popular composers and singers; heroes of the army and navy; celebrated naturalists and other men of science; travellers and explorers, and a chosen group of the most famous story-writers.

The March number of the "American Monthly Review of Reviews" contains, among many other interesting and instructive things, a profusely illustrated character sketch of the late John Ruskin from the pen of Lucking Tavenner. A portrait of the poet adorns the magazine as a frontispiece. The many topics of the day are covered in full in this magazine, which is the best register of current events which comes into our hands.

From "The Perkiomen Region," a bright monthly covering well the events past and present of this immediate locality, and edited by Mr. Henry S. Dotterer, of Philadelphia, we learn that Howard C. Hillegas, the popular author of "Oom Paul's People," is the sixth lineal descendant of John Frederick Hillegas, a German immigrant, who settled in Montgomery county during the early part of last century. He is a young newspaper man of bright promise, not yet out of the twenties—at present on his wedding tour to South Africa. He is a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, and was for some time connected with newspapers in Pennsylvania and New York City.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Payments are credited as indicated on address-label, which mentions the last number included in their credit; thus: "Oct. 1900" means payment for, and including, October number, or for all of 1900. As we were late in issuing our first number, we will give delinquents two weeks' time, to April 15, for their settlement at the \$1.00 per year rate, after which unpaid subscribers will be charged \$1.25 for the year.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We have been favored by the American Book Co., of New York; the Lancaster "Inquirer"; by Dr. D. Rhine Hertz, of Ephrata; Prof. Creider, of Lititz; Frank B. Brown, of West Leesport, for the use of cuts in this issue, to all of whom we return our cordial thanks. Of course, the same is extended also to all contributors.



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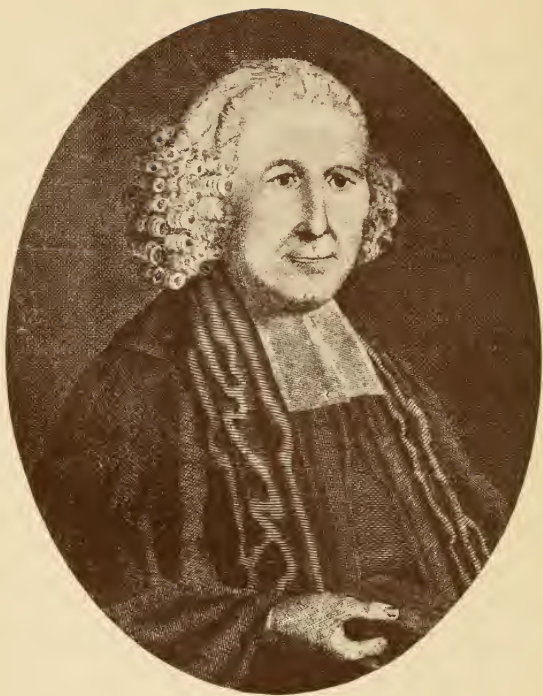
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Henry Melchior Muhlenberg

The Pennsylvania-German.

VOL. I. NO. 3.

LEBANON, PA.

JULY, 1900

A NEW DRESS.



HAT child is not tickled with a new dress? What matter, too, if it does stand and look at itself in undisguised admiration? What more natural picture than to see such a newly-clad lassie skip about among her play-mates and, with tucks in hand, hold out its new frock, the folds of its skirt stretched out at full arm's length, call the attention of all her companions, with a degree of pardonable vanity and self-complacency, to its new garment? Who will charge such a little daughter of Eve with having committed an unpardonable sin? We pronounce it natural and pictorially *cute*.

Now we feel justified, by the same process of reasoning, in calling attention to our young magazine's new dress. We confess it wore pretty good clothes from the beginning. But its advent was somewhat unexpected and the best its printer-dressmakers could do for it was to provide it with a wrapper of such material as was then found in the sewing-basket. It was well done and the child looked quite attractive. But its guardian never thought the fabric quite good enough for the character of the child, and thus, with the encouragement given by interested relatives, he employed a skilled and artistic dressmaker, of the Drexel Institute School, to make for it a regular made-to-order suit. No factory-made dress for this literary youngster! It must be tailor-made and up to best style! Of course; or its nobly-descended relatives might disown it!

We will let the readers judge how well my coterie of artistic employees—designer, photographer and engraver—of good Pennsylvania-Germanic stock, have succeeded. It is especially noteworthy that the aristocratic and cultured household of the Penn-

sylvania-German Society, which has been wearing a fine ancestral coat as ornament and badge of its dignified heraldry, has kindly permitted our chief dressmaker, through its scribal custodian, to cut off a piece of its flowing sash, just to tie the new frock with a neat bow. And now the young rover will start out on its ever-widening rambles and wear its new robe with becoming grace. We want the dress admired, and, as it is expensive, it is hoped it may wear well and long.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

For data woven into the historic pilgrimage of this issue we are indebted to Mr. C. W. Bump's most excellent description "Down the Historic Susquehanna," to Mr. Horace L. Haldeman, of Chickques, to Mr. C. H. Hutchison and Miss Annie M. Croll, of Middletown, and to Mr. E. W. S. Parthemore, of Harrisburg. The voluminous clippings of local history along our route made it difficult to select what was appropriate and not weave the yarn too long and yet have the fabric coherent and durable as the linsy-woolsey that our German forbears used to spin and weave on the banks of many a Pennsylvania stream.

The Middletown *Journal* and Harrisburg *Telegraph* kindly furnished a few cuts to illuminate its pages.

Our next number will contain an interesting sketch of Michael Schlatter, the patriarch of the German Reformed Church of America, written by one of the recognized historical scholars of said Church. Afterwards we shall drop foreign-born characters and in our galaxy of Famous Pennsylvania-Germans, confine ourselves to the portrayal of the native sons and daughters of Pennsylvania soil.

The Editor desires to speak a word in behalf of the advertisers of this journal. They are all reliable and progressive scions of our stock and handle the best wares and goods.

Famous Pennsylvania-Germans.

HENRY MELCHOIR MUHLENBERG.

THESE is, perhaps, no more honored family name, among the long, almost interminable, list of German-Americans, than that of Muhlenberg. From the day its distinguished ancestor first recorded it in the immigrant registry of a Georgian seaport, and later wrote it among the roll of German arrivals in our Philadelphia port, a young, poor, unmarried and unknown Lutheran missionary, more than a century and a half ago, to this very day the name has stood in honored relation and never far from the top of the list in point of attainment and achievement. For six generations it has stood high in all the ranks of the learned professions, and has graced the rolls of scientists, artists, statesmen, benefactors, military heroes, poets and diplomats,—besides, local townships, colleges and foreign fields have been named after it, and monumental shafts have been erected and statues chiseled with the distinguished name upon them. Surely its founder is entitled to a front seat in this *limbus patrum Germanorum Pennsylvaniae*. We shall devote this sketch to an outline portrayal of the life of its pious and distinguished head, while later sketches shall do the same for a number of the brightest stars in this galaxy. While the treatment of our subject must needs be brief, we trust it may be found comprehensive.

Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, the founder of this famous American family, was born September 6, 1711, in Einbeck, a town in Hanover, Prussia. His baptism occurred the same day and the registry has his name as "Melchoir Henry, son of Nicholas Melchoir Muhlenberg and Anna Maria (*nee* Kleinschmidt) his wife." Both lines had been honored, and poured into the offspring the blood of baronial and military distinction, but its tangible fruits had been swept away by the devastations of war long before our subject's birth. His environment was such, however, that his education, intellectual and moral, was not neglected. Before he was thirteen years of age, he lost his father in death, and he was taken from his books to the performance of manual labor—a wholesome school withal. He improved his leisure, and, through the help of

his pastor, was enabled at twenty-one to re-enter school and prosecute his studies in the dead languages, mathematics and music. His fine tenor voice served as a means of revenue while at school, as Luther's had served its possessor before him. In 1733, we find him in an advanced school in Zellerfeld, teaching and studying. March 19, 1735, he was matriculated as a student in the University of Göttingen, pecuniarily favored by his own town and some of the professors. In 1737 he was licensed to preach and catechize. After graduation in 1738, he was elected a teacher in the Halle institutions, where his life was further providentially molded for his important career. Gotthelf Augustus Franke, son of the distinguished founder of said institution of German pietism, was now at its head, and kept his deep personal impress upon the man, who should transplant into America the best growth of German Lutheranism. He taught Greek and Hebrew, but imbibed the deep-seated pietism of the school. The missionary zeal, which characterized the institution, came nigh sending him on a mission to Bengal, but, for lack of necessary funds, he, in 1739, accepted a pastorate at Grosshennersdorf, which saved him from his American mission.

While on a visit to Halle, in September 6, 1741, his old friend, Dr. Francke, at supper offered him a call to Pennsylvania, to which he promptly responded that "if it was the divine will, he would and must follow whithersoever Providence determined." He returned to his flock to preach his farewell sermon, bid his fond mother and friends farewell, and, on April 14, 1742, embarked at the Dutch port of Helvoetsluys for England and America.

In England he was the guest of Dr. Fred. M. Ziegenhagen, court preacher of the German St. James Chapel, a stanch friend of missions. He remained nine weeks and studied English. He set sail for his American destination June 13th, and, after a stormy and eventful voyage of over twelve weeks, landed at Charleston, S. C., September 22, 1742. He proceeded to Ebenezer, Georgia, where the Salzburger Lutherans had a flourishing colony, and spent some time with the pastors, Revs. Boltzius and Gronau, who greatly appreciated his helpful visit. On November 25, 1742, Muhlenberg reached Philadelphia, and "his first sermon in Pennsylvania he preached at New Hanover, November 28th, in an unfinished log structure; his second at Philadelphia, December 5th, in a carpenter shop; and his third December 11th, in a barn at

Providence (Trappe).” These were the three churches that had raised the Macedonian cry to Halle for pastoral help.

The German people had already poured into this section of the State in large numbers, and many congregations were springing up, but usually were flocks without shepherds. Sectarian wolves, often in sheep’s clothing, had entered and scattered the flocks. Great church leaders of other “religious persuasions” had preceded him and were misleading the hungry Lutheran sheep, and at once the young missionary must set to work to visit, gather, organize and superintend the flocks that had begun religious worship throughout the provinces of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Maryland and Virginia. He succeeded after herculean efforts to restore confidence and orderly worship among many of his German brethren in the flesh and faith. His organizing gifts became apparent and were marvelously developed, so that in a few years many flourishing congregations were established and came under his patriarchal supervision, until by and by he secured for them additional pastors from the Fatherland and had many of these congregations and pastors united in a synodical bond of union. Schools and churches sprung up everywhere among the German Lutheran pilgrims, and these were placed upon a strong churchly basis of self-support and development. His labors continued for over forty uninterrupted years and covered half a dozen States, then Colonies, which won for him the universally recognized title of “Patriarch of the American Lutheran Church.”

Muhlenberg’s local pastorship was confined principally to the three congregations of Philadelphia, New Providence and New Hanover, and, with the exception of a few years at Philadelphia, his residence had always been at New Providence, now Trappe, Montgomery county, Pa., where, in the shadow of the old Augustus Lutheran Church, erected in 1743, under his own supervision—one of the oldest church-edifices in the State—he has been sleeping ever since October, 1787, when his labors closed in death. Over his ashes was placed a marble slab bearing the following epitaph in Latin: (See next page.)

Translation: “Sacred be this monument to the memory of the blessed and venerable Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, Doctor of Sacred Theology and Senior of the American Lutheran Minis-

terium. Born September 6th, 1711. Died October 7th, 1787. Who and what he was, future ages will know without a stone."



His funeral services, occurring on October 10th, were attended by such a throng of people that the pastor, Rev. Voigt, was obliged to deliver a brief address in the open air to those who could not be accommodated within the church. Among the pastors present, were his old associates, Helmuth, Van Buskerk, Wildbahn, Roeiler, Schaum, his son-in-law Schultze, and his son Henry Ernest, together with the Reformed pastors, M. Schlatter and Daliger. The mourning extended to other places, where bells were tolled, churches draped, and eulogies and funeral orations delivered. The scene of the patriarch's labors and domestic abode and the place of his burial has since been visited by many a pilgrim with feelings of veneration and devoted love. Poets, orators, and honored statesmen have stood at the spot and given their tributes of esteem and honor in published song, ornate speech or silent tears.

To properly estimate the vastness of Patriarch Muhlenberg's labors, and thus form a correct opinion of his broad mental grasp, his deep and fervent piety and his almost herculean task, it must be remembered that when he arrived in this country he was young and comparatively inexperienced, his German countrymen generally poor and scattered throughout a well-nigh boundless wilder-

ness, their church-life in its beginnings, with but few organized congregations and fewer church buildings, without order, forms of worship and rules of discipline and without synodical unity and strength—a poor, discouraged, incoherent and oft quarrelsome mass of men, whom he was to shepherd, instruct, reconcile, encourage, organize and superintend. He set out with a brave heart and trust in God. How he succeeded in accomplishing his God-given errand may be learned from his private diary, his “Reports” transmitted to, and published in Halle, Germany; the history of many an individual congregation and the organization of and moulding touch given to the “Mother” Synod in American Lutheranism. His monument is the Lutheran Church of America.

Whilst he maintained and faithfully served a large local parish of his own, his labors ever extended beyond these limits. There were few years during his long and useful career that he did not make numerous journeys beyond his own pastorate in the capacity of pastor, organizer or superintendent. Often these were long and beset with fatigue and danger. Now we find him in the Tulpehocken, now in the Lehigh, now in the Conestoga sections of Eastern Pennsylvania. Next he is on a trip to visit the churches on the Raritan, New Jersey, the upper Hudson of New York, or serves a brief pastoral supply in the city of New York. Again he is on his round of visits to the churches of Maryland and his scattered countrymen “in the Valley of Virginia.” And having visited the Salzburgers in Georgia on his way to Pennsylvania, he undertakes another journey to this same field when already bent with age and its infirmities. There is not a movement of the great missionary and Lutheran apostle that is not fraught with intense interest, but it is presumed that students are already familiar with these public services of our subject, so that we shall devote the remaining space to a portrayal of his domestic life. For those who want to pursue a closer study of his public life, we can commend nothing better than the excellent biography by Dr. Mann.

The patriarch’s domestic life is illumined by the sunshine that usually falls upon a well-regulated, God-fearing household, as it is shaded by the trials and sorrows that are common to every home. Its story is the old one of love, marriage, offspring, bliss, trials, struggles, victories, happiness, honor, self-denials, sorrows and bereavements, all woven into a checkered woof called family-life.

the spring of 1745 witnessed the preparatory arrangements for celebrating a marriage ceremony bestir the Weiser household, and accordingly on April 22, 1745, the talented young German pastor led forth from the old Weiser homestead the interpreter's daughter as bride to walk with him to the nuptial altar.* The ceremony was performed at the Tulpehocken (Christ's or Second Church) parsonage, by the Rev. Tobias Wagner, the pastor, the entry of which act in his own bold hand is still to be seen in the well-preserved old Church Record here kept, as shown in accompanying reproduction. Muhlenberg had present as special attendants and witnesses Revs. Peter Brunnholtz and J. H. Schaum, whom he had been instrumental in bringing from Germany and placing over important Lutheran churches. The patriarch's biographer, Dr. W. J. Mann, says of this choice as bride, that she "always proved herself a faithful partner of her husband's joys and sorrows, toils and cares. . . . Her situation at the side of her husband was a trying one. His mind and time were taken up with the ever-increasing cares of his office, an extended correspondence, and the demands made upon him from all parts of the Lutheran Church in the Colonies. He was frequently absent from home—sometimes for weeks and months. This was keenly felt by his wife and the willingness with which she submitted to her lot deserves our admiration." She had properly recognized the mission of his life, and at the cost of much self-abnegation as a true help-mate, she contributed to its success. The domestic care of a large family—eleven children being the fruit of their union—during the long and frequent intervals of his absence from home devolved solely upon her. This she bore with excellent skill and becoming Christian fortitude, aided by divine grace and her husband's most cordial sympathy. Muhlenberg himself gives us a glimpse into this holy of holies of their family life in the following quotation from his diary: "Last night my wife had a very severe attack of sickness and suffered greatly. She is now somewhat better. We had a conversation on spiritual matters. Her great concern was, among other things, this—that her children, her relatives and friends might be saved and attain eternal bliss." Another entry makes it clear why the domestic

*In his account of this event, sent to Halle, Muhlenberg declares that he had always intended to remain unmarried, but numerous officious matchmakers in the city and country kept annoying him, and the devil by means of false and infamous rumors began to worry him that "he prayed the Lord to give him a pious wife. . . . The Lord regarded his prayers and granted him a young woman who was 'pure in heart, pious, unpretentious, meek and active.'" (Halle Reports, p. 177.)

cares and the training of the children in early life devolved so much on the wife and mother. Muhlenberg writes at the close of a certain year's work: "During this year I was compelled to omit work on four Sundays on account of sickness. As to the rest, I preached whenever not traveling, every Sunday morning in the main churches, catechized the adults and the young, preached as circumstances required in both of them, in the afternoon, in English. During the week-days I served, preaching the Word of God to the outlying congregations at Schippach, on the other side of the Schuylkill, in the Oley mountains, and other places."

While it would prove interesting, no doubt, to describe more fully the public and private life of Muhlenberg, his trip to Georgia, and tell of the many controversies he settled, and the work he did in distant churches, space demands that we cut short this sketch and append the following concise genealogical table of his family, prepared by one of his descendants.

Of his eleven children, seven grew to maturity, viz:

I. Major-General John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, b. Oct. 1, 1746, d. Oct. 1, 1807; from whom came William Muhlenberg Hiester, b. May 15, 1818, d. Aug. 16, 1878, Pennsylvania State Senator, 1852-55, speaker of same 1855, and secretary of Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, 1858-61; Francis Muhlenberg Heister, b. March 11, 1829, d. April 9, 1864, brigade surgeon and medical director, Dept. of Ohio, civil war; Peter Muhlenberg, b. March 20, 1787, d. Aug. 21, 1844, major 31st Infantry, War of 1812 and Indian wars; Francis Swaine Muhlenberg, b. April 22, 1795, d. 1832; secretary to Gov. Jos. Heister, 1820-23, member of 20th Congress from Ohio.

II. Eve Elizabeth Muhlenberg, b. Jan. 9, 1784, d. 1808, m. Sept. 23, 1766, Rev. Christopher Emanuel Shulze, b. Dec. 25, 1740, d. March 9, 1809, a distinguished Lutheran divine and pastor of Tulpelohcken churches, From them came Governor John Andrew Shulze, b. July 19, 1775, d. Nov. 18, 1852. A long and honorable descent besides.

III. Frederick Augustus Conrad Muhlenberg, b. Jan. 2, 1750, d. June 5, 1801. The eminent clergyman and statesman, who became first speaker of the United States Congress. From them descended the distinguished William Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D., b. 1796, d. April 8, 1877, of the Episcopal church, author of "I Would Not Live Alway," etc., etc., father of St. Luke's Hospital and other charitable institutions about New York City; Mary Catharine Muhlenberg, b. May 29, 1774, d. Nov. 28, 1846, wife of John S. Heister, the only son of Gov. Jos. Hiester; Ellen Frances Shaeff, b. Nov. 8, 1837, m. Gen. D. McM. Gregg.

IV. Margaretta Henrietta Muhlenberg, b. Sept. 27, 1751, d. Oct. 23, 1831, m. July 23, 1771, John Christopher Kunze, D.D., b. Aug. 5,

1744, d. July 24, 1807, the eminent Lutheran divine of New York City, from whom sprang descendants who intermarried with the families Meier, von Post, Schwab, Schrader, Punnett, Oakley, Bulkley, Cammann, Ward, Bailey, Lorillard etc.

V. Gotthilf Henry Ernestus Muhlenberg, b. Nov. 17, 1753, d. May 23, 1815, the distinguished clergyman and botanist, of Lancaster, Pa. From them came the Rev. Henry Augustus Philip Muhlenberg, D.D., b. May 13, 1782, d. Aug. 11, 1844, eminent Lutheran Divine, minister to Austria, 1838, and his sons, Dr. Hiester Henry Muhlenberg, b. Jan. 15, 1812, d. May 5, 1886, and Henry Augustus Muhlenberg, b. July 21, 1823, d. Jan. 9, 1854; Rev. Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D., LL.D., b. Aug. 25, 1818, president of several colleges, late professor of Greek at University of Pennsylvania.

VI. Mary Catharine Muhlenberg, b. Nov. 4, 1755, d. Oct. 15, 1812, m. General Francis Swaine, m. Jan. 2, 1754, d. June 17, 1820, of Revolutionary fame.

VII. Maria Salome Muhlenberg, b. July 13, 1766, d. March 13, 1827, m. May 8, 1782, Matthias Richards, b. Feb. 26, 1758, d. Aug. 4, 1830. He was a Volunteer at the battle of Brandywine, etc., later major 4th battalion Philadelphia County Militia, 1780, judge Berks County Courts, 1791-97, inspector of customs, 1801-02, member of Congress, 1807-11, collector of revenue, 1812, etc. From their union sprang Henry Muhlenberg Richards, b. March 7, 1783, d. Dec. 20, 1822, deputy surveyor-general for Berks county; Matthias Swaine Richards, b. Feb. 7, 1787, d. May 11, 1862, deputy surveyor-general for Berks county 1823-37, judge of its courts 1829-46; Charles Richards, b. June 10, 1792, d. April 30, 1823, deputy attorney-general for Berks county 1821-23; Rev. John William Richards, D.D., b. April 18, 1803, d. Jan. 24, 1854, an eminent Lutheran divine; Rev. Prof. Matthias Henry Richards, D.D., b. June 17, 1841, d. Dec. 12, 1898, lecturer, author and college professor; Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg Richards, b. Aug. 16, 1848, author and historian.

Poetic Gems.

DER OLDT HULS BLOTZ.

BY DR. A. K. MINICH.

Ich shtae doh un gook iver's oldt ferbei,
Dale is wise un dale derfun schwartz,
'Swore duch nix dos mich ols so feel grenkled hut,
Os grawd dare avich huls blotz.

Was wora des heifer fun tuff, schware gletz,
Mer muss g'wiss usht ament gooka;
We uft hob Ich g'wincht de aerd date duch uff gae,
Un sake-buck mit tzomptem huls schlooka.

Du waesht goot ganunk we mer im lond shoffa
Waega dem wore Ich aw sare shtultz,
Duch won olles gadoo wore, nort g'wiss Ich laeb
Hut's kasa, "yets gae un shpald huls."

Samshdawgs wore ken shool, derno bin Ich free uff,
Un hob de shtell sauver ous-g'misht,
Hob hoy runner g'shmissa un oll de shtell g'shtrayed,
Un olles in artnung ei-gricht.

Now hob Ich fierdawg, so hob Ich gadenk'd,
Mit lushta bin Ich ins house ni;
Sawgt der dawdy ols are sich longsum's g'schtrecht hut,
"ICH DENK DU MAUCHSHT BESSER HULS FI."

'Mohl hob Ich mit onera gae wella fisha,
'Sware Freidawg,—de Mam hut gabocka,
'S bock huls wore reddy—sawg Ich, "Dat, kon Ich gae?"
"Ei nae, konsht uffa-huls hocka."

Hob's 'mohl broveered we der Dat fart gonga is
Un hob mich farshteckled g'holda,
Fun der shtrose saened are mich un greisht heftich tzurick—
"Haersht, du mere fleisich huls spalda."

De arawet wore avich, es wore immer gleich,
Wora dawga long odder kartz,
Im summer we winter wore ebbes tsu do
Uff'm oldta schondlose huls blotz.

Ich bin nimmy boo, de oldt haemet is fardt,
Fum oldta huls blotz bin Ich frei;
Ols duckter fohr Ich in'ra grossa shtadt room,
Duch wet Ich widder en boovile si.

De welldt now tsu mere is en grosser huls blotz,
 De shuldichkeit lust mere ken rhue;
 We feel lieber date Ich by em Dat widder si
 Un fleisich huls hocka ols boo.

Philadelphia, Oct., 1875.

E' FROCH.

[Editor the PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN: Among the works of the minor poets of Germany, the Pennsylvania-German student is delighted to find the writings of Karl Gottfried Nadler, of Heidelberg, and Franz von Kobell. To those wise ones who are in the habit of lightly dismissing the dialect of the Pennsylvania-German as a mere vulgar *patois*, without any legitimate kinship with the tongues of the Fatherland, it may be a revelation to learn that, barring the wholly unnecessary and to-be-regretted infusion of English words into the current vernacular here, the language spoken in the Palatinate and in other parts of South Germany is almost identical, in colloquial expression, in pronunciation, in accent and in the slurring and elision of endings, as well as in peculiar designations, with the language still largely spoken in Eastern Pennsylvania. As an illustration of this fact, I herewith submit a short and characteristic selection from Franz von Kobell's "Gedichte in Pfaelzischer Mundart," with translation. Note, for example, the title of the poem itself—"E' Froch" (Ein' Frage), and such words as "schloft" (schläft), "Gaul" (Pferde), "Stee" (Stein), "Bee'" (Bein), "ebbes" (etwas), "nix" (nichts), etc.—L. L. G.]

E' Froch.

E' Jaeger hot Schnaps getrunke,
 Do drueber schloft er ei'.
 Do macht sich fort sei' Huend-
 che'
 Un' laaft in de' Wald 'enei.
 Un' jagt als wie besesse'
 En' Hersch uf e' Chaussee,
 Do kommt e' Wage gfare',
 Die Gäul werrn scheu, o weh!
 Sie schmeisse' um den Wage',
 Juscht am e' grosse Stee';
 E' reicher Herr, der drinn war,
 Der brecht sich Hals un' Bee',
 Der Kutscher, e' armer Teufl,
 Der schlagt e' Loch in die Erd',
 Un' fallt do in e'n Keller,
 Der Fall war ebbes werth.
 Dann ihm is nix geschehe',
 Als dass er find't 'n Schatz,
 Der war wie lang vergrabe',
 Juscht an demselle' Platz.
 Haett' jetz der Jaeger nit Schnaps
 getrunke',

A Query.

Translated by Lee L. Grumbein, Esq.

A hunter drank a toddy,
 And over it fell asleep;
 His dog by himself ran off,
 Far into the forest deep;
 And he chased like all possessed,
 A stag out into the road,
 There comes along a wagon—
 The horses ran off with the load,
 They turn the wagon over,
 As it strikes a heavy stone,
 The rich man riding within it,
 In the fall breaks neck and bone.
 The driver, who was a poor devil,
 He knocks a hole in the earth,
 And falls into a cellar,
 The fall a good fortune was
 worth.
 For nothing happened to him,
 Except that he finds a prize,
 That had long been buried there,
 In this self-same spot it lies.
 Had now the hunter not drank his
 toddy,

So haett' er aach nit so schlofe'
 muesse',
 So waer' in der Hund nit dervu
 geloffe',
 So waer' aach der Hersch im Wald
 gebliebe',
 So haett'n die Gäul nit verschrecke
 koenne',
 So haett' der Wage' nit umge-
 schmissee',
 So haett' ke' Reicher de' Hals ge-
 broche',
 So waer ke' Armer nit reich ge-
 worde'.
 Bedenkt me jetz' e' solchi
 Gschicht',
 Wie's noch gar viele git,
 So weess mer kaam, was besser
 is,
 Schnaps trinke' oder nit.

So sleep would not have o'erpow-
 ered his body,
 His dog from his master would not
 have strayed,
 The stag in the forest would have
 stayed,
 The horses would not have taken
 fright,
 The wagon would not have upset
 in flight,
 The rich man would not have brok-
 en his neck,
 Nor the poor one found riches in
 the wreck.
 If one reflects on such a fate—
 Many such fall to man's lot,—
 One hardly knows which is bet-
 ter to do,
 To drink his toddy or not!

THE BOER NATIONAL HYMN.

Showing the resemblance between the original Dutch and the German translation.

Het Volkslied.

Kent gij dat volk vol helden moed,
 En toch zoo lang geknecht?
 Het heeft geofferd goed en bloed,
 Voor vrijheid en voor recht;
 Komt burgers; laat de vlaggen
 wap'ren,
 Ons lijden is voor bij,
 Roemt in de zegen onzrer dap'ren,
 Dat vrije volk zijn wij!
 Dat vrije volk, dat vrije volk,
 Dat vrije, vrije volk zijn wij!

Kent gij dien Staat nog maar en
 kind,
 In's wereldsch Staatenrei?
 Maar toch door 't machtig Britsch
 bewind,
 Wel eer verklaart voor vrij.
 Transvaalen! edel was uw streven,
 En pijn lijk onzen smaad,
 Maar God die uit komst hoeft ge-
 geven,
 Zij lif voor d'eigen Staat!
 Looft onzen God! Looft onzen
 God,
 Looft onzen God voor Land en
 Staat!

Das Volkslied.

Translated by Professor Ernest Held.

Kennt Ihr das Volk voll Helden-
 muth,
 Und doch so lang' geknecht?
 Es hat geopfert Gut und Blut
 Für Freiheit und für Recht.
 Kommt, Bürger, lasst die Banner
 wehen,
 Das Leiden ist vorbei;
 Rühmt tapfrer Männer festes
 Stehen,
 Das wir ein Volk sind frei!
 Ein freies Volk, ein freies Volk,
 Das wir ein Volk, ein Volk sind
 frei!

Kennt Ihr den Staat, obwohl noch
 Kind
 In Weltenstaateri?
 Die Britten nach ihm lüstern sind;
 Den sie erst nannten frei.
 Transvaalen! Edel war das streben
 Und schmerzlich unsere Pein;
 Mag Gott uns Seine Hülfe geben,
 Im Land soll Freiheit sein!
 Lob unserm Gott, Lob unserm
 Gott,
 Lob unserm Gott für's Land, Ihr
 Frei'n!

Lass Rauschen, Lieb, Lass Rauschen.

Aus "Des Knaben Wunderhorn."

Ich hört ein Sichlein rauschen,
 Wohl rauschen durch das Korn,
 Ich hört ein Mägdlein klagen,
 Sie hätt ihr Lieb verlorn.

Lass rauschen, Lieb, lass rauschen,
 Ich acht' nicht wie es geh,
 Ich thät mein Lieb vertauschen
 In Veilchen und im Klee.

Du hast ein Mägdlein worben
 In Veilchen und im Klee,
 So steh ich hier alleine,
 Thut meinem Herzen weh.

Ich hör ein Hirschlein rauschen
 Wohl rauschen durch den Wald;
 Ich hör mein Lieb sich klagen
 Die Lieb verrauscht so bald.

Lass rauschen, Lieb, lass rauschen,
 Ich weiss nicht wie mir wird,
 Die Bächlein immer rauschen
 Und keines sich verirrt.

Die Sternlein.

Author Unknown.

"Und die Sonne macht den weiten
 Ritt
 Um die Welt.
 Und die Sternlein sprachen: Wir
 reisen mit
 Um de Welt.
 Und die Sonne sagte: Ihr bleibt zu
 Haus!
 Den ich brenne euch die Aenglein
 aus
 Bei dem feurigen Ritt um die
 Welt."

"Und die Sternlein gingen zum
 lieben Mon
 In der Nacht,
 Und sie sprachen: Du, der auf
 Wolken thront
 In der Nacht,
 Lass uns wandeln mit dir, denn
 dein milder Schein,
 Er verbrennt uns nimmer die
 Aenglein.
 Und er nahm sie, Gesellen der
 Nacht."

The Maid's Complaint.

Translated by Mrs. Ernestine Martin, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

I heard a sickle rushing,
 Yes, rushing through the clover.
 I heard a maid complaining
 That she had lost her lover.

The rushing, love, the rushing
 Will not bring back your lover.
 Another would I take then,
 Where violets grow, and clover.

Have you a maiden courted
 Where violets grow and clover?
 But I stand here so lonely—
 My heart is with my lover.

I hear a doe there rushing,
 Yes, rushing through the cover.
 I hear my love complaining
 That love must go forever.

The rushing, love, the rushing,
 It does impress me ever.
 The brooklets go on flowing
 And none is lost forever.

The Little Stars.

Translated by F. C. Johnson.

The sun started out for a journey
 far,
 Round the world.
 We will go too, said each little star,
 Round the world.
 But the sun replied, you stay at
 home,
 Or I'll burn out the eyes of all who
 come,
 In my fiery ride round the world.

Then the starlets went to the
 friendly moon,
 In the night,
 And asked as she sat on her cloud-
 girt throne,
 In the night,
 Let us journey with thee, for thy
 milder light
 Will never burn out our eyes so
 bright,
 And she took them, companions of
 night.

“Nun willkommen, Sternlein und
lieber Mond.

In der Nacht!

Ihr versteht, was still in dem Herzen
wohnt,

In der Nacht.

Kommt und zündet die himmlischen
Lichter an,

Dass ich lustig mitschwämen und
spielen kann

In den freundlichen Spielen der
Nacht.”

Now welcome dear moon and you
little stars,

In the night

You know what dwells in these
hearts of ours,

In the night.

Come set the heavenly lamps
aglow,

That I may revel and join below.

In the happy sports of the night.

HOCH DER KAISER.

Der Kaiser fon das Faterland,

Und Gott und I all dings command;

We two, ach, don't you understand?

MEINSELF—und Gott.

Vile some men sing der bower divine,

My soldiers sing “Die Wacht am Rhein,”

Und drink der health in Rhenish wine—

Of ME—und Gott.

There's France, she swaggers all around;

She's ausgespielt, she's no aggound;

To much, we dinks, she don't amound—

MEINSELF—und Gott.

She will not dare to fight again,

But if she should I'll show her blain

Dat Elsass (und in French) Loraine—

Are MEIN—by Gott.

Dere's Grandma, dinks she's nicht small bier,

Mit Boers und such she interfere;

She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere—

But ME—und Gott.

She dinks, good frau, some ships she's got,

Und soldiers mit der scarlet goat.

Ach! We could knock 'em—poof—like dot—

MEINSELF—mit Gott.

As Francis Scott Key wrote his immortal poem “The Star Spangled Banner” on board a battleship lying in Baltimore harbor in time of war, so Capt. “Jack” Myers of the Olympia Marines wrote the above song in the Manila harbor while Dewey's fleet was daily vexed by the German Admiral with his battleships. The trying and strained relations which then existed between the U. S. and these German sailors, and the super-sensitiveness of Germany, when Capt. Coghlan of the Raleigh returned to America and sang the song at a reception given him in New York City, are matters of history. It is for the preservation of this bit of rhyme, which has helped to punctuate important events, that it is here inserted, at a time when American and German battleships lie side by side in a Chinese port.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAUTAUQUA.

OUR historical pilgrimages have been circling about a spot familiar and dear to tens of thousands of all classes, races and sections, and we cannot afford to take our readers out of this section of our State without giving them a little side-trip and showing them about the place—Mt. Gretna. It is located in the heart of the South Mountains, nine miles southwest of Lebanon. Its purling streams, its sparkling foun-



A GLIMPSE OF LAKE CONEWAGO.

tains, its placid lake, the gentler and steeper undulations of its grounds, its pine and birch and variously wooded hillsides, its cooling breezes and redolent atmosphere, laden with fragrant odors of the arbutus and azalea, and a hundred wild blooms, and surcharged with the aromatized elixir of the balsam, pine and spruce give proof that Nature has done much for this spot. But man's hand and brain have supplemented the kindly dame's generosity and supplied it with the domestic comforts and the literary, musical and entertaining stimuli, which are sought by the refined and studious at summer-schools and Chautauqua assemblies during the hot months of every mid-summer. So the creation of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua—a product almost exclusively of the sons and daughters of the



UNDER THE PINES.



A MEDICINAL SPRING.

Pennsylvania-German stock—has for a decade of years afforded many of the most important brain-workers and busy toilers a most delightful opportunity to dwell for a season comfortably, restfully, recuperatively and every way profitably “near to dame Nature’s heart.”

Mt. Gretna has a history, as a picnic, a military, agricultural and religious encampment ground. Thousands of Sunday-school children over the State, now to manhood and womanhood grown, recall their first “excursion to Gretna” with happy delight, while the National Guard encampment for many years attracted hither the curious throngs from everywhere, and on special review-days the highest State and National officials,



THE AUDITORIUM.

from the President and the General-in-Chief down to the common and indiscriminate masses. Here were sworn into service the first body of all the volunteers for the Spanish war, called for by the President in 1898, and from hence marched forth some of the heroes, whose brave deeds or glorious deaths shall forever be associated with the story of the bringing of our new island possessions under the starry folds of our dear old flag. Here have assembled the kings and princes of the plow and the fertile soil. Here have been heard in the exposition of Holy Writ many an eloquent preacher and learned bishop.

It is the Chautauqua, however, which spreads for the intellectual and rest-seeker the best board, with its annual “feast of reason and flow of

soul." Its miniature city of the woods has all the comforts, conveniences and sanitary provisions of established municipal life, only that life is fed here by daily intellectual spices, the nerves soothed by restful waves dealt out in large allopathic doses, and the fevered brow fanned by the fairy breezes that infest mountain and woodland, virgin-streams and open sky. The feast for 1900 is spread and I know I will not give offence to its management by inviting all who can to partake of it. It is presided over by Dr. J. Max Hark, of Bethlehem, one of the best types of the Pennsylvania-Germanic stock, while the same blood flows in almost every member of his Board of Cooks.

A HISTORY OF THE GERMAN BAPTIST BRETHREN IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

We have recently read Prof. M. G. Brumbaugh's new work of the above title. At last a suitable chronicler has been found to write the history of this German church so numerous in Pennsylvania. Dr. Brumbaugh, who is one of the brightest literary stars of this communion, has accomplished the task in such a way that the work is a credit to himself and his church. By purchase of probably the finest private library of antiquarian documents and original literature treating on the pietistic sects of Pennsylvania, he came into possession of the best available data concerning this history; and he further pursued his investigations to the historic sources in the Fatherland, so that when the work was begun the matter was well in hand that was needful to produce a full and reliable history. The most painstaking care was taken in the selection and bringing together of this large storehouse of information. Hence the large volume is rich and reliable history, well arranged and well dished up. The book treats of the denomination's European origin, its transplanting to America, its principal leaders, its relation to other branches of the Baptist family of believers, gives a history of its oldest congregations, the achievements of the church especially its publishing houses, (having held several pioneer printers among its membership), and concludes with a chapter on the doctrine and growth of the church. The work is handsomely printed and bound, and illumined by a great many illustrations of churches, original letters and documents, and photos of tomb-stones, autographs and title pages of books. Altogether the volume is worthy of this church and becomes a necessity to every member desirous of having a knowledge of the rock from whence he was hewn, as it supplies students of the Germanic element in Pennsylvanian and American history with important data that could not elsewhere be secured. We commend it to every studious Pennsylvania-German. It can be secured from the Brethren Publishing House in Elgin, Ill., or from Mr. J. A. Myers, of Huntingdon, Pa.

Historical Pilgrimages into Pennsylvania-Germandom.

UP THE HISTORIC SUSQUEHANNA.

IT IS summer time. The spring flowers have bloomed. The trees are fully clad in their summer foliage. The birds have mated, nested and hatched out their young. The twitter of young birdlings is heard from many a leafy bower. The orchards have budded and blossomed and already the cherries are blushing with ripened fruit. The fields and meadows are waving with their tall-grown grains and grasses, the forests have woven and spread their green tents and lend us their grateful shade. The sun beats down perpendicularly from his zenith heights and drives man and beast to seek refuge in shady retreats. What better place to wander than along the banks of some cooling stream?

And so we come to take our pilgrimage in this mid-summer issue along the historic Susquehanna—Pennsylvania's chief river. Of course, we cannot canoe over all its long course. That would take many a day; for the river is nearly 500 miles in length. But we shall try to take about thirty miles of its majestic sweep through our great State, where it laves the banks most familiar to the German settlers of Pennsylvania. We shall take our stroll up the eastern bank from Columbia to Harrisburg and chat of the stream of history that has washed up and down this shore during the past two centuries of the State's development. Having drifted down the stream from our last stopping place, with the idle fisherman in his canoe upon its bosom, let us anchor our craft at Columbia and fish for events of historic worth and interest up the beautiful river.

Susquehanna! beautiful and charming; now tame and placid, then wild and furious; now promoting thrift and civilization, then destructive and frantic with rage;—whose waves have sung lullabies to untold generations of red-men, and on whose bosom hosts of German pilgrims were kindly borne on in search of a peaceful home! We come nigh worshipping thee, who art forever changing and yet ever the same! We beg thy protection and the charm and benediction of thy grateful influence as we hug thy bank in this pilgrimage! Speak of poety! Who would not be inspired to feel thy spell or sing thy praises were he permitted constantly to dwell in sight of thee?

And so the Susquehanna has been burdened with song and legend from its source to its mouth. Even such English bards as Coleridge, Southey and Campbell enshrined it in verse, not one of whom had ever seen or ever saw the stream. Of American singers, Whittier, Geo. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, W. H. C. Hosmer, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. Eliz. F. Ellet, Alexander Wilson, the American ornithologist, and our own Pennsylvania poets, Thomas Buchanan Read and

Lloyd Mifflin, are the most noted. And we must hear them ere our journey begins. What more beautiful than this from Read's "New Pastoral"?

"I have seen
 In lands less free, less fair, but far more known,
 The streams which flow through history, and wash
 The legendary shores—and cleave in twain
 Old towns and capitals, dividing oft.
 Great empires and estates of petty kings
 And princes, whose domains full many a field,
 Rustling with maize along our native West,
 Outmeasures and might put to shame, and yet
 Nor Rhine, like Bacchus crowned and reeling through
 His hills,—nor Danube, marred with tyranny,
 His dull waves moaning on Hungarian shores.
 Nor rapid Po, his opaque waters pouring
 Athwart the fairest, fruitfulest and worst
 Enslaved of European lands—nor Seine
 Winding uncertain through inconstant France,
 Are half so fair as thy broad stream, whose breast
 Is gemmed with many isles, and whose proud name
 Shall yet become among the names of rivers
 A synonym of beauty—Susquehanna."

And now listen to Mr. Mifflin's tribute as given in "My Native Stream":

"To Vallambrosian valleys let them go,
 To steep Sorrento, or where ilex trees
 Cast their gray shadows o'er Sicilian seas;
 Dream at La Conca d'Oro, catch the glow
 Of sunset on the Ischian hills, and know
 The blue Ionian inlets, where the breeze,
 Leaving some snow-white temple's Phidian frieze,
 Wafts their light shallop languorously slow.
 Let me be here, far off from Zante's shore.
 Where Susquehanna spreads her liquid miles,
 To watch the circles from the dripping oar,
 To see her halcyon dip; her eagle soar;
 To drift at evening round her Indian isles,
 Or dream at noon beneath the sycamore."

And so has the lake whence the river finds its birth, and the stream itself, been enshrined in story and legend. Cooper, in his *Leather Stocking Tales*, and his daughter, Susan Fennimore, are perhaps the most famous for those who have woven this river into the pages of honored prose fiction. The chroniclers of three States and more have not yet ended, as the stream itself is ever flowing, in recording the current of events transpiring upon its historic banks.

COLUMBIA.

Beginning with Columbia in this sketch may seem arbitrary, but it is not. First, we have but a day to give to our outing, and we fancy till we reach the capital city we shall all have had enough of the Susquehanna for one dose. Besides, we shall reach other parts of the stream, both above and below, in other trips and from other town-centers.

Surely many noteworthy historic events cluster about this queenly town of the Susquehanna, guarding still, as in the days of rebel invasion, the garden county of the State, on whose soil it is built. It is co-equal in age with its twin village, Wrightsville, guarding its opposite bank on Germanic York county. Both maiden towns have had lofty aspirations in the past, and both have seen events of which they may well feel proud. And while the two towns occupy opposite banks of a mile-wide river, and belong to separate counties, they are linked together by historic events and a railroad bridge that seals their marriage, like a wedding ring. And what God and Nature and the providence of history has joined together, let no chronicler dare to put asunder.

In 1789, when the National Capital was about to be permanently fixed by Congress, the lower branch, on September 4 of that year, passed a resolution "that the permanent seat of the General Government ought to be in some convenient place on the banks of the Susquehanna river, in the State of Pennsylvania." Now, as there had been a ferry here since 1733, which served as an important link of traffic and communication between the North and South, this place was most strongly urged. Middletown and Harris' Ferry were other places thought and spoken of. The selection of Columbia, or Wright's Ferry, was largely urged by the New England and Northern members, while the Southern members urged the present site on the Potomac. It is said that through their log-rolling, under the political leadership of Thomas Jefferson, a Pennsylvanian was won over and the case lost for Columbia. Though defeated, it is doubtless this ambition that gave the newly-born village its proud and patriotically-significant name. It would prove interesting to present here the arguments advanced by the politicians of that day. It was claimed that John Wright had located his ferry at the very center of the young nation's wealth, population and influence. Even Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, went so far as to advance the statement that it was "perfectly romantic to think of any settlement or development of the 'unmeasurable wilderness' west of the Ohio," which sentiment was echoed by all his colleagues.

The handsome steel bridge which serves as the wedding ring in the union of these twin towns, is the third one in order since first the historic ferry-boat was replaced by the first bridge highway. A fierce hurricane of September 29, 1896, yet well remembered by all throughout this section, swept its predecessor from its piers into the river, a mass of tangled and broken debris—a great ruin. The Pennsylvania Railroad, which owns and uses it, restored its ruined highway across the stream the following spring, and in 21 days completed the task of its construction. The bridge is 100 feet longer than a mile, has a weight of 7,000 tons, has a

driveway and pathway for foot-passengers besides its double line of steel rails. The second bridge was the successor of the original covered wooden bridge, which was destroyed by the citizens of Columbia during the time of the Rebel invasion into Pennsylvania, on Sunday night, June 28, 1863, just before the battle of Gettysburg, which makes this time and region memorable as the "high-water mark of the Rebellion."

Gen. Robert E. Lee's forces, under Gen. John B. Gordon—since Governor and United States Senator from Georgia, who here commanded a section of Gen. Jubal Early's division—drove across this bridge on that day a small force of militia and Union troops, then stationed at Wrightsville, and it was these defenders who set the first bridge on fire to prevent the Southerners from crossing it into Columbia. Soon their presence was demanded at Gettysburg, and history has recorded how the boys in blue, under the gallant Pennsylvania commanders, brought them to terms. Though thirty-seven years ago, that conflict can never be effaced from memory or history's tablet.

And all this history and traffic has followed the location, in pioneer days, of a ferry by John Wright, whose descendants, for two generations, here helped on the westward tide of emigration. It is said that at some periods traffic was so brisk that it was required of emigrants often to wait a few days before their turn came to be shipped across with families, furniture and stock. It was this family of Wrights who bravely and determinedly fought the encroachments of Marylanders on Penn's soil in that early time of border warfare. It was the original Wright's grandson, Samuel, who founded Columbia, and whose house of stone is still standing on what is now the second street from the river. Its sesqui-centennial history is full of interesting events. It served as a fort for the alarmed settlers in the neighborhood after Braddock's defeat. Here lived Susanna Wright, a remarkable Colonial dame, of extraordinary intellect applied in a most versatile way. Through Benj. Franklin, who was her personal friend and correspondent, she presented the Queen of England with a piece of silk, whose raw product was of her own culture here, by means of a large number of silk-worms, whose raw fabric she had woven into silk goods in Paris. From the Queen she received in turn a silver tankard, yet in the hands of the Wright family. A silk-mill marks the spot where this Colonial Quakeress raised the first silk in America.

There is an old rolling-mill office near the river, within town limits, which was once the home of Robert Barber, high sheriff of Lancaster county, about 1740, about which building cluster scenes of a historic nature. Nearby Barber had built a log jail, in which he had confined for a time James Annesley, subsequently a notorious claimant, in England, of the Earldom of Anglesey. The story of Annesley's adventures are contained in Charles Reade's novel, "The Wandering Heir," and is also incorporated into portions of Scott's "Guy Mannering," Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," and a fourth novel, "Florence McCarthy."

Columbia is famous also in history as the terminus of a well-patronized "under-ground railroad," of ante-bellum days, when many a negro

slave found his freedom by this route. William Wright, a grandson of the pioneer, here aided these refugees, and from the fact that many never got farther than Columbia and the nearby river towns, the presence of a large number of quite flourishing colored folks today is accounted for.

Columbia today is a pleasant town of about 12,000 inhabitants. It is situated on sloping grounds on the east river bank. Its higher and resi-



MR. LLOYD MIFFLIN.

dent portion is studded with lovely houses and churches, and its streets lined with shade trees. Considerable wealth is represented here and a fair degree of talent. It is here where resides the talented lyric poet of the Susquehanna, Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, quotations from whose sonnets have already been made.

CHICQUES ROCK.

Columbia is provided with steam and trolley accommodations in every direction, so we take the next car for Chicques, hoping to escape the terrible accident which here befell a number of Sunday excursionists a few years ago. After a circuitous route we will reach the summit of Chicques Rock, a palisade boldly jutting out at a bend of the river, two miles above Columbia, that affords a most magnificent view of the river for 20 miles in both directions. Here it was that our poet just named was inspired to sing his song to "The Susquehanna from the Cliff."

"Upon Salunga's laureled brow at rest,
With evening and with thee, as in a dream,
Life flows unrippled even as thy stream,
Below the islands jewel all thy breast.
The dying glories of the crimson West
Are mirrored on thy surface till they seem
Another sunset, and we fondly deem
The splendors endless, e'en as those possessed
In youth, which sink, alas! to duller hue
As years around us darken and but few
Faint stars appear, as now appear in thee.
How softly around thy clustered rocks of blue
Thou murmurest onward! Oh! may we pursue
Our way as calmly to the eternal sea."

To this rocky cliff, the scenery reminding travelers of the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, picnickers come to find recreation from jaded nerves, or inspiration for future duties, or else poetic mental flights. The river winds majestically around its base a few hundred feet beneath. Freight trains creep in serpentine fashion about it, only that they move more swiftly and noisily. The paddling of a canoe or two upon the river's bosom adds to the charm which, in Mrs. Browning's phrase, made this matchless landscape of land and water such a miracle of God's handiwork of undulating beauty, as if "His finger touched but did not press in making it." To see this scene at twilight is to catch the spell that made Mifflin sing:

"The evening comes; the boatman, with his net,
Poles his canoe and leaves it on the shore;
So low the stream he does not use the oar;
The umber rocks rise like a parapet.

"Up through the purple and the violet,
And the faint-heard, never-ending roar
Of moving waters lessens more and more,
While each vague object looms a silhouette.

"The light is going, but low overhead
Poises the glory of the evening star;
The fisher, silent on the rocky bar,
Drops his still line in pools of fading red;
And in the sky, where all the day lies dead,
The clouded moon unsheathes her scimitar."

But we must turn aside and enter the palatial homestead of one of the most honored of Pennsylvania-German sons—the Haldeman home—which adorns this rocky height. The homestead is now occupied by Horace L. Haldeman, Esq., and family—he being the son of Prof. Samuel S. Haldeman, of scientific fame. We have singled out this illustrious naturalist as the subject for a future sketch in our album of famous Pennsylvania-Germans, and shall have to content ourselves with the mere mention now of the fact that here dwelled, during all his busy years, during which he climbed to the highest round of fame's ladder in his special department of the study of rocks and shells, and then of philology, the author of 200 scientific memoirs and long the professor of natural sciences, later of comparative philology in the University of Pennsylvania. The site was given him by his father, where, in 1835, this rising scholar erected his stately mansion and fitted it and the grounds out as a fit dwelling-place for a gifted man of taste and research.

The courtesy of his son, present owner and inmate, will repay every trouble of scaling this hill-top.

MARIETTA.

But we must go and get a glimpse of the next town, Marietta, just two miles above. It is noted for its iron furnaces and foundries, in which industries its past history is one of prosperity. Its population of about 2,500, has long been principally employed by those iron works, stretching along the railroad tracks. Opposite the river from this point are located a number of pleasure resorts, chief of which is Wild Cat Glen, through which a wild little current from the hillside, that lies to the right bank of the river, pitches and tumbles its waters in pretty cascades into the larger stream.

From Marietta a detour of two miles to the northeast would bring us to Maytown, where, in a small farm-dwelling was born, in 1799, the man who for nearly a generation was the leader in Pennsylvania politics, and who filled cabinet positions and represented our nation at foreign courts—Simon Cameron. His wife was a Pennsylvania-German, Brua by name, so that her son, J. Donald, carried the same noble blood into the United States Senate and the Department of War. Through the generosity of Mrs. Cameron, a Lutheran till her death, the old homestead has years ago been presented as a parsonage to the Lutheran congregation of this place. Here we are not far from Donegal Presbyterian church, but this we visited in our last trip.

Between Marietta and Bainbridge are several old homesteads that are

worthy of mention, as they are models for beauty from the Colonial standpoint and land-marks of typical Pennsylvania-German home-life for several generations. They were the homes of the Brenamans and Haldemans, who at one time owned nearly all the land along the Susquehanna from Conoy Creek to the present village of Rowenna. These two families were intermarried.

The first of these homesteads, two miles below Bainbridge, is that of Melchoir Breneman and his descendants, who resided here to within a very recent date. The home is a large stone mansion, rough-coated and painted white, with an immense and lofty portico, supported by Doric columns, and extending along the entire frontage of the edifice. It bespeaks rural comfort and tells a story of substantial thrift in the century that is past.

About half a mile north is the old Haldeman home, built originally by William Chesney, an Englishman, and sold May 11, 1767, to Melchoir Brenaman, who resided here till February, 1778, when he conveyed the property to his son-in-law, Mr. John Haldeman (1753-1832) and where he reared his family, whose son Henry (1787-1849), the father of Prof. S. S. Haldeman, later (1871) built another fine stone mansion at the mouth of Conoy Creek, just beyond, where the professor and all his brothers and sisters were born. We wish we had space to show all these historic homes.

We next come to Bainbridge, a respectable town a number of miles farther north, which had a considerable sprinkling of Germanic population and history, as is evidenced by its German patronymics and churches of the Germanic types. The bosom of the river about here is studded with island-gems, and is fed by numerous streams from either side perpetuating the Indian nomenclature, such as the Conewago, Conewingo, Conodoguinet, Conestoga, Catoctin, Codorus, Conoy and Swatara.

We have reached Falmouth, the confluence of the Conewago creek, with its larger "mother of waters." The guide in our last pilgrimage has told us of this spot. The Conewago Rapids of the river at this place, for a long time formed the chief obstacle to the river's navigation by boats and rafts, which, in 1797, led to the building of a short piece of canal on the west bank, around which sprung up the village of York Haven. This village was for a generation, before the Pennsylvania canal and railroad supplanted boating and rafting on the river, one of the most important business centers of this section. Baltimore capitalists established here big flouring mills, a nail factory, homes and a summer resort, where, in 1824, Gen. Lafayette was entertained. A wonderful building boom characterized its early history, but today the chief industry of this "paper city" is the Conewingo Paper Mills. I have alluded to this town along the river principally to mention the fact that John Kreider, a Pennsylvania-German, of Huntingdon, Pa., was the first to shoot the rapids here with a cargo of flour for Baltimore, which act gave birth to the canal idea at York Haven, and the further fact that Gen. Lewis Cass, then Secretary of War, came nigh losing his life here in 1834. He was on his way from

York Haven to visit Gen. Simon Cameron. His ferryman, losing the way in the foggy and stormy night, they drifted about for hours in extreme peril of their lives. Prospects are that York Haven may again become famous when the river shall be harnessed at this point, as is contemplated, to furnish electric power for the city of York.

MIDDLETOWN.

And now, going three miles farther, we come to Portsmouth, the lower part and forerunner of Middletown, which claims to be the oldest town in the present Dauphin county, and will be ready in five years to celebrate its sesqui-centennial. It was so named because it was mid-way betwixt the older towns of Lancaster and Carlisle, and was of importance thirty years before the town at Harris' Ferry was born, which latter has since grown into the county-seat and the proud capital of the State. For both these honors Middletown was a jealous rival. It was within one of a majority when the vote was taken, nearly a century ago, to fix permanently the State's capital. While it then lost its opportunity as a rival of Harrisburg, it has since grown into a beautiful and enterprising town of lovely homes and churches and of many enterprising business plants. The principal industries today are the National Tube Co., employing about 1,200 hands; the car-works, hosiery mills, furniture manufactory, shirt and hosiery factories and large flouring mills. Its 4,000 population worship in nine churches, mostly of German origin.

The Pennsylvania-German shaped the founding and unfolding of this town. The few Scotch-Irish and Quaker settlers having passed their estates over into the hands of a German, the town was laid out on his land, from which fact ground rentals are collected to this day by his estate. Upon a portion of this 500-acre farm, known as the Frey estate, is located the Emmaus Orphan Institute, where, for over sixty years, has been maintained, according to the donor's bequest, a school for orphaned children, who are to be indoctrinated carefully in the tenets of the Lutheran faith, while a liberal general education is to be provided. This donor and, with Mr. I. W. Fisher, part founder of the town, was George Frey. His name originally was not Frey but Everhart. Mr. Sherman Day, the historian of Pennsylvania, in his history of the State, published in 1843, has this to say on the point in question:

"When Mr. Fisher, the founder of the town, first came to this place, he used to hire George, who was then a penniless German lad, to assist in ploughing his fields and clearing up his new land. George lived with Mr. Fisher some years, until he had saved a little fund; but his ambition looked above the plough, and investing his money in a stock of trinkets, finery and other articles for Indian traffic, he mounted his pack and started up the Susquehanna. Passing the mountains he encountered a party of soldiers from the garrison of Ft. Hunter, who arrested him as a runaway redemptioner (a servant who had been sold for a time to pay his passage from Europe, a character common in those days, and far more consistent with George's appearance and language than that of a pedler) for what

pedler, said they, would risk life and property thus alone and on foot on this dangerous Indian frontier? 'Ich bin frey, ich bin frey,' (I am free) repeated George earnestly in German, in reply to their charges. He succeeded in convincing them of his independence, and went with them to the garrison, where he became quite a favorite, the soldiers knowing him by no other name than 'Frey,' which they had caught from his first reply to them. He sold out his pack at a fine profit, and continued to repeat his adventures, still passing as George Free, until he was able to start a little store in Middletown, and he afterwards erected a mill. Near the close of the revolution, when the old continental money was gradually depreciating, George, who always kept both eyes open, continued to be on the right side of the account, so that instead of losing, he gained immensely by the depreciation; and, in short, by dint of untiring industry, close economy, sharp bargains and lucky financiering, George at length became, on a small scale, the Stephen Girard of his village, and owned a great part of the real estate in and around the town. He had not, however, all the good things in life: although he was married heaven had never blessed him with children—a circumstance which he bitterly regretted, as certain worthy fathers of the Lutheran Church can testify. The property, therefore, of the childless man was destined to cheer and educate the fatherless children of a succeeding age. He died in 1807 or 1808 and a splendid seminary erected about the year 1840 is the monument of George Frey's benevolence."

Besides the Frey plantation there is another landed estate adjoining the town which has become widely known in this and foreign countries for its extent in acreage, its agricultural richness and its architectural beauty. Here its late proprietor, a life-long resident of Middletown, known familiarly as the Pennsylvania farmer-king, Col. James Young, showed the world the best results a typical Pennsylvania-German farmer can produce in the raising of fine and blooded stock and the cultivation of richest farm crops and the scenic effects of doing up a farm. Who has not heard of the fine farms of Col. Young? Or who has not feasted his eyes upon his fourteen continuous farms, on the outskirts of Middletown, overlooking the majestic river and bordering for a mile or two that celebrated highway of public travel between the east and the west—the Pennsylvania railroad. The farms have been visited by multitudes of earth's curious and noble.

For many years their hospitable owner took delight in showing his visitors over his little empire of improved acres. He revealed to many a noted American and not a few distinguished Englishmen wonders of agricultural richness and beauty, so that Queen Sheba's confession to King Solomon was oft repeated, that "the half had not been told." Among these visitors may be named Gen. U. S. Grant, Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, Andrew Carnegie, Gen. Hancock, Hon. James G. Blaine, the Camerons, the Duke of Sunderland, the editor of the "London Field," who publishes the farmer-king's praises abroad, and many titled commissioners from Great Britain, Russia, etc., etc., who attended the Centennial Exposition in 1876. The Duke of Sunderland, on taking leave, re-

marked that now, having seen a real Pennsylvania-Dutchman, he was anxious to see a live New England Yankee, so he might make a comparison, intimating, however, that the Dutchman had probably outdone the Yankee. For every building (and they are all models of their kind), plant, stone, tree, roadway, walk, implement, machinery, head of live-stock, and kind and method of fertilization, received the personal supervision of this prince of farmers, who here made himself lord of fourteen of the most perfect farms in any part of the world.

Concerning the personality of Mr. Young it may be said that he was a typical off-shoot of our Pennsylvania-German stock. His paternal



THE OLD WASHINGTON HOUSE, MIDDLETOWN.

grandfather, Peter Young, was a revolutionary fighter of lieutenant rank, hailing from Sinking Spring and belonging to the Berks county militia. His maternal grandfather, David Ettla, a German immigrant, settling about 1756 near present site of Middletown, was one of the three trustees appointed by the King of England to raise the necessary funds for building old Saint Peter's Lutheran church of town, in discharge of which functions he is said to have "walked from Middletown to Philadelphia, through what was then a desolate and almost impassable section of the State." It was his youngest daughter, Sophia, who became the wife of Peter Young's eldest son and namesake, Peter Young, Jr., and these were the parents of Col. James Young. They resided near Swatara Hill and in

Middletown the greater part of their married life. From 1835 to 1844 they had charge of the Washington House, one of the oldest hostleries of the town, and here James helped his father in business and got his start in life, earning the first hundred dollars as hostler and boot-black. He became stage-driver, boatman, lumber dealer, farmer, bank-director, railroad contractor and supply agent, stone quarrier, and immense investor and promoter of the chief industries of his town, of most of which he was incorporator, director, superintendent or investor, thus proving himself one of Middletown's most useful and enterprising citizens. His son, James Cameron Young, is successor, as executor of his estate, and it was through his efforts that Camp Meade, during our late Spanish and Philippine wars, was located on the Central or Homestead farm. Thus this estate received a new historic charm and will be remembered by hosts of our boys in blue and hordes of curious and illustrious visitors, who frequented this encampment. Many of the former went from here to fight for or perish in the cause of expansion in our distant island possessions of the Pacific.

Another character of Middletown deserves mention in this historic pilgrimage. This is the chronicler of the town, Mr. C. H. Hutchison. Although neither a native of the town, nor a German by birth, he has so identified himself with the place, during the last 17 years' residence here, that he has thrice been honored with the office of chief burgess and has endeared himself to the people by his intelligence, integrity and personal interest that he is a popular favorite of the town and the recognized historian of the place. His "Chronicles of Middletown" are expected soon to be issued in book form. His wide experience in business, travel, warfare and newspaper writing, makes him a most congenial man to meet, and the historical pilgrim who passes through Middletown, without a call upon this local historian, has not only missed many pointers of interest, but a rare social and intellectual treat.

We cannot stop to speak of the many worthies residing here and the surging stream of population that is daily carried through this town by train, trolley, stage and coach. Nor can we enumerate the illustrious visitors that have been in town. Yet we must except the mention of Gen. Lafayette, who in 1824 was a guest of the town. Before leaving it, however, let me call attention to a few of the older buildings that should be visited by pilgrims and visitors.

We name, first of all, the old Frey homestead and store on Main street. It is a large stone mansion, characteristic of the Colonial period. It is at present occupied by Mr. William Croll, the principal of the Emmaus Institute, and many an old relic of the original proprietor may here be seen. Nearly opposite this stately mansion is the old Cameron home, where J. Donald was born and reared to manhood, and where his father, the general, founded and maintained the old Middletown, now First National Bank. In this town also was born Christian K. Ross, the father of the unfortunate Charlie, whose kidnapping has become the sad story that has traveled to the end of the earth.



ST. PETER'S LUTHERAN CHURCH, MIDDLETOWN. Erected 1767.

Doubtless the most interesting architectural relic of the place, however, is the old St. Peter's Lutheran church, erected in 1767, shortly after the founding of the town. It is probably the oldest Lutheran church edifice still standing within the limits of the county. Its chief promoters, Peter Woltz, George Frey, Dietrick Schoball, Christian Roth and David Ettla, received deed of George Fisher and Hannah, his wife, September 18, 1764. Cost of lot was 7s. 6d. Rental fee was one grain of wheat per annum, payable each successive first of May. A license was later granted to raise 1,200 lbs. for the erection of a church. Three years later the church was erected of red sand-stone. "The corner-stone was laid by Col. James Burd, in presence of Rev. T. Engelland, the first pastor, N. Hornell, Conrad Bucher and the church wardens and elders, John C. Roth, John Metzgar, George Philip Shage, Gottlieb D. Ettla and Jacob King, together with the Building Committee. There were placed in the corner-stone, a German Bible, a shorter catechism of Martin Luther printed in Philadelphia in 1764, a pint bottle of wine, and some money in Pennsylvania currency.

"The first floor in the building was of bricks that were nine inches square. The pews were narrow, with high, straight backs. The pulpit, a huge Martin-box, supported by a post eight or ten feet high, was reached by a narrow winding stair; over it like an immense extinguisher, hung a sounding board. At first there were no provisions for heating, but stoves were introduced sixty years later, they being capable of receiving into their interior sticks of wood four feet in length.

"In 1830 the brick floor was replaced by a wooden one, the straight-back pews gave way to more comfortable ones, a new pulpit was erected with steps on either side and a recess underneath where the pastor could prepare for his duties, and other changes were made. Five years later the lecture room, now converted into dwellings, was built, and in 1855 the parsonage on High street was erected.

"The pastors of the church from 1767 to 1867 were the Revs. J. T. Engelland, 1767-1773; T. F. Illig, 1773-1778; J. Kurtz, 1788-1793; P. Pentz, 1793-1795; H. Miller, 1795-1803; J. D. Peterson, 1803-1812; F. C. Schaeffer, 1812-1815; G. Lochman, 1815-1826; A. H. Lochman, 1826-1830; J. H. Van Hoff, 1830-34; P. Sahm, 1834-1837; S. D. Finckel, 1837-1840; Vogelbach, 1844-1847; L. Gerhart, 1847-1848; W. M. Baum, 1848-1852; B. Sadtler, 1855-1856; C. J. Ehrehart, 1856-1865, and P. Raby, 1865-1872.

"In 1872 Rev. J. W. Finkbiner was elected pastor, and during his administration it was found that the old edifice was fast becoming too small for the large congregation.

"It might be of interest to know that the rental of one grain of wheat per year was paid on September 4, 1867; on that occasion one hundred grains of wheat, enclosed in a silken bag were sent as full satisfaction to Hon. Robert J. Fisher, of York, the oldest of the living legal heirs of George Fisher, who sold the church lot to the congregation. Many prominent men of the State and distinguished clergymen were present on that occasion."

On its front elevation the church bears a stone with this inscription:

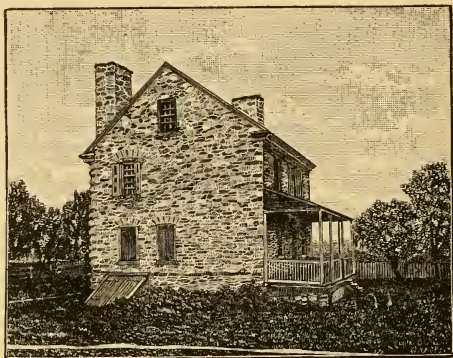


We must allude briefly to another historical event of this old borough ere taking final leave. This is the extreme manifestation of the fanatical religious excitement known as the Millerite movement. While manifest also in Harrisburg, Mechanicsburg, etc., it reached its highest pitch in Middletown, where the disciples of Rev. William Miller, founder of the Second Adventist sect had found rich soil in the propagation of their excitable beliefs. By means of zealous preaching and sensational illustrated lectures, these missionaries had so worked up the feelings of this community about the years 1842-43, concerning the definite date of the world's end that on a certain night during 1843, a score or more, in the firm belief that on the morrow the Lord Jesus would come from heaven, clad in white robes, left their homes, repaired to the house of Jacob Shelly, one of their adherents, who lived on Hill Island, in the river, and finding the highest point in the island, knelt down and prayed, looking for their Lord's return. It is useless to say that they were duped. But it would not be safe to infer that they were either knaves or fools. They represented the best people of the town for piety and religious devotion. Only they were misled by fanatical zealots. Their return to their homes the following day one can imagine was in a chagrined, crest-fallen and disappointed state of mind. Their defense, however, was that it was but a miscalculation in the date of the Scriptural prophecies concerning this coming event.

But we must now loiter no longer. Our long delay in this old town of Portsmouth (Middletown), at the confluence of the Swatara and the Susquehanna, necessitates the hastening of our steps towards the goal of our pilgrimage. Having therefore passed out of town by way of the pike northward, and having now Col. Young's farms in the rear (the earlier deeds of which tracts reveal such German names as Stoner, Bomberger and ex-Governor Joseph Hiester), we pass the grave of Capt. John Stoner, of Revolution days, who sleeps here, to the north of the pike, in a private burial plot. An antiquated school house on the Bomberger place has long been known by the name of "Baden," to perpetuate the ancestral

home in the Fatherland. Next we come to the Kunkel farm, originally a part of the Tinian estate—the property of Col. James Burd, of eminent rank and service in the Revolutionary war. Here on the heights of the northern ridge, lived and died that Scotch-born American veteran, whose valor led forth hosts of his countrymen from this section to fight the battles of American freedom and independence. Many of his patriotic deeds are recorded on history's page and his quaint writings (letters and accounts) are preserved in the archives of the State.

We will insert but one specimen of the letter for the sake of giving us a flavor of those dark days one hundred and fifty years ago:



TINIAN, THE RESIDENCE OF COL. BURD. Erected 1764.

(Gov. Morris to Capt. Burd.)

P'da, 3rd Feb'ry, 1756.

S'r:—I have just received ye melancholy Acc't of a fresh party of Indians falling again upon ye settlement on Juniata, & of their having murder'd & carry'd off above 15 of ye People there, as I suppose you must have heard.

(To Gov. Morris.)

Sir:—I am informed that they are entirely out of all manner of Provisions at Fort Granville, which is a very bad situation, as the enemy are Cons'tantly Visiting them; they have wounded two men within sight of ye Fort, & one of ye men's lives is despaired of, they would have Carried off one of them had not Lewt. Ward rushed out of the Fort and Rescued

him. I could wish we had a Surgeon & Medicines, we shall lose one-half of our men with perhaps slight wounds, purely for want of Assistance.

I am most Respectfully,

Your Hon'rs

Most Obed't humble Serv't,

JAMES BURD.

I hope ye Governor will excuse this scrawl, as there is a Scarcity of Quills here.

His record in both the French and Indian war, when he accompanied the expedition against Fort Duquesne, and in the Revolutionary struggle, is very distinguished, and his journal proves interesting reading. His wife was a daughter of Edward Shappen, Esq., of Lancaster, and at the founding of Middletown he located about two miles north, and built his home upon a large estate which he named "Tinian." This house is still standing, the same iron knocker on the door of what was the general's happy home to the end of his days. The farm is now the property of a Pennsylvania-German—Michael Ulrich by name

When Col. Burd died held the office of Associate County Judge. He and his wife were buried in the Presbyterian burial ground of Middletown, whence, in 1860, they, with others, were taken up and buried in the new and beautiful cemetery, located on the high grounds at the edge of town. Near the entrance, on two large marble slabs, lying side by side, are the following inscriptions:

Col. James Burd,
Born at Ormiston, Scotland,
March 10th, 1726.
Died at Tinian, Oct. 5th, 1798,
Aged 67 years, 6 month, -
And 25 days.

Sarah Burd,
Born February 22nd, 1731.
Died at Tinian, Sept. 17th, 1784.
Aged 53 years, 6 months,
And 25 days.

This old Presbyterian graveyard had held before their removal the ashes of other illustrious Scotch-Irish settlers, among which names we mention Rev. John Cross, pastor; Elder Gibson, Job Lockhart, McCammon (Dr. James), who one and one-fourth century ago was born in the county of Doron, Ireland, a graduate in medicine from Edinburg University; Moore, McFann, McCord, McMurry, McKibbin, McClelland, McKinney (Mary), mother of Judge McKinney; Price, Russel, Thompson, etc.

HIGHSPIRE.

After passing another farm or two, we come to Highspire, a small town, with a fair quota of homes, stores, shops, schools and churches.

Doubtless it has sent forth many noble actors into the field of wider usefulness, and probably its list of those who have achieved greatness is a long one, but this journal cares to mention but one son in this connection—that of Mr. E. W. S. Parthemore, an enterprising business and insurance man of the capital city, who has a reputation as a local historian, and who enjoys the distinction of being an ex-President of the Pennsylvania-German Society. From Highspire we must take a detour of a mile or two to the north to visit the town of Churchville or Oberlin, a small village, where stood one of the earliest churches of this section, long known as the “Neidig Meeting House,” because built by a German Mennonite of that name, Rev. “Johannes Neydig.” This “meeting house” was long a land-mark in the community, and it is claimed that the acorns of this antiquated religious oak have spread far about its stem, and that no less than seventy younger “meeting houses”—mostly of United Brethren persuasion—have grown up in Dauphin and Lebanon counties as a result of this venerable tree of the Lord’s planting, while yet we were under King George’s dominion. When, a half-century ago, it was proposed to tear down the old building and replace it with a new structure, a quaintly-worded petition of protest was gotten out in opposition by “John Keenbortz” and some of his “nabors.” Yet the protest did not prevail, and so the new church marks the spot, and concerning the old historic church it may be said:

“The worshipers are scattered now,
Who knelt before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of ‘Auld Lang Syne.’”

Father Neydig came from the Tulpehocken and sleeps in the shadow of the new church, after serving the Mennonite and United Brethren churches for 53 years, aged 78 years, 9 months and 1 day.

STEELTON.

Few miles of small truck farms intervene between Highspire and Steelton, the next town to the northwest. This is a new town or city, built up chiefly by the Pennsylvania Steel Company, whose immense industrial plants are located here. Around these has sprung up within thirty-five years a substantial suburb of Harrisburg, now numbering between 10,000 and 12,000 inhabitants, and one of the busiest centres for far and near. In 1865 Messrs. Rudolph F. and H. A. Kelker, now of Harrisburg, commenced the sale of first building lots, into which their farms were cut up. The mail facilities then were poor, “now and then.” Now the buildings of the great steel plant located here stretch for a mile along the lines of the Pennsylvania railroad tracks, and 7,000 men find constant employment here. In 1869, when this industry was located here, there were only six houses in the place. Today Uncle Sam’s mail carriers daily deliver to thousands of homes the messages of friends from all the world.

In the three miles that stretch between Steelton and Harrisburg, are fine properties, the old deeds of which reveal such German names as Heagy, Frantz, Seiders, Bombaugh, Mohn, Kelper, Nissley, etc., etc. The Lochiel Rolling Mills were long operated about midway between these two cities, but have been abandoned a few years ago. The Lochiel mansion is still kept up as the property of ex-United States Senator J. Donald Cameron, and few finer homesteads or well-kept grounds can anywhere be found.

But we are on the outskirts of Harrisburg, and as Roberts has taken Johannesburg and Pretoria, we will, without further ceremony, take again this capital city of the State that has so kindly nursed as a colony the forbears of my party of Pennsylvania-German excursionists—the best integer in the product of the great American Nation. As Grant ate his 4th of July dinner in Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, in 1863, so we will eat ours in Harrisburg on the Susquehanna, in this year of grace 1900.

Information has reached us of the death of Prof. R. A. Grider, of Canajoharie, N. Y., the noted antiquarian, who contributed one of the choice and important poems of our last issue.



“Onkel Jeff,” alias Dr. T. J. Rhoads, of Boyertown, Pa., who gave us the poem, “Unner em Walnissbaum,” in our last issue, has since been appointed a surgeon in our army and is now on duty in Manila. Whether appointment was due to this contribution or to his Pennsylvania-German, we are not prepared to say.



Mr. Joseph Bolt, of Brooklyn, Florida, a gritty specimen of our stock, is prepared to prove that the killing out of orange groves in Florida was a blessing to the State. He is engaged in cultivating more hardy and profitable fruits and can furnish valuable information to would-be investors and home-seekers upon application—when postage stamp is enclosed.



In the matter of the Gen. S. P. Heintzelman genealogy, the editor fell into the mistake of taking his grandfather as the same Heintzelman, who married Conrad Weiser's daughter. Information since received shows that it was Rev. J. D. Mattheus Heintzelman, of Philadelphia, who was son-in-law to Conrad Weiser, and that he died twenty-four hours before his only son was born, who was named Israel, in honor of Provost Acrelius, who lost his life in Ebenezer, Ga., in 1774, as result of an accident, on the eve of his contemplated marriage (See Mann's "Life of Muhlenberg," pp. 285, 286).

BARON STIEGEL'S PRAYER.

Written on the Fly-leaf of his Hymn Book during Imprisonment.

"Honored and truthful God, Thou hast in Thy laws earnestly forbidden lying and false witness, and hast commanded on the contrary that the truth shall be spoken.

"I pray Thee with all my heart that Thou wouldst prevent my enemies who, like snakes, are sharpening their tongues and who, although I am innocent, seek, assassin-like, to harm and ridicule me, and defend my cause and abide faithfully with me. Save me from false mouths and lying tongues, who make my heart ache and who are a horror. Save me from the stumbling stones and traps of the wicked which they have prepared for me. Let me not fall among the wicked and perish among them.

"Turn from me disgrace and contempt, and hide me from the poison of their tongues.

"Deliver me from the bad people and that the misfortune they utter about me may recoil on them. Smite the slanderers and let all lying mouths be stopped of those, who delight in our misfortunes and when we are caught in snares, so that they may repent and return to Thee.

"Take notice of my condition, Oh, Almighty Lord, and let my innocence come to light. Oh, woe unto me that I am a stranger and live under the huts of others. I am afraid to live among those who hate friends. I keep the peace.

"My Lord, come to my assistance in my distress and fright amongst my enemies, who hate me without a cause and who are unjustly hostile, even the one who dips with me in the same dish is a traitor to me.

"Merciful God, who canst forgive transgression and sin, lay not this sin to their charge. Forgive them, for they know not what they do. Forbear with me, so that I may not scold again as I have been scolded, and ont reward the wicked with wickedness, but that I may have patience in tribulation, and place my only hope on Thee, O Jesus, and Thy Holy will.

"Almighty God! if thereby I shall be arraigned and tried for godliness, then will I gladly submit, for Thou wilt make all well. Grant unto me strength and patience that I may, through disgrace or honor, evil or good, remain in the good, and that I may follow in the footsteps of Thy dearly-beloved Son, my Lord and Saviour, who had to suffer so much for my sake.

"Let me willingly suffer all wrongs that I may not attempt to attain my crown with impatience, but rather to trust in Thee, my Lord and God, who seest into the hearts of all men, and who canst save from all disgrace. Yet, Lord, hear me and grant my petition, so that all may turn to the best for mine and my soul's salvation, for Thine eternal will's sake. Amen!"

GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE AT MT. JOY.

The following letters explain themselves:

LITITZ, April 11th, 1900.

DR. J. H. REDSECKER.

Dear Sir: When I read in the April PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN in your article on Mount Joy that "some later historians dispute Rupp's statement" that Gen'l Wayne had a camp there, and that "tradition says so," I remembered seeing a letter in the possession of a friend, 40 years ago, which would show that Rupp is right; so I wrote to him for a copy of it, which is herewith sent you. My friend, Mr. Granville Henry, is a descendant of the Wm. Henry (gunmaker), of Lancaster, to whom Wayne's letter is addressed. The copy need not be returned to me, nor my letter acknowledged.

Yours truly,

A. R. BECK.

Copied from the original letter in the possession of Granville Henry, Belfast, Northampton Co., Pa.

CAMP MOUNT JOY 14th May 1778.

Dear Sir Col Bayard Informs me that after having the Arms Bayonets &c. prepared to send to Camp which was furnished for the use of my Division by you, they were Stopped by Order of the Council for the use of the Militia in case they should be Called out, and that they can't be forwarded unless his Excellency gives a particular Order for it. I wish you to Advert to the Return & Order from the Board of War, and from His Excellency Gen'l Washington thro' me for a Certain number of Arms Bayonets and Accoutrements for the use of my Division, this will Certainly Justify you in furnishing them in Preference to any other Order from any Other person whatever. I communicated the Contents of Col Bayards Letter this morning to His Excellency who expressed great Surprise at the Order not being Complied with, and Ordered me to Request you to forward these Articles together with the Espontoons with all possible Dispatch.

Col Bayard Will Present you an Other Order from the Adj't General for an Additional Number of Articles which I wish you to furnish the Soonest Possible as we have numbers of men that can't take the field without them.

Interim I am Dear Sir

Your most Obt

Hum St

ANT'Y WAYNE B. G

Wm Henry Esq
Lancaster

Book Notices.

Heroes of the Reformation.

Under the editorial management of Prof. Samuel M. Jackson, of the Chair of Church History, in New York University, this well-known and standard publishing house has planned a series of biographies of eight of the principal leaders of the Protestant Reformation, to be brought out in uniform size and style. They assigned the task of authorship to the ablest scholars of the land, whose familiarity with their assigned subject would warrant the best results. Three of these works have been published, while the remainder are in preparation. We have in hand the first two volumes of this series, viz.: Martin Luther (pp. 454) and Philip Melancthon (pp. 396).

MARTIN LUTHER. This excellent sketch of that first hero and promoter of the German Reformation is from the pen of Dr. H. E. Jacobs, Professor of Systematic Theology in the Evangelical Lutheran Seminary of Philadelphia, Pa. Every one familiar with the life and scholarship of this painstaking student and prolific writer, has a guaranty of the superior quality of the work here performed, and needs no further proof that it is unquestionably the most satisfactory life of Luther yet brought out in this country. Its treatment is necessarily comprehensive, but it is withal so specific that all essential influences in the moulding of the great Reformer, and all parts taken in the great unfolding of the restoration of Evangelical Christianity to Germany and the world by and through Luther are included. Under the headings of "The Monk," "The Protestant," and "the Reformer," the different parts of the volume and the different epochs of the great life it portrays are sub-divided, so as to trace more comprehensively and rationally the current of this mighty human river, flowing through the very heart of this world-altering religious movement, known as the German Reformation, from its source to its issue into the wide sea of universal light, liberty and life. From his cradle in the humble miner's house, on the edge of the Thuringian forest to his grave, within the Castle church in Wittenberg, the story of his eventful life flows on murmuring, widening, deepening, now gently flowing, now dashing, like some of the noted streams of the Fatherland. The portrayal becomes real and sometimes well-nigh a reincarnation.

Thus the volume is a real biography, making the Saxon monk live before us once more in all his humanity and powerful personality. Much original matter of an antibiographical character is introduced, which makes the book especially acceptable to special students, while it is so treated also as to enlist the deepest interest of the general reader. Suffice it to say that he who wants to know and understand Luther will henceforth avail himself of this latest biography by Dr. Jacobs.

PHILIP MELANCHTHON. Dr. J. W. Richard, of the Chair of Homiletics in the Evangelical Lutheran Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa., is the

author of this volume. The publishers were equally fortunate in the selection of this biographer, who, besides long and special study of the history of the Reformation period, qualified himself especially for this task by a trip to Germany and its libraries and universities, where original sources were consulted and valuable material gathered for this task. In his preface to the book the author states that "neither labor nor expense of travel in Germany has been spared in getting accurate information and in ascertaining the opinions of the best and wisest Melanchthon scholars." The result of this studiousness is a volume on Melanchthon, "the preceptor of Germany," as he is called, entirely commensurate with the importance and richness of the subject.

Such is the real recital of this interesting life-story before us that by the introduction of this original matter, the sketch, in various parts, reads almost like an autobiography. Not an important part of the great career has been omitted or slighted. The book in its thirty-one chapters, leads us from Melanchthon's birth and early years through his providentially-guided youth and preparatory years, his professorial life and his marvelous experiences and services as Luther's chief coadjutor of the Reformation, the part he took in the earlier and later theological controversies of that period in which the scholarship and pious devotion to truth served as his best weapons to his closing years and death, in a most happy portrayal. His funeral oration over Luther's body is appended, while the volume is copiously illustrated with fine old and historic cuts, and ably indexed. We commend these books to all students of the Reformation period as the freshest and most reliable treatises on the subjects treated.

A series of biographies of the leaders of the Protestant Reformation G. Putnam's Sons, New York. Each volume 12mo. Cloth. Fully illustrated. Price, \$1.50.

Life of We have not been fascinated with the reading of a book
Dr. H. Harbaugh. for many a day as we were with this charming story
 of Dr. Harbaugh's life, so well told by his son. Biography is always interesting—if the subject be noble and heroic, and the author able to paint in the colors of truth and nature. This has the additional charm of being the simple narrative of the life-struggle and achievements of a man about whom a childish fancy had woven a glamour of its own. And what child in Pennsylvania-Germandom, for a generation, has not drawn a halo about the man who sang for it its own heart-songs of "Hemweh," and memory of "Das Schulhaus an der Krick," and "Wieder Buwelie sei," until it wept and laughed? Surely such a singer must dwell among the Olympic cloud-lands or in the fancied realms of Parnassus. But here this singer, par-excellent of our dialect, is made to live on the common level of other men, and as we follow him, passing through the stages of boyhood on a farm, his struggles for an education, his trials and disappointments, his masteries of difficulties, his college and seminary life, his ministry, his domestic life, his achievements as a preacher, pastor, theologian, poet, author, and professor, he comes close

to us and we learn to love him better than ever. For all that Dr. Harbaugh was to the Church in general and his own in particular, to literature and the realms of poetry and hymnology, especially to the pioneer work in singing the simple folk-songs of the Pennsylvania-Germans in the vernacular, we feel confident our readers will hail with delight the knowledge of this new publication. Besides the usual biographical sketch, the volume contains an Introduction by Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; a eulogy by Dr. E. V. Gerhart, and a number of specimens of his most favorite poems and hymns.

By Linn Harbaugh, Esq. Reformed Church Publication Board, Philadelphia. Illustrated. Large 8mo. Cloth. \$1.25 postpaid.

Life of Dr. J. W. Nevin. Dr. Nevin cast a distinct and long shadow upon his own communion and upon American theology in general. He looms up as a giant of his day. He influenced his own adopted Church most by his teachings as pre-eminently the theological preceptor of the Reformed ministry of his and the succeeding day, and by his controversial and didactic writings. It was but an act of filial regard that prompted the author, years ago, to lay his tribute of love upon his tomb in the form of a biography that is written in a popular style and especially adapted for the masses. The greatly-reduced price of this biography should make the story of the life-work of this American leader in Reformed theology quite familiar at many a fireside. While not a literary product of high order, the book will not help but please and instruct the average laity.

By Rev. A. R. Kremer, A. M. 16mo. Cloth. Daniel Miller, publisher, Reading, Pa. Special reduced price for a season.

New Goshenhoppen and Great Swamp Reformed Charge. The late Dr. Weiser was a voluminous writer as he was a most conscientious and diligent pastor. Among the most gifted and loyal sons of the Reformed Church, he served her and the general public better than might be inferred from its size in writing the history of 150 years (1731-1881) of church-life of two of its very oldest congregations, over which he was placed as shepherd during the greater part of his ministry of forty years. Such local church histories will, in years to come, be highly treasured. There is not a dull line in it. It is intensely interesting history, shedding much light on our Germanic church and Colonial history in a period of small things in both Church and State. At the reduced price there ought soon be no more copies left in hands of printer.

By Rev. C. Z. Weiser, D.D. Daniel Miller, publisher, Reading, Pa. 8mo. Cloth. Special price, 25 cents. Formerly 75 cents.

The Life of Zwingli. This neat and concise biographical volume was written to supply the demand for a second Jubilee Offering; after a former one, by the same author, had been issued, celebrating the 400th anniversary of Ulric Zwingli's birth, in 1884. The history, taken from the writings of Zwingli and his contemporaries, and from tributes to his memory, written on previous centennial celebra-

tions, is faithful and reliable. The language is simple and of a pleasing style—the translation having been creditably accomplished. The book treats of Zwingli's preparation for the work of the Reformation, and shows traits of character peculiar to him as a reformer, man of the people, author and Christian; concluding with a description of the 4th centennial celebration in Switzerland. To the average reader this book cannot help but be interesting and instructive and is commended.

E. E. C.

By Jean Grob. Tr. by Prof. J. S. Stahr. Daniel Miller publisher, Reading, Pa. Reduced price for limited time.

**Fungal Flora
of the
Lehigh Valley.** For forty-five years Dr. Herbst has been the faithful practitioner of the Macungies of Lehigh county, Pa., with his residence in the old village of Trexlertown. So able is he in medical attainments, so conscientious and skillful in his practice that two generations of the sturdy German population of this ever-widening field have reposed utmost confidence in his healing knowledge and skill, when the ills of life had overtaken them. No hour of the night so dark, no sun so scorching, no rain so drenching and no snow-drift so deep that the cry of human suffering was not heeded by this disciple of the healing art. He is the Dr. McClure of this Pennsylvania-German Drumtuchty. And we prophesy that when his labors shall have closed, many a plain and humble toiler whose life he saved will be present to do honor to his memory and help to carry him in stately and solemn procession to his last rest. Although a busy doctor's life characterized his years, he yet found time to give to the study and scientific investigation of that species of plant-life embraced in the fungal growths, and to classify, define and describe the knowledge gained in this handsome book. It is safe to say that there are few shady woods, mossy dells, secluded lanes or roadway fence-corners of the district covered, where he has not looked for and found his specimens. His book, with its master descriptions and illustrations, greatly interests even an uninformed novice in the science of fungology, in which it is soon recognized our author is a master.

By Dr. William Herbst. Berkemeyer, Keck & Co., Allentown, Pa. Illustrated.



Before another issue of this quarterly the city of Lebanon will have celebrated the sesqui-centennial anniversary of its founding. Lebanon county may well take pride in its capital city and its own local history, for it contains the home and grave of the first American ordained German Lutheran pastor (Rev. John Casper Stoeber) in the United States. It claims having the first public water works—those of Schaefferstown, built in 1752—the first piece of finished canal, from Kucher's to Capt. Ley's, about four miles in length—built in 1792—and the first tunnel—that of the old Union Canal, one mile west of the city of Lebanon—built nearly a century ago. It is 729 feet long, and "Alpha of Tulpehocken" is the first boat that passed through, going westward.

LITERARY NOTES.

Ex-President Cleveland, in the College Man's Number of "The Saturday Evening Post," May 24, discusses the oft-asked question: "Does a College Education Pay," and makes out a strong case in favor of giving a young man the advantage of a university training. A vigorous story of Western life, by Hamlin Garland, entitled, "The Eagle's Heart," is running through the summer numbers of this magazine, being superbly illustrated by Harrison Fisher.

"The Youth's Companion" continues its instructive and entertaining features for old and young alike. During the summer some high-class fiction is being dished up for its host of readers. The departments are better and fuller than ever.

The preparations for the Passion Play at Oberammergau are described in the "Review of Reviews" for June. A portrait of Anton Lang, the actor who takes the part of Christus this year, accompanies the article.

Mr. Geo. W. Peters, the celebrated artist of Harper's Weekly fame, is a Pennsylvania-German, whose first pictures adorned the barn-doors and fence-rails of a Lebanon county farm, whose weary drudgery for a time weighed down his fancy's wings but could not finally hold in fetters the "spark divine." The finest bird's-eye view of Manila, yet seen, is from his pencil, and was issued as a supplement to Harper's Weekly for Jan. 13, 1900.

The Pennsylvania-German Society has issued a neat 16-page circular, which states the object and work of the Society and gives a complete list of its membership. Copies may be had by addressing the Secretary, Mr. H. M. M. Richards, Lebanon, Pa.

The Pennsylvania-German

An Illustrated Quarterly Magazine devoted to the History, Biography,
Genealogy, Poetry, Folk Lore and General Interests of
the Pennsylvania-Germans and their Descendants.

LEBANON, PA., JULY, 1900. * * * * Volume I. Number 3.

Rev. P. C. Croll, A. M., Editor and Publisher,
Edw. E. Croll, Business and Advertising Manager.

Terms: \$1.00 per year in Advance; \$1.25 after 3 Months.
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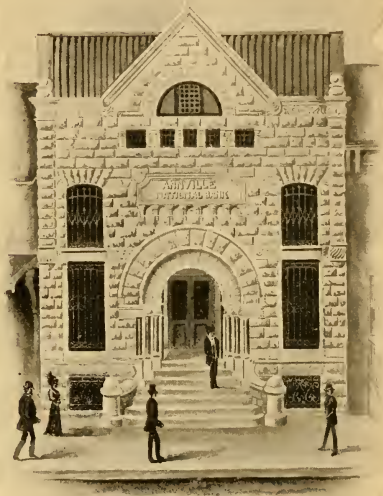
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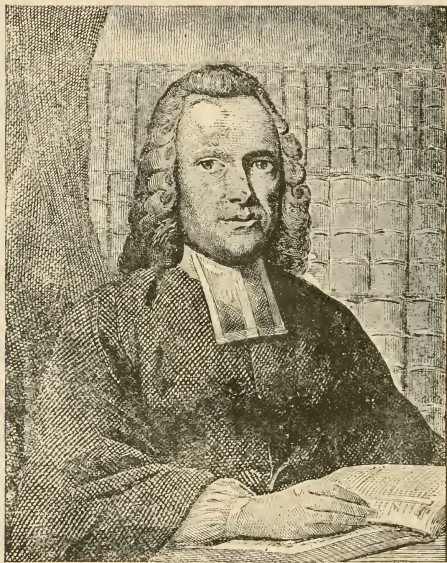
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Reuben D. Wenrich, M. D.,

WERNERSVILLE PA.





Michael Schlatter

The Pennsylvania-German.

VOL. I. No. 4.

LEBANON, PA.

OCTOBER, 1900.

THE YEARLING.



WITH this number this magazine completes its first year's issues. As four quarters make a whole, four issues of a quarterly complete the year. And yet we dare not press this matter too far or we shall get ourselves into the closing-or-opening-of-the-century controversy. While it will not celebrate its birth until January, i. e., the anniversary of its first appearance being yet three months off, yet the magazine with this issue fulfills its contract with its readers and subscribers for one year. When it will next show its face it will already have entered upon its second year.

We believe that every one concerned is pleased with the yearling, which in the beginning of this year of grace made bold to lift its fresh, young face above the horizon. It has kept its promises with reference to its visits and its beguiling serenades. It has not pouted nor bawled about any one's door. It has come, like a good little fellow, on errands of good news and usually had its package chuck-full. It delivered its goods, but was not gone like the postman that conducted it to the door. It remained. Though it abode at our house, it ate none of our cheese and wore out none of our clothes and took nobody's comfort, but lay flat on its side till consulted, when it brought us wisdom and mirth, music and reverie.

To change the figure, now that it has sailed into the open sea, it promises to lead the way to new explorations and discoveries, and invites its present cargo of passengers to stay on board and sail with it into the new worlds, to which it shall lead us. It invites new venturers to board it at this station, promising a rich and happy voyage during the next year. Passengers who have not yet deposited their tickets for this first trip can do so now, as these are collected—steam-boat fashion—before landing. By the time it again lifts anchor tickets may be purchased and berths secured for the next annual voyage of discovery. Chart is even now open. It saves a little money to do this in advance. It has

carried its expected number of passengers the first year. It hopes to carry many more the next.

PRESERVE POETIC GEMS.

We call especial attention to this number's poetic contributions. We think they are gems, especially appropriate for the season in which they appear. They are but results of an occasional courting of the Muse by those gifted with "the spark divine" and of diligent care in scrap-book preservation. There are many similar gems afloat. We feel confident that many of our readers have seen and perhaps stored away meritorious specimens of this style of poetry in the vernacular, which we herewith invite for preservation in the columns which serve as a depository and museum for this delightful species of literature. We trust a gentle hint will be sufficient to our gentle reader.

GENEALOGICAL RECORDS.

As this magazine is devoted also to the publication of genealogical records, we had hoped in this number to give a brief sketch of that family of Pennsylvania-Germans best known to the editor—the Croll Family. But space being at a premium this was crowded out. In our next issue we hope to give the history of the planting, growth and outbranchings of this American family tree, with illustrations of homesteads, etc., that should prove especially interesting to the surviving members of this family. We invite all such to engage copies of the January number in advance. It will prove the line, we trust, by which every American Croll can trace his pedigree to the original root of his stock. Other families are invited here to dish up their records in clear and comprehensive tables and in inviting but succinct form.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

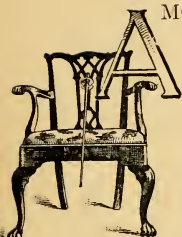
We rejoice that we have been enabled to make this number especially attractive by the use of so many illustrations. Whilst the journal has supplied many of them, it is indebted as usual to others for the loan of cuts. We take this opportunity of bowing our grateful acknowledgments to Messrs. Wharton and Kelker, of Harrisburg; Robert Bonner's Sons, of New York; Rev. Dr. James I. Good, of Reading; H. S. Boner, of Philadelphia, and H. C. Mercer, of Doylestown, for the loan of cuts used in this issue.

Famous Pennsylvania-Germans.

MICHAEL SCHLATTER.

The Organizer of the Reformed Church in the United States,

BY PROF. WM. J. HINKE, D.D.



SCHLATTER'S CHAIR AND SWORD.

AMONG the early ministers of the Reformed Church in the United States none has stood forth more prominently and has been honored more highly than Rev. Michael Schlatter, the organizer of the Reformed Coetus. His ministry in the Reformed Church comprised but a short period of eight years (1746-1754) and yet during that short time he laid such a solid foundation and formed such a lasting organization that the Reformed Church has grown and flourished ever since upon the basis which he laid more than a century and a half ago.

There were indeed before the arrival of Schlatter in this country, a large number of Reformed ministers (at least twenty) at work in the various widely-scattered settlements of the province of Pennsylvania, who founded through their activity the first Reformed congregations. But their efforts were only sporadic and partly even antagonistic. There was as yet no bond of union between the different congregations, no order, no organization. All was chaos and confusion. To bring these various elements into one organic union, to establish fellowship and harmonious activity among the antagonistic ministers, to place congregations and pastors under the guiding influence of the Reformed church of Holland, such was the great task awaiting Schlatter when he arrived in Pennsylvania, a task for whose successful performance the Reformed Church owes him a debt of gratitude.

For this great work Schlatter was well qualified by the two great factors of human development, heredity and environment. The blood of two influential families, the Schlatters and Zollikofers, was coursing in his veins. The Schlatters had been prominent for several generations in state and church. His great-grandfather Michael rose to the position of mayor, while his grandfather Michael filled the highest ecclesiastical position, that

of "Dekan," or superintendent of St. Gall. The ancestors of his mother were also prominent, including some of the most eloquent pulpit orators of Switzerland. He could well say with the poet Cowper:

"My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, the rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies."

Moreover, the surroundings of his home were of a most inspiring character. Mighty mountains have made St. Gall the highest large city in Europe, with beautiful scenery all around. Amidst such influences and surroundings young Schlatter grew up.

All that we know of his youth is contained in the MS. biography of the St. Gall ministers, several copies of which are in the city archives. From this source we obtain the following information:



LINSEBUEHL.

Michael Schlatter was born at St. Gall on July 14, 1716. His father, Paulus Schlatter, was a bookkeeper. After hav-

ing attended the gymnasium (college) of the place, he put himself under the instruction of Prof. Wegelin. But without the knowledge of his parents he ran away and went to Holland to a lady relative, (entering the university of Leyden on December 27, 1736). Then he went to Helmstadt (attending probably the university of that place), and travelled for some time in the company of Mr. Huerner, of Berne. Soon afterwards he returned and studied yet for some time under Prof. Wegelin. On April 10, 1739, he was examined for the ministry and received (licensed). Then he went again to Holland, where he accepted the position of private tutor, but soon afterwards unexpectedly returned. In 1744 he became Vicar of Dekan Beyel at Wigoldingen in the canton of Thurgau for about a year (here he was no doubt ordained), and after having returned to this place he became "Prodiacon." On Au-

gust 17, 1745, he was appointed Sunday evening preacher in "Linsebuehl," (a suburb of St. Gall).

In this position he did not remain long, for to the astonishment of all his friends he left St. Gall once more on January 9, 1746. Not knowing what the future had in store for him, he travelled to Schaffhausen, where his friend, the postmaster, urgently advised him to go to Heidelberg, in order to present himself before the Palatinate consistory. This advice he followed. When he reached Heidelberg he met Baron von Suls, the president of the consistory, Prof. Hottinger and Rev. John Caspar Conciger, the former friend of Rev. Boehm at Worms.

Schlatter had come at a favorable moment. On December 14,



CLOISTER CHURCH.

1745, the Deputies of the Synods of North and South Holland had addressed a letter to the Palatinate consistory, asking for their help in securing a minister for Pennsylvania. This letter was laid before the full session of the consistory and on January 10, 1746, Rev. Conciger replied that they had ordered an appeal to be published in all the churches of the Palatinate, calling for volunteers to go to Pennsylvania. Shortly after this appeal had been published Schlatter appeared. He was at once regarded as the right man and with a letter of recommendation was immediately sent to Holland. After a long and difficult journey through the snow-storms of a severe winter, he arrived at the Hague in March, 1746.

On March 17, 1746, he appeared before the Synodical deputies, who constituted the Board of Foreign Missions for the two Synods. He represented to them that "being still young and inclined to foreign service he had heard of the lack of ministers in Pennsylvania and being the youngest, except one, of the twenty-six ministers of St. Gall, and drawing a salary of but 50 guilders annually, he had resolved to go and feed this shepherdless flock for five or six years." The deputies informed him that the salaries in Pennsylvania were but small, the congregation at Lancaster having offered only £40 of New York currency. But Schlatter expressed his perfect willingness to accept the call of this or any other congregation, to correspond with the Synods, to organize the Reformed congregations and bring them under the supervision of the church of Holland. The formal appointment of Schlatter was made on May 23, 1746, when he received his "instruction" from the deputies.

As to the position which Schlatter was to occupy in Pennsylvania, opinions have differed very widely. He has been called "General Superintendent" or "Inspector," and his office has been compared to that of the Swiss Antistes, the German superintendents or the English bishops. But all these comparisons and names are wide from the mark, for the simple reason that no such office existed in the Church of Holland, nor was it created for the benefit of Schlatter. As his instruction plainly states, he was to be a "Visitator Ecclesiarum," an office whose duties are defined as follows by the church order of Dort in section 44, which treats of "Classical visitors":

"The Classis shall authorize some of her ministers, at least two of the oldest, most experienced and most capable, to make an annual visitation of all churches in the cities and in the country, in order to investigate whether the ministers and schoolmasters faithfully administer their offices, remain in the purity of doctrine and maintain the established order," etc. The office of Schlatter as "church visitor" differed from that of the Classical visitors only in this respect that it had no time limits, but was to continue until his commission had been fully carried out.

With these instructions and the good wishes of the deputies for the success of his labors, Schlatter left Amsterdam on June 1, 1746. After a long and dangerous voyage, during which he nearly suffered shipwreck at Cape Breton, he arrived at Boston Aug.

1, 1746, on the ship "Great Britain," William Davis, captain. After traveling nearly 400 miles more overland by way of Newport and New York, for fear of pirates along the coast, he arrived safely in Philadelphia on September 6, 1746, "where the elders of the German Reformed church received me with much joy and secured me lodgings with an elder, at whose house I resided eight months, though at my own expense."

It is hardly necessary, nor do we have sufficient space at our disposal, to enter into all the details of the many and difficult labors of Schlatter. They are well known from his journal, published by Rev. Dr. Henry Harbaugh in his excellent life of Schlatter. We can only point out some of the more prominent features in his work and important events in his ministry.

The most striking characteristic of his work is his indefatigable activity and energy, manifested by his many and extended journeys.

Without taking a day's rest at Philadelphia, Schlatter set out on September 7, on his first trip to visit Rev. Boehm, the oldest and most faithful Reformed minister in the province, to show him his instructions and ask for his co-operation, which Boehm cheerfully promised to give him. Then without stop he pressed on to see Mr. Reiff at Skippack, to settle the long-standing trouble about the moneys collected by him in Europe in 1730. Two weeks later we find him visiting Rev. Dorsius in Bucks county, Rev. Weiss in Goshenhoppen and Rev. Rieger in Lancaster, inviting them to a meeting to be held in Philadelphia. But the longer and more difficult journeyings of Schlatter were not taken till the following year, 1747. After some shorter tours in the spring of the year to Montgomery county and New Jersey, Schlatter began his first "great journey" on April 29, 1747, over Lancaster and York to Frederick and Hagerstown (Monocacy and Connogocheague) in Maryland, a journey which it took about two weeks to complete. After resting a week in Philadelphia he started out on another journey to New York, to confer with the Dutch Reformed ministers about the organization of the Reformed Coetus and to collect some money for the needy Reformed church in Philadelphia, which was then in the course of erection. A month later, on June 10, he began another "extensive journey" through what is now Lancaster, Berks, Lehigh and Northampton counties, organizing

congregations everywhere. In the fall of the year he took two more journeys to York county and New Jersey. Thus he made five great missionary tours in the course of a single year. The longest and most dangerous journey was undertaken in the year 1748 through Maryland and Virginia. On this long journey he encountered dense forests, high and almost impassable mountains, "rough and wild wildernesses," rushing rivers and even a "fearful rattlesnake," which terrified the lonely travelers. But everywhere he found numerous congregations, who rejoiced at the sight of a Reformed minister and frequently shed tears at the prospect of securing a minister of their own, after waiting many years in vain. In all these journeys Schlatter showed remarkable energy, riding on horseback frequently more than sixty miles a day. The roving and restless spirit of his youth was now used by the providence of God for the upbuilding of his kingdom. "From the year 1747 till the beginning of the year 1751," Schlatter writes, "I traveled in this part of America, in the service of the lost sheep, to collect them together, to bring them in order, and edify them, a distance of more than 8,000 miles and I preached amidst all this traveling 635 times" (Journal p. 215).

Another characteristic of Schlatter is his tact and organizing ability, through which he achieved such an abundant success.

One of the most difficult tasks which Schlatter was called upon to perform was the settlement of the unfortunate Reiff case. Sixteen years before his arrival in America, Rev. Weiss and Mr. Jacob Reiff had been in Holland and had collected about fl. 2,100 (about \$840). This money was still in the hands of Reiff, who in spite of all the efforts put forth by the authorities in Holland, not only refused to surrender it, but even denied that he had ever received more than fl. 750.

Immediately after his arrival Schlatter bent all his energies in the settlement of this difficult problem and through his tact and firmness he finally succeeded in obtaining fl. 900 (\$360) from Reiff. What many minds had failed to accomplish through many years, he achieved within a few months.

But another and far more important service which Schlatter rendered the Reformed Church, a service through which he has inscribed his name with indelible letters upon the pages of our history, is the organization of the Reformed congregations and

the establishment of the Reformed Synod (or Coetus as it was then called). Schlatter found in all 46 Reformed congregations which he organized into sixteen charges. There were indeed a number of Reformed congregations then in existence, which are not included in his list, but they were either under the influence of the Moravians or under the control of vagrants, called "Land-läufer" at that time. Of the congregations, which he organized, 38 were in Pennsylvania, four in Virginia, two in Maryland and two in New Jersey. None of the last eight had a regular minister. Of the congregations in Pennsylvania only twelve were served by five regular pastors in 1751, Rev. Michael Schlatter, George Michael Weiss, John Philip Leydich, John Bartholomew Rieger and Jacob Lischy. The pastor of the two Tulpehocken congregations, Rev. Dominicus Bartholomaeus was sick most of the time and thus compelled to resign in 1751. He was then taken to Philadelphia hospital, where he lingered for many years. Besides these regular ministers there were several ordained candidates, Conrad Tempelmann in Lebanon county, Conrad Wirtz in Northampton and

Jonathan DuBois in Bucks county. To unite all these ministers was no easy task. But Schlatter succeeded in bringing Boehm (who died in 1749), Weiss and Rieger together for the first time, at a preliminary meeting held in Philadelphia on October 12, 1746, where "articles of peace" were drawn up. The regular organization of the Coetus took place in the following year, on September 29, 1747, when four ministers and 27 elders, representing 12 charges, met in the old church at Philadelphia. This meeting was 21 days later than the organization of the Dutch Coetus of New York and almost a year earlier than that of the Lutheran Ministerium, which took place on August 15, 1748. The suggestion made by a Lutheran minister, that Rev. Muhlenberg in organizing the Ministerium received a strong impulse from Schlatter is far from improbable.



SEAL OF REFORMED COETUS. 1754.

Such an organization had been repeatedly attempted among the Reformed, but all earlier efforts had failed. Schlatter succeeded and brought about not only the first harmonious meeting of the Reformed ministers in the year 1747 but also their complete organization in the following year by the adoption of a constitution and the subscription to the doctrinal formula of the Church of Holland.

Another characteristic of Schlatter, that ought not to be forgotten, is the wide scope of his sympathies and interests as shown by his friendly intercourse with ministers of other denominations. He kept up a continual correspondence with the Dutch Reformed ministers at New York, visited them frequently, counselled with them about his difficulties and enlisted their sympathy and active co-operation in his work in Pennsylvania. But especially his long and uninterrupted friendship with Rev. Muhlenberg, the venerable patriarch of the Lutheran Church, stands almost unique in the annals of our Church as a noble example, which succeeding generations ought to have imitated more closely.

A man like Schlatter, who achieves great and lasting success, must also face difficulties and trials. The first of these was the *Steiner controversy*.

When Schlatter arrived in Philadelphia in September, 1746, he found Rev. Boehm as the pastor of that congregation. But as Boehm was becoming old and feeble and the congregation very earnestly entreated Schlatter to become their pastor, Boehm yielded readily to their wishes and installed him on December 21, 1746. For some reason, however, no formal call was extended to Schlatter. But after the death of Boehm, Schlatter began to urge upon his consistory the necessity of giving him a regular call. In compliance with his wishes the consistory drew up a call on July 12, 1749, and presented it to Schlatter. To their utter astonishment he refused to accept it, but himself drew up a call which he laid before the consistory for their signature. This they refused to sign, because they objected to several conditions which he had inserted. Above all he demanded to be called for an unlimited period "as long as he would preach the Word of God in its purity and lead a Christian life," while the elders insisted that as it had been customary among them, the call should be valid only for one year. On this point the consistory and Schlatter came to a deadlock. None was willing to recede from his position. The consis-

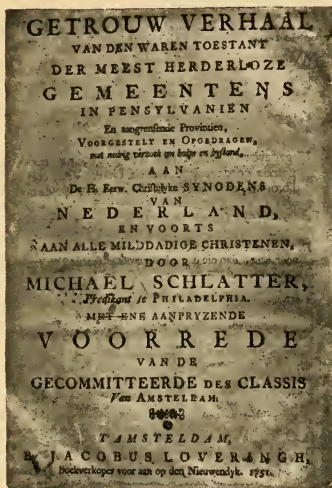
tory, moreover, fortified its position by urging other complaints against Schlatter and thus succeeded in rousing much opposition to him among the members of the congregation.

In the midst of these difficulties a new minister arrived from Europe, on September 25, 1749, Rev. John Conrad Steiner. Unfortunately Schlatter was absent from Philadelphia at that time, having gone to Lancaster, to attend the annual meeting of the Reformed Coetus. In his absence the elders asked Steiner to preach for them and were so well pleased with him that they began at once to take measures to rid themselves of Schlatter and call Steiner as their pastor. Accordingly the consistory gave Schlatter his dismissal on October 5, 1749, to take effect at the end of three months and after having declared the pulpit vacant, they called Steiner to become their minister. When these high-handed proceedings were brought before the Coetus at its annual session on October 21, 1749, Coetus, of course, decided that there were insufficient reasons for the removal of Schlatter, and hence it called upon the consistory to rescind its action. The consistory, however, refused to do this, but asked for another minister and threatened to close the church against Schlatter at the end of the three months. In this predicament Schlatter called a congregational meeting, presented his case and requested their assistance. As a result the meeting deposed the members of the consistory, declared their acts null and void and elected a new consistory, consisting of men favorable to Schlatter. As this meeting represented only a minority of the congregation, 110 members over against 140 favorable to Steiner, the majority paid no attention to its decisions. The climax of the whole affair was reached on Sunday, January 28, 1750. The church was occupied by the friends of Steiner early in the morning, as he intended to preach his introductory sermon on that day. The services had hardly begun when Schlatter appeared. He peremptorily ordered Steiner to come down from the pulpit. Failing in this he tried to address the audience. But he was cut short by Steiner announcing a hymn, Ps. 140: "Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man." After singing a stanza, Steiner tried to pray. But the friends of Schlatter had learned a lesson. They now took their turn in singing. This alternate singing was kept up for two hours, till both parties were exhausted and ready for peace. They agreed to lay the whole matter before a committee of impartial

men, and close the church meanwhile. Six arbitrators were appointed, who reported on March 6, 1750, in favor of Schlatter, and ordered the old consistory to convey the property over to the new consistory, but the latter to assume the whole sum of the outstanding debts, amounting to £750 of Pennsylvania currency. Thus ended the Steiner controversy.

After having safely emerged from this trouble a new work was awaiting Schlatter. His visits to the Reformed congregations had convinced him that unless new ministers could be secured for

the many shepherdless congregations, his work would not only be in vain, but a large number of Reformed people would be lost to the Church. A special meeting of the Coetus was therefore called on December 13, 1750, at Philadelphia, to discuss this important question. At this meeting it was resolved to send Schlatter to Holland, to present to the Dutch Church the helpless and sad condition of the Reformed people in Pennsylvania. With the necessary letters of recommendation, Schlatter left New Castle on February 5, 1751. After a journey of more than



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three months, by way of London, he reached Holland on April 12. The Deputies of the Synods were at first surprised by his unexpected arrival, but when they understood the purpose of his mission they entered heartily into his plans. Especially the Classis of Amsterdam gave him an enthusiastic reception and listened with much interest to his touching report and stirring appeal. They even ordered them to be printed, when one of the liberal elders, Mr. Jacobus Loveringh, offered to publish them at his own expense. This report of Schlatter is one of the most valuable sources of our history.

The mission of Schlatter to Europe was instrumental in stirring up much interest in the Pennsylvania churches, but its great significance lies in the three important results which it produced.

First of all, he succeeded in enlisting six young men for the difficult missionary work in Pennsylvania, five of whom were graduates of Herborn University, and one of Marburg. They were:

Philip William Otterbein.

John Jacob Wissler and John Waldschmidt, who were born in Dillenburg.

Theodore Frankenfeld and Henry William Stoy, from Herborn, and John Caspar Rubel, from Wald, in the county of Berg. These six men brought new life into the Pennsylvania churches.

Again through Schlatter's presence and influence in Holland, the work in Pennsylvania was placed on a firm financial basis. Schlatter represented to the deputies that fl.2,000 (\$800) would be necessary to carry on the work in Pennsylvania, and induced them to lay the condition of these churches before the Grand Pensionary (Prime Minister), Peter Steyn, asking him for his advice and help. He suggested that with the approval of the Prince of Orange, William IV, they make application to the States of Holland and West Friesland, promising that he himself would lay their petition before the States and urge them to grant the desired sum. The prince readily gave his approval and the States, on the powerful plea of the Grand Pensionary, voted fl.2,000 for a period of five years. At the expiration of this period the subsidies were renewed three times, granting fl.2,000 in 1756 for three years, fl.1,500 in 1759 for two years, and fl.1,000 in 1761 for two years, so that the whole sum contributed by the States of Holland and West Friesland amounted to fl.21,000. It was this money, granted so liberally by the Dutch Government, which enabled the Church of Holland to carry on the work in Pennsylvania so successfully. This, however, was not all the money at their disposal for the "needy churches" of Pennsylvania. The Synodical Deputies had under their control a fund, which in 1755 amounted to fl.6,500, while the Classis of Amsterdam reported in the same year a similar fund of fl. 17,000. In the light of these official reports of the Classis and the Synods (complete transcripts of which are in the possession of the writer), it is evident that the statement of Rev. Muhlen-

berg to the effect that £12,000 had been collected in Holland, can only be regarded as a popular exaggeration. The sums mentioned above are the only ones on record in the minutes of Classis and Deputies.

The third result of Schlatter's journey to Europe was the mission of Rev. David Thompson to England. He was the pastor of the English Reformed Church at Amsterdam, whose present successor bears the same name. Through the appeal of Schlatter he had been so impressed with the urgent needs of the Reformed people of Pennsylvania, that he resolved to go to England, to interest his countrymen in this noble cause. He left Holland in March, 1752, and travelled for a whole year through England and Scotland, meeting everywhere with an enthusiastic reception and a hearty response to his appeals. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland ordered a collection, which yielded £1,140. The King of England, Henry II, gave £1,000 and many English noblemen made liberal contributions. Before Thompson left England he entrusted the collection and management of these funds to a number of gentlemen, who formed themselves into a society, called "The Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge Among the Germans in Pennsylvania." This society consisted of fifteen of the most prominent men in the kingdom, with the Earl of Shaftesbury as their president and Rev. Chandler as their secretary. They succeeded in raising a large sum of money. Rev. Muhlenberg states that it amounted to £20,000. Recent researches, however, have not been able to confirm this statement, but they have made clear one fact, which has been overlooked thus far, that not the *interest*, but the *capital* itself was used to carry on the work of the society.* Hence the king was requested to make annual contributions and when the society closed its operations in 1763, only a small amount was left in the treasury. Thus Rev. Chandler writes to Rev. Peters, of Philadelphia, in April, 1764: "We have got some moneys left, which I shall use my endeavors, shall for the most part be applied for the use of the college" (in Philadelphia). Before we describe the work of this society it is necessary to review briefly some important events

*This statement can now be fully corroborated by a letter of Rev. Sam. Chandler, the secretary of the Society, written in 1762 to the Classis of Amsterdam. He writes: "We have been so liberal in our expenditures in behalf of the schools and teachers of the continent of America, that the capital which here in England as well as in Scotland had been collected, has altogether disappeared, and hence we can now only depend upon the royal bounty." (Original in archives of the Classis of Amsterdam).

in the life of Schlatter, which preceded his appointment as the agent of the society in Pennsylvania.

When Schlatter arrived with the six needed ministers in America, in July, 1752, Rev. Muhlenberg greeted them with the words of Christ: "Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves. Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." These appropriate words of the venerable Muhlenberg were not realized, for among the group was a Judas, who left no stone unturned and no effort untried to undermine Schlatter's position and embitter his life. This man was John Caspar Rubel, who involved Schlatter in the second quarrel, the unfortunate *Rubel controversy*.

Before his departure to Europe, Schlatter had given to his congregation a "Revers," i. e., a written statement that after his return he would not force himself upon the congregation, but allow his members to call one of the new ministers, if they should be inclined to do so. Hence, shortly after their arrival all the new ministers preached at Philadelphia, and as a result the choice of the congregation fell upon Rev. Rubel. This, however, displeased Schlatter and his friends very much, who lost no time in opposing the candidacy of Rubel. He, being by nature a pugnacious spirit, determined to fight his opponents to a finish. The first serious encounter took place at the Coetus of Lancaster, held on October 18-23, 1752. Rubel appeared uninvited with two members from Philadelphia, and forced his way into the little school house, where the meetings were being held. His attacks upon Schlatter, who had been elected president, caused a great sensation. The excitement was increased, when Schlatter announced that according to instructions from Holland, the elders would not be allowed to vote, but only be admitted as advisory members. As a result, Weiss, Leydich, Wissler and Rubel, with their elders left the meeting. Thus the movement against Schlatter was gaining ground. Even the permission of Coetus to preach to his followers in Philadelphia could not stem the tide against him. Rubel was apparently victorious. His followers in Philadelphia constantly increased and his friends in the Coetus, under the leadership of Weiss, organized a "Rival Coetus," which met for the first and, happily, the last time, at Cocalico, on October 10-12, 1753. Here Rubel was received as a member and his call to Philadelphia was confirmed. All this compelled the friends of

Schlatter to take more vigorous action at their meeting in Lancaster, on October 9-10, 1753. They formally excluded Rubel from membership and called upon the fathers in Holland not to allow him his share of the annual contributions. Rubel tried to defend himself in numerous letters to the Deputies and Classis, but when he intimated that he had been called to New York, he was at once given his dismissal and was forced to leave Philadelphia in 1755.

This trouble with Rubel had removed every prospect of Schlatter's continued usefulness in Philadelphia. He was, therefore, compelled to look around for another sphere of labor.

He had long noticed, with increasing apprehension, the pitiable condition of the younger element in the congregations. They were without proper training at home and most of them lacked the training of a school. Something had to be done for them. Schlatter therefore began agitating this subject, for he was convinced that if a sufficient number of such schools could be established they would not only prove a blessing to the churches, but also open a new field of labor for himself. He succeeded in so impressing upon his brethren the necessity of these schools that they resolved to send him to Holland a second time. Through this mission they hoped at the same time to lay before the fathers in Holland more clearly than could be done through letters, the true condition and unhappy division of the Coetus and thus secure, if possible, a reconciliation of the two parties. With letters of recommendation, dated November 28, 1753, Schlatter left Pennsylvania and arrived in Holland in March, 1754. He appeared at once before the Deputies and communicated to them his plans. They were at first unwilling to grant him permission for this new work. But when they found that his position in the Coetus was untenable and were, moreover, informed by Schlatter that he had been appointed by the English society as superintendent of the contemplated schools in Pennsylvania, with a salary of £100, they dismissed him on June 19, 1754. This action brought the work of Schlatter in the Reformed Church to an end.

When he returned to Pennsylvania in September, 1754, the members of the Coetus, who had meanwhile given up their factional differences, would not leave him go, but admitted him again to seat and vote in their meetings. This action, however, was not countenanced by the fathers in Holland, who demanded that their resolutions should be strictly enforced. The Coetus of 1755 was

the last at which Schlatter was present. After this date his name appears no more in the documents of our Church.

The new work of Schlatter seemed at first to be very promising. With his usual energy he tried his best to make the undertaking a success. Even before he had returned from his trip to Holland, the London society had appointed a board of six General Trustees to supervise the work. The trustees were the Governor, James Hamilton, William Allen, Richard Peters, Benjamin Franklin, Conrad Weiser and William Smith, the president of Pennsylvania College. The work of the society was to be two-fold. 1. To give support and pecuniary assistance to pious Protestant ministers. 2. To erect and maintain free public schools, which were called *charity schools*.

The General Trustees began their work on August 10, 1754, when they met for the first time at the house of William Allen, at Mount Airy, and formally organized. At this meeting it was resolved to begin by opening six schools at Reading, York, Easton, Lancaster, Hanover and Skippack. It was also found necessary to appoint local trustees at each of these places, "to visit the schools and superintend the scheme of education."

In the spring of the year 1755 Schlatter himself opened the schools. Their number gradually increased till 1758, when Rev. Dr. Smith reported nine schools with 440 scholars.

To what extent the society supported school-masters and ministers, financially, may be seen by the following report for the year 1758, dated January 25, 1759:*

1. To the salaries of schoolmasters and assistants, excessive of what is paid by the people.....	£284 00
2. Gratuities to six Lutheran ministers, who are employed as catechists.....	53 00
3. Gratuities to twelve Calvinist ministers.....	107 00
4. The expense of a printing office, by which a German paper is carried on and Catechisms and other good books printed	120 00
5. To the German minister at Santee Forks, Carolina.....	20 00
Total.....	£584 00
or £380 sterling money.	

This report proves incidentally that the Lutheran ministers as

*The original is in the British Museum.

well as the Reformed received financial support, which has always been strenuously denied.

Unfortunately this important undertaking, which seemed to be so full of promise and advantage to the Germans in the course of a few years proved to be an utter failure. The reason is not far to seek. It was based upon wrong motives and carried on by the society with false aims. In appealing to the English people the society had circulated statements which were both uncharitable and false and when they became known to the Germans they roused at once their indignation at and opposition to the whole scheme. They had represented them as "barbarous, without means to civilize them, grossly ignorant and unprincipled, without instruction to enlighten them, turbulent and factious and few or none to discipline and soften them." Again they were said to be "bold and courageous but withal obstinate, suspicious and liable to quarreling and mutinies, and having been bred of slaves and extremely ignorant, they know not the proper use of liberty and therefore frequently abuse it." Moreover, they feared that they would make common cause with the French or rebel with the Indians, in short the English considered them as a continual menace to their American colonies. The charity schools were, therefore only a means to pacify the Germans, to anglicize them as soon as possible and put them under lasting obligations to their kind benefactors. But the Germans did not take kindly to such charity. Led by Christopher Sour, the Germantown printer, they refused to have anything to do with the schools. Their anger turned especially against Schlatter, whom they suspected of being the author of the slanderous pamphlets published in England.* Popular opposition to him became so strong that he retired from the work in 1756.

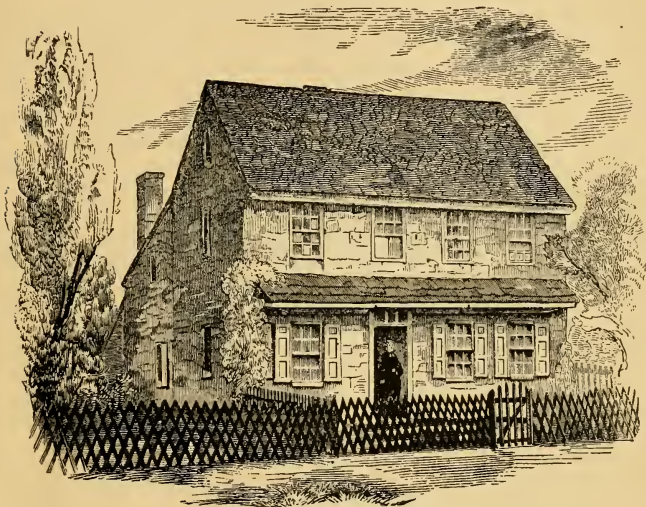
Thus another chapter of his life was brought to a close.

In the spring of the following year Schlatter entered the British army, being appointed on March 25, 1757, by General Loudon as one of the chaplains of the Royal American regiment on foot. With this regiment he took part in the siege of Halifax and shared in the victory by which, on the 27th of July, the town of Louisburg fell into the hands of the English. In the following year he no doubt took part in the capture of Fort Duquesne and

*To his credit it ought to be stated that he had nothing to do with them.

in the special thanksgiving services which crowned that victory. He returned to Philadelphia in the month of October, 1759.

During the following years Schlatter resided at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, on a farm, which he called Sweetland. Although he had no connection with the Reformed Coetus he preached occasionally to the Reformed people at Barren Hill, as Rev. Muhlenberg informs us.



HOUSE OF SCHLATTER ON CHESTNUT HILL.

When Colonel Bouquet organized his expedition in 1764 to destroy the Indian forts on the banks of the Muskingum, Schlatter was commissioned as chaplain of the Second Pennsylvania Battalion, thus holding as Rev. Dr. Cort observes, "a chaplain's commission under both the British and Provincial authorities."

During the war of the Revolution, Schlatter sided with the patriots. When the British captured Philadelphia he was imprisoned and his house was sacked. His daughter Rachel saved only

his portrait, which is the frontispiece of this sketch, and a few other articles, now reproduced for the first time by the kind permission of their present owner, Mr. Alfred Snyder, a descendant of Rev. Schlatter.

After the war Rev. Schlatter purchased another home, half a mile from his former residence, where he lived in quiet retirement, greatly respected by his neighbors and honored by his friends.

He died on October 31, 1790, as the facsimile from the church record of the First Reformed church of Philadelphia proves. He was buried on November 4th, in the Reformed cemetery, which, in 1838, was converted by the city into Franklin Square. There he rests from his abundant labors, as Rev. Harbaugh tells us, "directly north of the sparkling jets, about midway between them and Vine street."

This is the story of a long and useful life. His short but successful labors in the Reformed Church have endeared him to the

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Schreiben mit des Schwertes Spitze
Helden ihre Nahmen ein. 74 | 3 | 1790

FROM CHURCH RECORD.

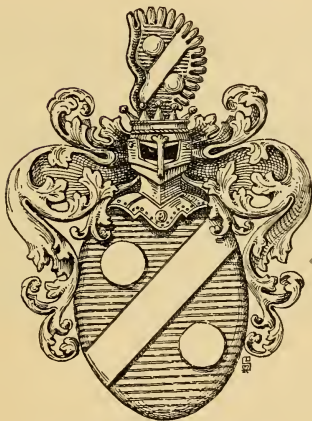
Reformed people. His energy and splendid achievements will never be forgotten. His unselfish devotion to the Church of his fathers stands as a beautiful example in the opening chapters of our history. Even his mistakes and failures contain significant lessons for us.

There is no monument of brass or stone over his grave, but he has erected a more lasting monument, the Church which he organized upon such a good foundation and which, we hope, will ever cherish the memory of her illustrious son, Michael Schlatter, the organizer of the German Reformed Coetus of Pennsylvania.

Auf den Blättern der Gerschieden,
Auf Granit und Marmorstein
Schreiben mit des Schwertes Spitze
Helden ihre Nahmen ein.
Mit der Feder flücht'gen Zügen
Schreibt ein schöpferisch Talent.

Seines Geistes Meisterwerke
Auf Papier und Pergament
Aber schöner als in Büchern,
Besser als in Stein und Erz
Schreibst du dich mit Liebesthaten
In ein dankbar Menschenherz.

—GEROCK.



Michael Schlatter
COAT OF ARMS.

Poetic Gems.

'S LATWERG'-KOCHE.*

VON LEE L. GRUMBINE.

Ach! die schöne Mæd so huebsch un' suess;
Die junge Kerls mit tappische Fuess;
Sie sammle All in der grosse Kuech',
'S is e'n lustige Zeit fur mich un' dich.

'S is die liebe, schöne Shpotjohr's Zeit,
Die Luft is g'fïllt mit Herrlichkeit,
Mer schnauft die G'sundheit's Kräfte ei',
Die Luft treibt's Blut wie shtarker Wei'.



'S LATWERG'-KOCHE.

Die Scheir is voll bis 'nuf in's Dach,
Mit Heu un' Stroh un' allerhand Sach,
Uf jeder Seit 'm Dreschenn floor,
'S is All g'shtoppt voll von Thor zu Thor. *

Die Frucht-Kammer krächzt mit schwerem G'wicht,
Von We'tze un' Korn un' reiche Fruecht,
Un' 's Welschkorn liegt wie'n goldener Berg,
Die Erd's Belohnung 's Bauer's Werk.

Ach! wie so prachtvoll, du lieber Herbst,
Mit lustige Farbe die gans Welt færbst!
Die Landschaft's Aussichte, wie buntfleckig!
Wie Josep's Rock is Alles so scheckig!

* Reprinted from Vol. I, No. 11 of the proceedings of the Lebanon County Historical Society before which this poem was first read.

'S Laub is gel', un' brau', un' roth,
 'S trauert au' net, doch bal' kommt der Tod!
 Der Frost hat's Summer's Geblueth genomme,
 Un' malt 'uf de Mæd ihre Backe die Blume.

Er is e'n Kuenstler g'schickt un' rar,
 Sei' Werke sin fei' un' wun'erbar,
 Er færbt, un malt, un' webt, un' spielt,
 Er macht frisch G'fuehl in Alles was fuehlt.

Die Erd is brau', un' der Himmel is blo,
 Un' alles Levendigs is munter un' froh,
 'S Grass in der Wies' is weiss mit Reife,
 Die Aepfel sin dick 'uf rothe Häufe.

Mit Fæsser un' Kuevel nach der Cider-Muehl,
 'S geht frueh an die Arwe't im Morge kuehl;
 Heut is der Tag fur Latweg'-Koche,
 Der herrlichste Tag in manche Woche.

Durch die Muehl werre erst zusamme gemahle
 Die Aepfel wie sie komme, sammt Krutze un' Schaale;
 Aus der Press in's Fass wie'n Strom lauft's 'nei,
 Die brau', suess Bruch vo'm Aepfel-Wei'.

Die Ihme un' Wespe un' Hummler komme
 A'm Treshter un' Cider rum zu summe.
 Geb' acht, du werst in der Finger g'shtoehe;
 Vielleicht au' in's Herz, a'm Latweg'-Koche.

Den Cupido un' Venus mache so Sache
 Mit junge Herzer, a'm Cider-Mache;
 Un' Buwe, wie Ihme, der Honig nippe
 Von de schœene Mæd ihre suesse Lippe.

Ach! die schœene Mæd, so huebsch un' suess!
 Un' die junge Kerls mit tappische Fuess!
 Sie sammle All in der grosse Kuech',
 'S is 'n lustige Zeit fur mich un' dich!

'S is die frœlich, seelig U'schuld's Zeit,
 Im Gemueth kommt z'rueck die Vergange'heit,
 In der Vorstellung, was mer an Alles denkt,
 Wie der gross Kupper-Kessel uever 'm Feuer henkt!

Un' der Cider fangt schon længst au' koche,
 Durch dreissig Jahr haw' ich's wieder g'ruche,
 'S Feuer, was es kracht 'uf 'm Feuer-Heerd,
 Durch dreissig Jahr haw' ich's wieder g'hoert.

Die Uhr guckt zu mit 'me freundliche G'sicht,
 Die Tage werre kurz, doch braucht mer ke' Licht,
 'S Feuer 'uf 'm Heerd macht die gans Kuech' hell,
 Drauss werd's dunkel un' die Nacht kommt schnell.

'Uf dere Seit steht die 'alt Wasser-Bank,
 Dort druewe im Eck is der gross Eck-Shank,
 Er is voll mit blumige Schuessle un' Teller,
 Un' do is die Thier wo's geht nach 'm Keller.

Der kle' Joe schneit sich 'n Kuerbse G'sicht,
 Inwen'ig 'nei schteckt er 'n Inschlich-Licht;
 So g'wiss ich leb! der nixnutzig Mike,
 Der schnitzelt sich au' noch 'n Welschkorn-Geig!

Die junge Leut all um der Tisch rum sitze,
 Un' fleissig helfe die Aeppel zu schnitze,
 Die Haus-Frau ruehrt sie in die kochig Brueh,
 'S kann's Niemand mache so gut wie Sie.

Dort steht Sie un' ruehrt mit 'm lange Stiel,
 Des geht wie 'n Uhr oder 'n Musick G'spiel,
 'S muss g'schtarrt un' g'ruehrt werre bis an's End,
 Das der Latweg' net an der Kessel brennt.

Jetzt is die Aeppel-Sup' fertig gekocht,
 Un' 's ruehre un' scharre wird zum Schluss gebrocht;
 Fur 'n guter G'schmack nimmt's e' bissel G'uerz,
 Des macht 'n Latweg' nach mei'm Herz.

Er is gar; du kannst 's net besser treffe,
 Henk der Kessel ab, un' schœpp 's in die Hœeffe;
 Was muss der kle' Joe doch die Zung raus schtrecke,
 Fur der Lœffel un' der Ruehrer ab zuschlecke!

Die Alte sin mued, un' sie geh'n nach der Ruh;
 'S jung Volk g'ebt sich der Freude zu;
 Lass uns All' mit mache, ich un' du;
 De'n Ovet sin mer All wieder jung!

Ach! die liewe Mæd so huebsch un' schœ,
 Un' die junge Kerls mit ihr' lange Be',
 'S wird bal' an 's spiele un' tanze geh,
 Dann g'ebt 's e' hochbenige Zeit!

Die Sing-Schul is aus, un' der alt Eph kommt,
 Er spielt die gross Bass-Geig das es recht brummt;
 Der Pit hat der Jony gere'tzt un' g'stumt,
 Der Mary Ann 'n Buss zu gevve.

Die Lisbeth hat 'm Henner versproche,
 Er duerf mit 're he'm vom Latweg'-Koche,
 'S g'ebt 'n Hochzig,—Heut uewer zehe Woche,
 Du' kannst dich druf verlosse.

Die Musick fangt a', un' der Fiddleboge
 Wird heftig uewer die Saite gezoge,
 Wie g'schwind is doch der Ovet rum g'floge,
 Wann mer tanzt am Latweg'-Koche!

Now, "e'ns, zwe', drei," ruft der Geiger aus,
 "All in ihrem Platz!" Sin so still wie 'n Maus;
 Gleit' hoert mer sie lache uewer 'm ganze Haus,
 'S hat schon e' bissel eppes gevve.

Runner kommt der Boge 'uf alle Sait;
 "'S erst Paar rechts, un' rum gedreht!"
 So leicht wie 'n Gens-Feder schwingt die Mæd,
 In d'e Buwe ihre Aerm rum.

'Uf der Sal ihre Fuss tappt der grossfuessig Ike,
 Sie kreisht das mer 's hoert uewer allem Gegeig,
 Un' g'ebt 'm e' heftige Ohrefeig,
 Er wut er haet ke' Fuess un' ke' Ohre.

"Dei' Fuess sin zu tappisch un' u'g'schickt gross,
 "Du brauchst jo wahrhaftig die gans bre't Stros,
 "Ich wut lieber tanze mit 'm lame Mose,
 "Er is net so tappisch wie du!"

Was Lewe un' Jubeln bei de'ne Junge!
 'S wird g'spielt un' g'lacht un' getanzt un' g'sunge,
 Un' au' 'nan'er noch um die Stub rum g'sprunge,
 Wie sie Blum-Sack un' Blindes-Meisli spiele.

Ach! wie schnell vergeht die Jugend's Zeit!
 Lass uns lewe dann, das m'r immer sin bereit,
 Fur der lange Mærch nach der Ewigkeit,
 Wann der Gabriel die Musick spielt.

Dann "All rings rum!" Nimmt fest an der Hand,
 Zum sterke die Jugend's Freundschaft's Band,
 Henk der Ruehrer un' Kessel, un' die Harff an die Wand,
 Gut Nacht! zu'm Latweg'-Koche!
 'S Gross in der Wies' is weiss mit Reife,



EDÄCHTNISS
DER
ROTHEN
KOLBE.

—
After the Eng-
lish of
W. J. Henderson.

BY DR. E. GRUMBINE.

Die Son' geht un'er
Am Busch dort drun'e,
Die Nacht kommt bei,—S werd'
shpot;—

Bin verlosse' un' alt.
Doch fin' ich als bald
E'n Kolbe glaenzend roth.

Un' ich me'n ich seh'
Jetz' vor mir steh'
'S jung Volk von alte Zeite';
Un' frueh oder shpot,
E'n Kolbe roth
Bringt wieder jugend Freude!

Sel' war e'n Zeit
Fu'r junge Leut',
Dort konst dich dr'uf verlosse';—
Wer 'n Rother find't
Der wird dann g'schwind't
Sei liebstes Maed'l busse'!

In sel'e Tage',
Das muss ich sage',
War alles froh un' frei;
E'n halbe Nacht
Werd 's froehlich g'lacht,
Un' Welsh-Korn g'shtripp't dabei!

Die shtrip-match Pl'etz!
Sel' ware' Pl'etz
In de' Bauere' ihre Scheuere'.
Dort, in der D'at,
Hat 's Ketty g'sa't
Se daet sel' Yohr mich heir'e!

Sel' war en' Yohr,
E'n gold'nes Yohr,—
So kommt m'r 's in der Sinn,
Als ich alle'
Bei 'm Schock do steh
Un' rothe Kolbe fin'.

MEMORIES OF THE RED
EAR.

—
Reprinted from The Ledger Monthly, N. Y.,
by special permission.

BY WILLIAM J. HENDERSON.

The sun goes down
Behind the town,
And the night draws slowly near,
Old and forlorn,
I husk my corn,
And I find the bright red ear.

And back to me
Comes the husking bee,
When I was the buck of all blades,
With the pride of a peer
When I found the red ear,
And took my choice of the maids.

Oh! then was the day
When life went gay,
With a song and a laugh and a
glance;
And the old brown fiddle
Sang "Down the middle,"
When I led Sally to dance.

! There was never a fear,
Nor a frown, nor a tear,
In that time of hope and bliss,
In the golden year
When I found a red ear
That gave me Sally to kiss.

She thought it was play,
And she tripped away;
But she rode home by my side;
And I up and I said,
That, living or dead,
I'd have no other for bride.

Jetzt' doch, O, weh!
 Als ich do steh
 Seuftz' ich zum Welsch-Korn
 Laub,—
 Ich seuftz', "Ach je!"
 Den ich bin alle'
 Un' mei' Liebste ruht im Grab!

Alas and alack!
 They can never come back,
 Those days that were all our own,
 For Sally now sleeps
 Where the willow-tree weeps
 And I husk the corn—alone.



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MEMORIES OF THE RED EAR.

DER ALT KERCH-HOF.

Es geht dem Hiwwel nuf en Weg
 An en besondrer Ort;
 So viele Pilger gehn den Weg,
 Er g'mohnt em an en Drauersteg;
 Komm, haer emohl mei Wort.

Doh seht mer blo un weise Schtee,
 Bei schtille schaene Baem,
 Wie Dodesgleeder in dem Schnee;
 Doh schlofe Mensche, gross un
 glee,
 Sis niemand doh daheem.

Lange, lange Jahre z'rick
 War schon am Binebusch, jo,
 En Gottes-acker, in dem Schtick;
 So is der Dod en Himmelsbrick,
 Inzwische dort un doh.

Wie viele Leichte in der zeit,
 An dieser heiligen Erd,
 Von alte un von junge Leit,
 Aus dieser Gegend naegscht un
 weit,
 Hen diese Schtadt vermehrd!

Hut viele Dhraene dieser Grund,
 Im Schnee un griene Gras,
 In mancher bitterer Drauer-schtund,
 Als drickte Jammer aus dem Mund,
 Zerbroche wie en Glas.

Dheel hen sogar net mohl en
 Schtee,
 Dass mer sie kenne kann,
 Kann Schriifte aw net lese meh;
 O, Denk mohl dra, es duht em weh;
 So geht's bal jeder Mann!

Des Wetter zehrt die schwache
 Maerk,
 Un niederlegt des Grab,
 Es is net viel an Menschewerk,
 Un is die Lieb net rein un Schtaerk,
 Vergesst mer leicht den Staub.

Dann reisst der Blug vielleicht aw
 noch
 Doh iwwer em sie Haus;
 Die Leit sin so im Gscheftejoch,
 Mer kann kaum ruhe in seim Loch,
 'S geht alles driwwer naus.

Wann nur die Seel im Himmel is,
 Dann hut sie siessie Freid,
 Dort is ken Sind un Schlangebiss,
 Sie blicht wie Blume inner Wiss,
 Sie fiehlt ken Hass un Neid.

Falle dann aw die Schtee zu Sand,
 Un geht der Name ab,
 Ward Kerchof aw des Bauersland,
 So hen mer doch en bessrer Stand,
 Dorch Jesu Hirtenstab.

A. S.

SPRUECHE.

FRIEDRICK RUCKERT.

Aus bitteren Meeren zieht
 Die Sonne süßes Wasser;
 So zieh auch Liebe du
 Aus Herzen deiner Hassrer!

Am Abend wird man klug
 Für den vergangenen Tag,
 Doch niemals klug genug
 Für den der kommen mag.

Wenn du Gott wolltest Dank
 Für jede Lust erst sagen,
 Du fändest gar nicht Zeit,
 Noch über Weh zu klagen.

PROVERBS.

TRANSLATED BY P. C. C.

From briny seas the sun
 Draws only purest waters;
 May you, akin, draw love
 From hearts of thine own haters.

Full wisdom comes at night
 For the just closing day;
 Yet never so wise, quite,
 As lights up morrow's way.

If thou wouldst first thank God
 For each good He bestows,
 Thou couldst not find the time
 To murmur of thy woes.

QUAINT AND HUMOROUS EPITAPHS.



O MOST people the old-fashioned country graveyard has but a weird interest. To many it is a solemn and dreary monitor of decay and death. For some it is peopled with ghosts and hobgoblins. The antiquarian finds in its regular rows of stone-marked tombs most excellent chronological records—each row a page, torn from the ledger of local history and genealogy. For the reflecting student, poet or wit, it holds “sermons in stones,” immortal elegies or pages of comic quaintness and downright humor. For any or all of these objects, give me, especially in the season of falling leaves, those “sad and melancholy days” of autumn—the antiquated, rural “God’s acre,” while the more æsthetic or senti-

mental may visit the modern and well-kept city cemetery, with its imposing monumental shafts and gracefully-lettered epitaphs.

Scores of times has the writer returned from some such neglected spot of sepulture, where

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,”

to find his note-book well filled with the copied sentiment of quaintness or ludicrously lavish effusions of praise for some virtue “interred with the bones” that have long ago mouldered beneath the chiseled stone, which stood as sentinel and tablet, and from which these transcripts were made. It is his present purpose to impart the information thus gained, hoping that it may prove the beguiling voice that shall occasionally lure the reader into these dreamy or dreary by-ways of the buried past.

In these reproductions of tomb-stone lore, the writer is not unmindful of the delicacy of his task; nor does he open the sacred book, with its leaves of engraven stone, in any irreverent spirit. He well remembers that every tablet contains tracings of the tenderest affection, the story of what the stern Finger of God has decreed and the dull chisel of the sculptor has outlined. And hence he never invades this holy precinct, where is kept in stone a community’s tally-sheet of death without feelings of solemnity. And this reverent attitude is maintained until it is disarmed by the funny rhymster, or the sentimental chronicler himself. As we take our specimens from a wide field we cannot be charged with discrimination against any class or locality.

Beginning with our earliest American graveyards, the following epitaphs have been copied. From Burial Hill, Plymouth, Mass., we culled this from a young child’s tomb-stone:

“He glanced into our world to see
A sample of our miserie.”

Another reads:

"To the memory of four children aged respectively 36—21—17 & 2 yrs.
Stop, traveler and shed a tear
Upon the fate of children dear."

We give a few more:

"F. W. Jackson, obit. Mch. 23, 1797

1 y., 7 dys.

Heaven knows what man

He might have made. But we

He died a most rare boy."



"Tabitha Plaskett 1807.

(Written by herself)

Adieu, vain world, I've seen enough of thee;

And I am careless what thou sayest of me;

Thy smiles I wish not, nor thy frowns I fear

I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here."

The following epitaphs are copied from stones in Copp's Hill Burial Ground, Boston. The first shows a suggestive name for a wife.

"Thomas, son of David Capp and

Obedience, His wife.

Aged 2 years & 3 quarters

Dyed July ye 25, 1678."

"James Seward

Grandson of James and Catharine Seward

Obit Sept. 22d 1792.

Aetat 6 months,

He bore a lingering sickness with patience

And met the King of Terrors with a smile."

"Mrs Ammey Hunt, who died 1769
at age of 40.

A sister of Sarah Lucas lyeth here,
Whom I did love most dear;
And now her soul hath took its flight,
And bid her spiteful foes good-night."

In memory of
Betsy.

Wife of David Darling, died
March 23, 1809

Ae. 43.

She was the mother of 17 children, and
around her lies 12 of them and two were
lost at sea.—Brother Sextons.

Please leave a clear birth for me by
this stone."

Alas! poor Sexton Darling's kind request was not observed, for he lies
buried far removed from his Betsy.

On Mary Huntley's stone is found this rhyme to which some wag
added the appendix:

"Stop here my friend and cast an eye,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me."

"To follow you I'm not content
Unless I know which way you went."

From the early Dutch burial grounds on the banks of the Hudson
we plucked these rare specimens. From old Sleepy Hollow:

"Hier Lye Her Lighnam van
Abm. Martlinghs
Gebohren Den 7 Sept, 1693
Endes Overleeden Den 22 April, 1761
Oiv Zuude 67 Jaren, 7 Maenden en iv Dagen."

"Here lyes the Body of James Barnerd,
Who departed this life the 4th of March 1768,
In the 48th year of his age.
The Boisterous Winds and Neptunes
Waves, have Tost me to and Fro;
By God's decree you Plainly see
I am Harboured here Below."

From Red Hook comes this:

"Here lies a woman of good fame
Jane S. Simmons was her name
She used to feed the poor with bread
And now she's numbered with the dead."

We know that Benjamin Franklin wrote as early as 1729, his own epitaph, but cannot tell whether it has anywhere been engraven. It certainly is not chiseled on his flat gravestone in the old Christ Church burial grounds on Arch street, Philadelphia, where his body sleeps. But we quote it here as characteristic of the man, showing the man's quaint humor and strong faith in the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body.

"The Body
of
Benjamin Franklin,
Printer
(Like the Cover of an old Book,
Its contents torn out
And stript of its lettering and gilding)
lies here, food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will, as he believes, appear once more,
In a new and more beautiful edition,
Corrected and Amended
By
The Author."

Pennsylvania polyglot settlers and their descendants have all preserved their national characteristics in the tomb-stone inscriptions of their early dead. In the old Scotch Presbyterian burial grounds of Derry, Pa., we found a stone of a Mrs. Catharine Steel, "who in her life-time raised 19 orphan children" and who is made thus to soliloquize at death:

"Death, thou has Conquered me, and by thy Dart I'm slain
But Christ hath Conquered thee, and I will rise again."

Another epitaph in same grounds reads thus:

"Under this stone lies entombed James Campbell's dust you see,
Who was as healthy and as strong as many that may be.
But now by death, whom all devours, is laid up in his cell
With crawling worms and Reptiles base He is obliged to dwell.
You that these lines do look upon, may also call to mind
That death will be your certain fate, therefore improve your time."

A son of Erin, interred at Elizabethtown, Pa., sleeps securely underneath the following minute account of his nativity:

"Here lieth the body of Henry Barlow, a native of Ireland, County of

Terry, Parish of Tam, Laughin-fur-Lagan, and the town of Belly Kelly, who departed this life June 14, 1842."

Not far from same place sleeps a sister in descent, whose epitaph ends with the words: "Let her R. I. P." meaning of course (Requiescat in pace) rest in peace.

The most ludicrous epitaph in German (though this class is usually most devout in its tomb-stone lore) we found in the Lancaster county Swamp Church yard, where many Swabians originally settled. It is possible that to some wag of a rhymster was entrusted the task of composing these humorously appropriate lines, found on the gravestone of a tender child by the name of Ochs (Ox):

"Hier liegt ein Kleines Oechselein
Dem alten Ochs sein soehnelein;
Der liebe Gott hat nicht gewollt
Dass er ein Ochsen werden sollt."

Translation:

"Here lies a little baby ox
A son of elder Mr. Ox.
The dear Lord did not intend
The child its life as ox should spend."

The above, however, is on a par only with the bishop's suggestion, who with a circle of friends once visited a brother minister's wife's grave, on whose tomb-stone the mournful husband had engraved these sad words:

"The Light of my House has gone out,"

but who shortly after had married a second wife. This latter action was discussed by the party as rather inconsistent with the sentiment engraved on the first wife's tomb, when the bishop interrupted by saying it was perfectly consistent, for, as he remarked: "Rather than sit in the dark he struck another match."

In Tioga county, Pa., upon a soldier's tomb is inscribed this line:

"Waiting for further orders,"

reminding one of Hiram Golf, the Scotch shoemaker's significant epitaph:

"A shoemaker by the grace of God."

As this latter leads us across the sea, we will close our article with a few more quotations from abroad. These lines are from Bickleigh:

"Here lie I at the chancel door,
Here lie I because I'm poor.
The further in, the more you pay,
But here lie I as hot as they."

These from Bideford:

"The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
But ere the day did come, alas!
He sickened and he died, did."

The following is from Exeter, England:

"Here lies the body of Captain Tully,
Aged one hundred and nine years fully;
And threescore years before as mayor,
The sword of this city he did bear,
Nine of his wives do with him lie,
So shall the tenth when she doth die."

As a finale we copy the epitaph of Elihu Yale, founder of our Yale University, whose body is buried in Wrexham Cathedral, North Wales. Following lines grace his tomb-stone:

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa traveled and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived; in London dead.
Much good, some ill he did, so hopes all's even
And that his soul thro mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive and read this tale take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where blest in peace the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust."

P. C. C

P. S.—If readers will kindly send in collections of quaint epitaphs they may have in hand, a page or two of them may be added as spicy dessert to the quarterly feasts of antiquarian lore spread by this magazine.—Editor.

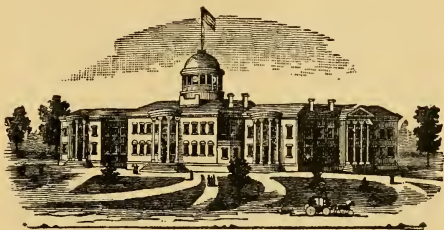
The Lebanon County Historical Society has just issued a very interesting paper (illustrated), on "The Old Cider Mill," by Dr. S. P. Heilman, of Heilman Dale, which it has for sale through its secretary, who happens to be also the author of said paper.

It is getting to be a common thing to hold family reunions. Year by year the number is increasing of those who have become interested in their family-tree and genealogical records. We regret that we were not permitted to avail ourselves of invitations to attend the reunions held by the Schock family at Kreamer, Snyder county, Pa., on the 24th of August, and of the DeLong family held September 6th at Hancock, Berks county, Pa. Our columns are open to any concise summary of either genealogy or important proceeding that may have transpired at these gatherings.

Historical Pilgrimages into Pennsylvania-Germandom.

HISTORIC HARRISBURG.

WE ARE taking our pilgrimages out from, and back to, town centers. Our capital city has been the pivotal hub around which our historic automobile has hitherto wheeled. We shall in our next leave this nerve ganglion, this concentrated sphere of influence, and strike out for another such a life-center of our State, where the Pennsylvania-German has made history and added a preponderating weight in the moulding of events. Before taking final leave of this first-



OLD STATE CAPITOL.

chosen town, we must take our readers through its own streets and point out a few ancient landmarks and chat of its important events. But for this task we could find no one better suited and informed than that distinguished citizen of the capital city, the recognized historian of the State, long the State Librarian, an interested reader of this magazine and a full-blooded Pennsylvania-German at that—Dr. Wm. H. Egle. It is but fair to say that this information was originally penned to guide that host of Christian Endeavor pilgrims through its highways, which met here in State Convention two years ago. This is modified to suit present date. Before introducing Dr. Egle let me call attention to a few facts and important buildings and shafts not mentioned by him. First of these is the fact that the city has entertained many illustrious visitors from this country and abroad. Few presidents have not stopped here or traveled through. Among foreigners we name the Marquis Lafayette, Prince DeJoinville and Comt de Paris, of France; the Prince of Wales, George Whitefield (in 1740, before it was a town), and the inimitable story writer, Charles Dickens, of England. The latter drove

through the "Camel-Back" bridge, coming from Baltimore, and this is what he said of it in his "American Notes": "We crossed the river by a wooden bridge, roofed and covered in on all sides, and nearly a mile in length. It was profoundly dark, perplexed with great beams crossing and recrossing it at every possible angle, and through the broad chinks and crevices in the floor the rapid river gleamed far down below like a legion of eyes. We had no lamps and as the horses stumbled and floundered through this place toward the distant speck of light it seemed interminable. I really could not persuade myself as we rumbled heavily on, filling the bridge with the hollow noises—and held down my head to save it from the rafters above—but that I was in a painful dream."

We mention also the fine monuments and equestrian statue of Gen. Hartranft, on the Capitol Park grounds, and the soldiers' memorial obelisk on State street. The State Arsenal and the old Bethel church on Fourth street, where Rev. John Winebrenner, the founder of the



STATE ARSENAL.

"Church of God" sect, commonly known as the Winebrennarians, in 1830, laid the foundations of this denomination of Christian believers, are buildings worthy a visit. But now let us hear Dr. Egle tell his brief story of "A Century of Harrisburg":

In five years from this day of grace, one thousand nine hundred, the people of Harrisburg may have the opportunity of celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the location of the first settler on its present site. In the history of the old world, the story of two centuries would scarcely appear as eventful as the incidents which have transpired during that same length of time on the western shore of the Susquehanna, from the establishment of the Indian Traders' post at Paxtang and Harris' Ferry, down to the Harrisburg of the present year. A resume, therefore, of affairs, covering that period of time, would take up more space than the few pages allotted to their narration.

Of the trials and difficulties of the first John Harris—of his adventures among the red men of the forest, and of their attempt made to burn him

at the stake (from the fact that he refused to supply them with rum)—of the Indian treaties held at Harris' Ferry, and the perilous times during the French and Indian War,—the writer would dearly love to recount; but these records can be found in the various histories pertaining to this locality. Next to Philadelphia, Harris' Ferry was more widely known for many years in Pennsylvania's early history than any other point in the State. Not that it was the "jumping-off" place, but then, as now, it was on the great highway between the North and the South, the East and the West; and more charmingly situated than any other city or town lying between the eastern borders of Maine and the Golden Gate of California. No one who has ever visited here even for a brief space of time, a traveler though he may be, but expresses his thankfulness upon returning when he sees the Susquehanna River and the beautiful city upon its banks. And so it is with a warm love for the locality we dwell in, that we essay to give for the benefit of the stranger who has come among us, a brief outline of the events of a century.

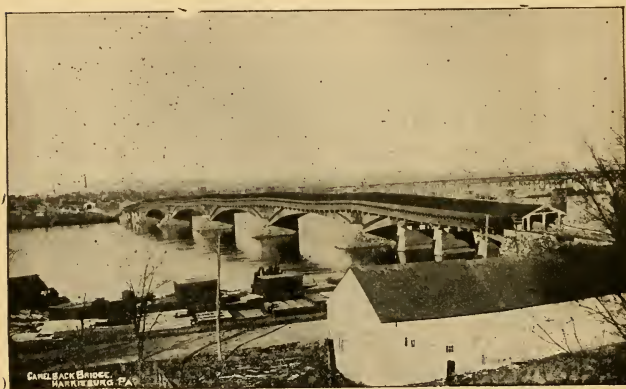
Of the sufferings of the early settlers who entered this beautiful valley, Scotch-Irish as well as German-Swiss;—of their patriotic services during the French and Indian War, there is much which might be described. Suffice it to say, however, that upon the eve of the Revolutionary struggle, this entire section was outspoken for independence, and the resolves which the inhabitants passed as early as 1774 were far more notable in their expressions of loyalty, and patriotism, and duty, than those of any other portion of the colonies; and, had these same resolutions been promulgated east of the Hudson River, the participants would have been lauded to the skies by those near-sighted writers who seek to push the services of every other portion of our country to the rear. What can be more patriotic than this: "That in the event of Great Britain attempting to force unjust laws upon us by the strength of arms, our cause we leave to heaven and our rifles." The people were ripe for Revolution. They were never hesitating or doubting when their liberties were at stake, and this has been the keynote of the patriotism of the people for a century or more, echoing and re-echoing down the corridors of time, until the present war in the cause of humanity.

No sooner was peace declared, than John Harris, son of the Indian trader, perfected his proposals for the founding of the town which now bears his name. In 1784 these proposals were issued, and to him the State and county, and the municipality, were indebted for certain portions of land reserved for public uses forever. It is more than probable due to the first that the capital of Pennsylvania was located at Harrisburg, as the act of the removal of the seat of government recites that "the buildings shall be erected on land belonging to the State." In 1785 all these rights were confirmed, the county of Dauphin was erected, and Harrisburg made the county-seat. Citizens from most of the eastern counties located at the county town. Two years after an English traveler westward notes that the "town contained about five hundred houses, chiefly of brick." From that beginning it has steadily increased, and at

the present time the population is almost eighty thousand, which includes the contiguous villages of Steelton, Penbrook, and others lying nearest thereto.

From the year of the founding of the town (1785), down to the location of Harrisburg as a permanent seat of State Government, much might be said of the manners and customs of the people, as well as of the great interest taken in internal improvements,—of the attempts to make the Susquehanna navigable for steamboats, and the building of the turnpikes leading to the Ohio. Possibly the great event during the first decade of the town, was the presence of President Washington on his way to Carlisle and the westward, at the time of the so-called Whiskey Insurrection of 1794.

In 1800 Harrisburg had a population of less than fifteen hundred, and



THE OLD CAMEL-BACK BRIDGE.

yet it was considered a thriving town. There were no bridges across the river, but the ferry below the island and one at the upper portion of the island sufficed to convey across the Susquehanna the vast number of people and teams en route for the western portion of the State and the then far West, beyond the Alleghenies. It was not until 1817 that a bridge was erected over the Susquehanna. The portion of it extending from the island to the western shore of the river remains, and is yet used for travel eighty years after its erection. It is named not inappropriately, the "Camel-back." For a wooden structure, this is certainly remarkable. As stated before, with the advent of the Executive and Legislative departments of the Government, the town began to put on airs, and it has been putting them on ever since. Arrangements were made for the erection of a capitol building, the corner-stone of which was laid on the

31st of May, 1819. It was completed in about two years, and then occupied by the Legislature;—and this was the building accidentally destroyed by fire on the 2d of February, 1897.

Just as Harrisburg became the capital of the State, a war with England, in 1812, was declared. It again became the rendezvous of American patriots, and the sons of the Scotch-Irish and German-Swiss of this locality served in that war with distinction.

In 1839 the Whig National Convention, which nominated William Henry Harrison for President of the United States and John Tyler, Vice-President, was held in the then unfinished Lutheran Church on Fourth street. Always a notable convention city, it was the only National political convention ever held in Harrisburg. Its nominees were elected.

In 1845, when the war with Mexico became a fact, Harrisburg sent to that war one of the best military companies that was ever organized;



HOT HOUSE IN CAPITOL PARK.

and they kept up the martial reputation of their ancestors. Twenty-five years ago the State of Pennsylvania erected a handsome monument upon the public grounds to the memory of the Pennsylvania soldiers who fought in that war. This monument is located to the south of the public buildings, and is considered architecturally one of the handsomest monuments in the country. General Zachary Taylor, the hero of that war, afterwards, when President of the United States, visited Harrisburg, and was welcomed in behalf of its citizens, by Robert Harris, son of the Founder. The Prince of Wales, of England, was in Harrisburg in 1860, and was cordially invited to be seated in the chair occupied by John Hancock when he signed the Declaration of Independence.

On the 22d of February, 1861, Abraham Lincoln, President-elect of the United States, visited Harrisburg, and was received with great eclat by the Executive and Legislative authorities. Four years afterward his remains lay in state in the old capitol building, where on the first memorable occasion, his voice had been heard in counseling union and peace. But war came—and he was the great martyr to the Union cause.

When the great Civil War opened, Harrisburg being the Capital of

the State, became the theatre of much of interest connected therewith. It was here that the first encampment of volunteers (Camp Curtin) in any of the Northern States was established. Harrisburg sent into the field more soldiers than any other city of its size in the United States. Of the events which transpired during those four years of struggle for Union supremacy, it is not the writer's province to speak. Then, as now, Harrisburg was one of the most prominent points in the Union.

When peace came, business revived, and Harrisburg became gradually one of the most progressive and enterprising inland cities of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Its central position, railroad communication, convenience to iron and steel, surrounded by a remarkable agricultural region, there is no reason why it should not continue on in its prosperous career. There is an abundance of pure water, it is in a healthful location, and the mortality rates are less than in any other city of the United States of over 20,000 inhabitants. It has an abundance of good schools, plentiful markets, and a citizenship cultured and enterprising.

Harrisburg and its vicinity cannot boast of ancient edifices, hoary with age, but there are some spots around which cluster historical incidents, and which to the sight-seer are worth visiting. On the west side of the Susquehanna, at the river front and alongside of the Cumberland Valley railroad bridge, is an old stone house which was erected by John Harris in 1734. It subsequently became known as the Kelso Ferry House, and although the memorable flood of 1889 destroyed some portion of this old structure, it yet remains in almost its original state. It is the oldest house erected west of the Susquehanna river.

Six miles below the city of Harrisburg, overlooking the Susquehanna and the York hills, is the residence of Col. James Burd, one of the most prominent men in provincial times. He was the hero of the battle of Loyallhanna, which forever checked the French conquests on the Ohio, compelling them to destroy their fort and withdraw into Canada. Had this hero lived in any of the Colonies save Pennsylvania,—and this battlefield on Pennsylvania soil and won by a Pennsylvanian, transpired anywhere else in America, statutes and tablets would have been erected to commemorate the same. The house alluded to was built nearly fifteen years before the Revolution, and although it has in recent years been modernized, it presents in the main a good example of Provincial mansions in Eastern Pennsylvania. (This home and grave were visited in our last. Ed.)

Two miles east of Harrisburg, adjoining its limits, is old Paxtang Church, memorable and hallowed for over a century and a half. Within the shadow of its walls rest the remains of Parson Elder; of John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg; of William Maclay, first Senator of the United States from Pennsylvania; with a host of others prominent in the early settlement and in the various wars in this locality. No other spot in our entire land is more worthy a visit than old Paxtang Church and graveyard. (Seen in our first issue. Ed.)

Ten miles east of Paxtang is old Derry Memorial Church, with its

grass-grown God's acre, in which rest the remains of thousands of the early Scotch-Irish settlement.

Ten miles northwest of Derry are the remains of another old church, around which cluster many historical incidents. The church itself has disappeared, but one can read in the graveyard the names of many prominent in military and civil affairs prior to the beginning of the present century.

At Middletown and Hummelstown, as well as scattered here and there through the counties, may be found a number of memorials of the German-Swiss settlement, and especially in the first two towns mentioned are to be found churches erected over a century ago, and graveyards adjoining, within which lie the remains of many who in their day and generation served the Church and State faithfully and well.

At the foot of Peter's Mountain, which can be seen in the distance, as the sight-seer passes across the People's Bridge, are the remains in pretty good condition of the residence of Peter Allen, for whom the moun-



JOHN HARRIS' GRAVE.

tain was named, which house was in existence when the county of Lancaster was formed in 1729. From that point, passing along the river side to the city, the tourist is presented with glimpses of the most picturesque scenery in America. One may travel thousands of miles and yet not find more charming views than are presented to the eye within that distance; and a drive on the road which winds along the gorgeous Susquehanna, will be an event ever to be remembered by any visitor to the Capital City.

Below the Cumberland Valley railroad bridge, fronting the river, is the stone mansion erected by John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, ten years prior to the Revolution. Within its walls many notable people have been entertained. Fronting this on the river plateau is a small enclosure where rest the remains of the first John Harris, the Indian trader; as also the remains of the renowned Indian Chief Monacatootha, or Half-King, who died at Harris' Ferry in October, 1754. Forty years ago, in the centre of the plot, was the stump of an old mulberry tree, to which the first John Harris had been tied when an attempt was made by

the Indians to burn him. At the corner of Front and South streets is another notable mansion, the residence of William Maclay, first United States Senator from Pennsylvania. It was erected there a century ago, and has been in the past fifty years a seat of learning in the Capital City, occupied by the Harrisburg Academy.

Although the destruction of the Capitol building erected eighty years ago has removed an interesting and historic edifice, yet there are other portions, the departments, wherein much of interest may be seen. The Executive building and State Library, which were erected seven years ago, are well worth a visit. In the Governor's reception room are the portraits of all the Governors from the time of William Penn down to the last Executive. At the head of the stairway leading thereto, is the "Flag Room," in which are safely secured the battle-flags of the Pennsylvania troops of



NEW STATE CAPITOL.

the Civil War. The flag of the first regiment of the Pennsylvania Line of the Revolution is here also preserved. Rothermel's painting of the battle of Gettysburg, for which the State paid the artist twenty-five thousand dollars, hangs upon the wall of the Flag Room. To the rear of the Executive building is the State Library building proper, in which the State's valuable collection of books, numbering one hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes, can be referred to. Between this building and the new capitol building which is now being constructed, is the Land Department—Office of Internal Affairs. This building contains many documents and papers of exceeding value and interest. To the north of the new capitol building is another building, in which may be found various offices connected with the State Government. This with the Land Department Building is what remains of the original plan of the State Capitol erected in 1819-20. These in time will be removed and others erected so as to conform with the general plan of the new capitol.

With the foregoing brief summary of events and places in the city of Harrisburg and vicinity, it may be stated in conclusion that there is no other place where visitors receive warmer greetings and greater hospitality shown them than in Harrisburg. Harrisburg has always been synonymous with the word, W-E-L-C-O-M-E.

As this number presents the biographical sketch of Rev. Michael Schlatter, it may be of interest to our readers to learn that in the Library of the Lebanon County Historical Society is preserved the original certificate given by Mr. Schlatter attesting the marriage of Mr. Nicolaus Hansecker, a noted character of Revolutionary fame. It reads as follows:

LECTORI BENEVOLO SALUTEM.

I do certify that Nicolaus Hausecker, of Germantown Township, Philadelphia County, Bachelor, and Cathrin Elisabeth Guth, of said place, Spinster, were lawfully joined together in Holy Matrimony on—the tenth—Day of June—in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty-eight.

Given in Germantown township, Philadelphia county.
Witness my hand and seal.

(L.S.)

Michael Schlatter,
Minister of the Gospel.

There is also a legal paper in the same depository showing that Mr. Hausecker's widow filed claims in court for damages sustained by a confiscation of property valued at 1,136 pounds sterling, which was located in Lebanon, Pa., and which Congress had confiscated and sold because of Mr. H.'s turning into a traitorous Tory.

In Rosengarten's "The German Soldiers in the Wars of the U. S." (p. 103) we learn that at the outbreak of the Revolution, Mr. H. was colonel of the 4th Reg. in Gen. Anthony Wayne's Battalion, and was engaged in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and afterwards his command was given to Weltener. This may account for his traitorous attitude later and the course by Congress. That he was a resident and property owner in Lebanon county before the Revolution is evident from old deeds on record.

Rev. Dr. M. Sheeleigh, of Fort Washington, Pa., a noted Pennsylvania-German antiquarian and local historian, as well as a famous author, editor and poet and an honored minister of the Lutheran Church, passed peacefully to his eternal rest on July 15th, aged 78 years.

Book Notices.

Quaint Corners in Philadelphia. There are many ways of visiting a large city—socially, commercially, educationally, recreationally and historically. The motive decides what the sight-seer will really behold. A social visit leads to a city's homes, its handsomely furnished parlors and clubrooms it may be. It acquaints one with its leaders of society. A commercial visit leads to the great business marts and trades-men of a city. An educational visitor will see a city's schools and libraries; a recreationist, its playhouses and parks; while the historical pilgrim will see its historical and antiquarian landmarks. He only will find, amid sky-scrappers and great stores and busy wharves, the quaint corners where the city's founders and builders met to lay the foundation of the noisy, rushing, overtowering and overshadowing metropolis.

It is so with Philadelphia. There is not a day that thousands upon thousands of visitors do not crowd its busy streets, wander through its great stores and corridors of its handsome railroad depots or take general tours of the city's highways and parks. But the few ever find the out-of-the-way corners where important and illustrious history has been made. And yet Philadelphia abounds in these. The vast majority of the throngs that crowd its thoroughfare either do not know or do not care about the way this city has punctuated the most glorious pages of American history. Hence its landmarks remain hidden and unknown. To overcome this a volume has been gotten out which is more than guide-book. It is this, but it is a history besides and an art gallery combined. For to illustrate the fifteen papers here dished up as so many chapters and covering 506 pages such well-known artists as Joseph Pennell, Alice Barber and Chas. H. Stephens, Colin C. Cooper, Jr., Walter M. Dunk, Mary K. Trotter, and others have made 174 sketches to bring to us glimpses of these quaint places of historic interest still hiding their colonial faces veiled by the new 19th century architectural vestments of its familiar streets. And it would be hard to suggest a pleasanter and more profitable way of passing a few days in Philadelphia than to look in upon such old shrines and historic landmarks as its old State House and Carpenter's Hall, its Betsy Ross House, the birth-place of Old Glory, its historic Churches, Christ, St. Peter's, Old Swedes, or where lie buried most of the noted actors of the colonial and revolutionary periods, as well as such men as Wilson, the ornithologist, Forest, the actor, Decatur, the commodore, Cass, Vice-President of the U. S., Bishop White, Robert Morris, John Penn and Benjamin Franklin. But to do this and find the pilgrimage profitable one must know the story of these men and places and where to find their still abiding theatres of action. To all such "Quaint Corners" will prove a lamp to their feet and a light to their pathway. It treats of the city's founding and building, of the stormy days of the Revolution and civil strife and its heroes, of its bene-

factors and educational moulders, of its charities and its heraldry, so that a visitor may walk again in the days of yore and chat with the Penns, Richard Peters and James Logan, Bishop White and Stephen Girard, revolutionists and abolitionists, statesmen and scientists of every period. We commend to the prospective visitor of the "Sylvan City," an acquaintance with its more than centennial life by a day's poring over this charming volume in the solitude of his home, previous to this visit. John Wanamaker, 8vo, 506 pp. 75 cts.

Martin Luther. Lives of the great Reformer have greatly multiplied since the celebration of the quarto-centennial of his birth. There has revived quite a Reformation renaissance. The theologically reading world has turned back to cover again the important period of this epoch and many a scholar has arisen to offer his services in guiding the studious searcher along the footprints of this peasant monk. Gustav Freytag's work translated by Henry E. O. Heineman, is a comprehensive sketch of the German Reformer, covering the usual ground, but from an historical point of view, and helps to make clear any apt misconceptions of the great life that casts its shadow into every age and land after four centuries. There are some fac-simile pages of old prints and manuscripts to illuminate the text, while the more than two dozen full-page portraits and picture reproductions of such old masters as Cranach, Lessing, König, Spagenberg, etc., etc., are simply superb. The book is finely gotten up throughout by the Open Court Pub. Co., of Chicago. Small quarto, pp. 130. \$1.00.

American History from German Archives. The laborious student and author of our Germanic martial history, Joseph G. Rosengarten, Esq., of Philadelphia, recently read a paper of much interest before the American Philosophical Society on the above title, the receipt of a reprint copy of which we would gratefully acknowledge. It brings together a vast array of data on this important subject, proving that the German libraries still hold many most valuable volumes of Mss. among their archives on the part the German soldier has taken in American history. For a complete mastery of this subject this paper names all the available literature, and shows how it has helped such men as Gen. Stryker and others to write their histories of revolutionary battles in which the Hessians figured. We deem this paper a most valuable lexicographical guide reflecting credit upon its painstaking author.

LITERARY NOTES.

Andrew Carnegie, Sir Edwin Arnold and John Philip Sousa are three men in widely different walks of life who contributed to "The Youth's Companion's" September issues. Mr. Carnegie, who has a knack of making any topic interesting that he writes upon, had an article on "Thrift." Sir Edwin Arnold wrote upon "How to Understand China." Mr. Sousa, who is now winning new laurels in the Old World, contributed "Some Experiences of a Bandmaster," many of these being highly diverting. The four September numbers of "The Youth's Companion" are unusually rich in good stories.

* * *

A recent issue of "The Saturday Evening Post" contained a notable article on the House of Commons by ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed. It gives the clearest account of that body that has ever been written. In the course of it, discussing the duties of the Speaker, he says: "The Speaker of the House of Commons has nothing to do with the appointment of the committees, either grand or special. That duty devolves upon the Committee of Selection, which is chosen by the House itself. There remains to the Speaker only the impartial performance of the duties of a presiding officer. His deputy, who is also the Chairman of Committees of the Whole, is chosen the first time the House goes into Committee for Supply. To aid him in his work by filling his place when weary, the Speaker appoints five other members, whom the Chairman may call to the table to perform his duties." Among other notable articles in this magazine, there has recently appeared a very interesting sketch of Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, by Robert Shakleton, bringing in many stories and incidents in the career of this remarkable man.

* * *

During the Presidential campaign this fall, the "Review of Reviews" is at its best in presenting a great scope of material in compact form. The August and September numbers are full of articles on the different phases of the political battle, as well as character sketches of the great leaders, and intimate peeps into the private lives of the men most before the eyes of the people at present. In addition, the magazine contains in its departments the news and the editor's comment concerning the Chinese insurrection, the wars in which the two greatest nations of the world are interested, and other topics of the first importance and most timely interest.

* * *

Richelieu, the great Cardinal, has not lacked biographers. His character has been probed and his actions have been sifted by many pens. This very fact should make a new work on Richelieu find welcome place. There has been need of some one to take this great mass of information

and mould it into convenient form and compass, omitting the non-essentials; and presenting to the average reader a comprehensive view of the man and the influence he had upon his own times. This need has been met by James Breck Perkins, LL.D., whose "Richelieu and the Growth of the French Power," forms the latest volume in Putnam's "Heroes of the Nations" Series.

* * *

McClure, Phillips & Co. have acquired the publication rights of a remarkable book which claims Abraham Lincoln as its author. It is a small scrap-book compiled by Lincoln for use in the political campaign of 1858, and it contains, so Lincoln writes in it, "the substance of all I have ever said about negro equality," with explanatory notes and a long letter in Lincoln's handwriting. The book was made up because in the senatorial contest then being carried on the opponents of Lincoln were continually misstating his views on the slavery question.

For valuable road, township, county and other maps commend me to Mr. J. L. Smith, 27 S. Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa. A postal card will bring a catalogue.

The Pennsylvania-German.

An Illustrated Quarterly Magazine devoted to the History, Biography, Genealogy, Poetry, Folk Lore and General Interests of the Pennsylvania-Germans and their Descendants.

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